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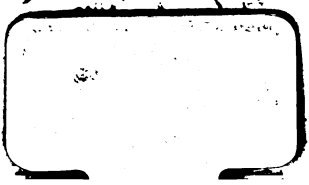
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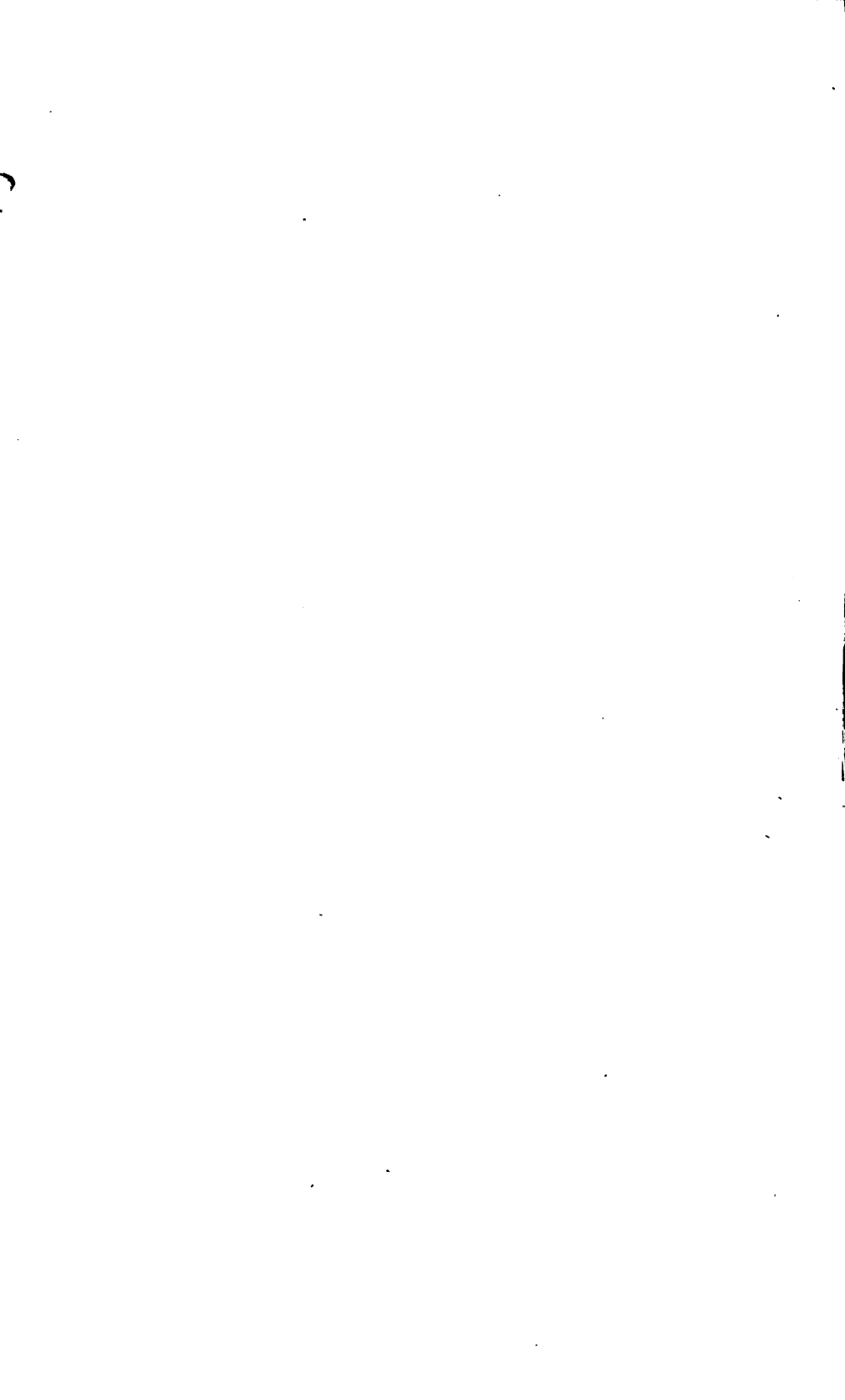
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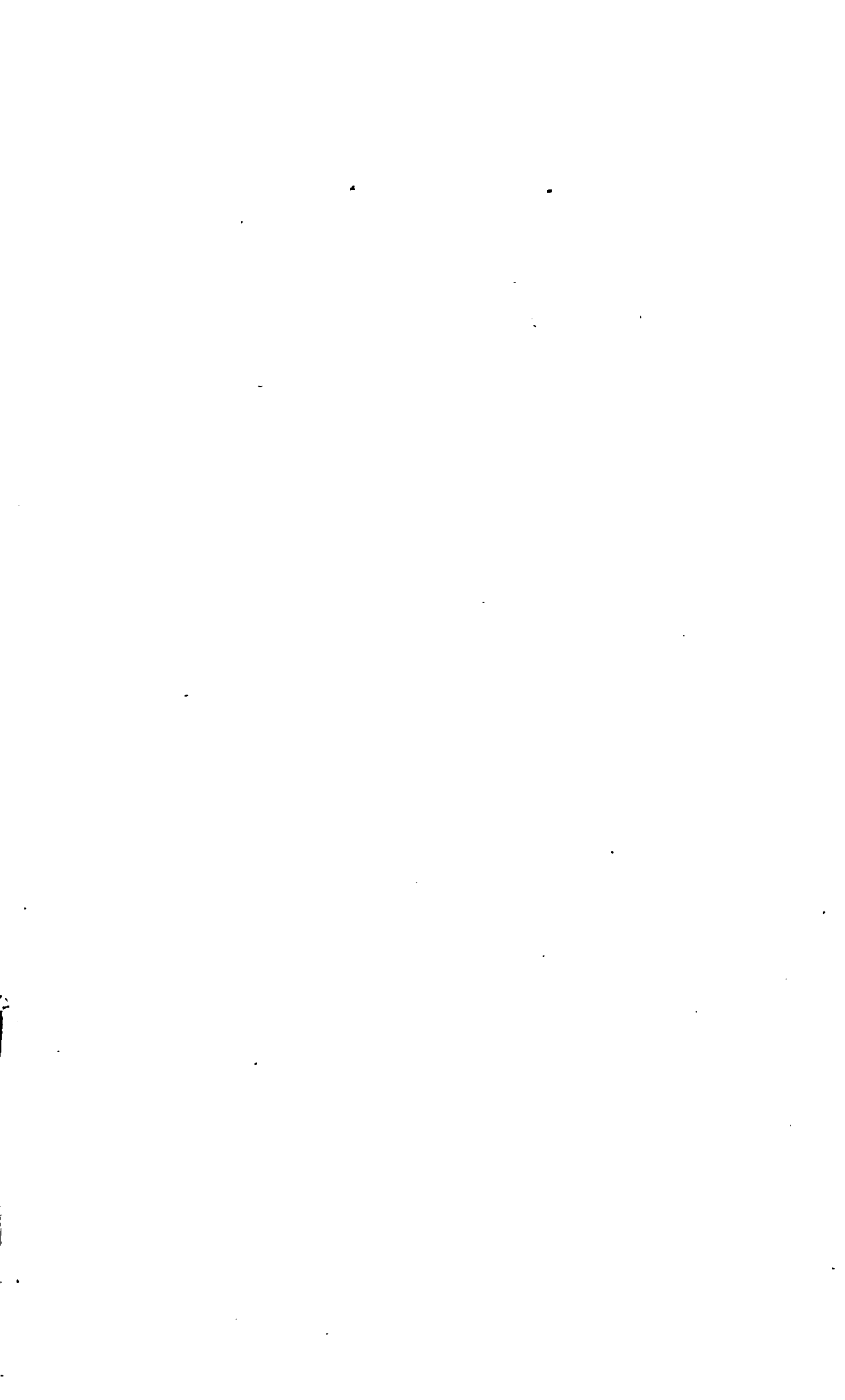


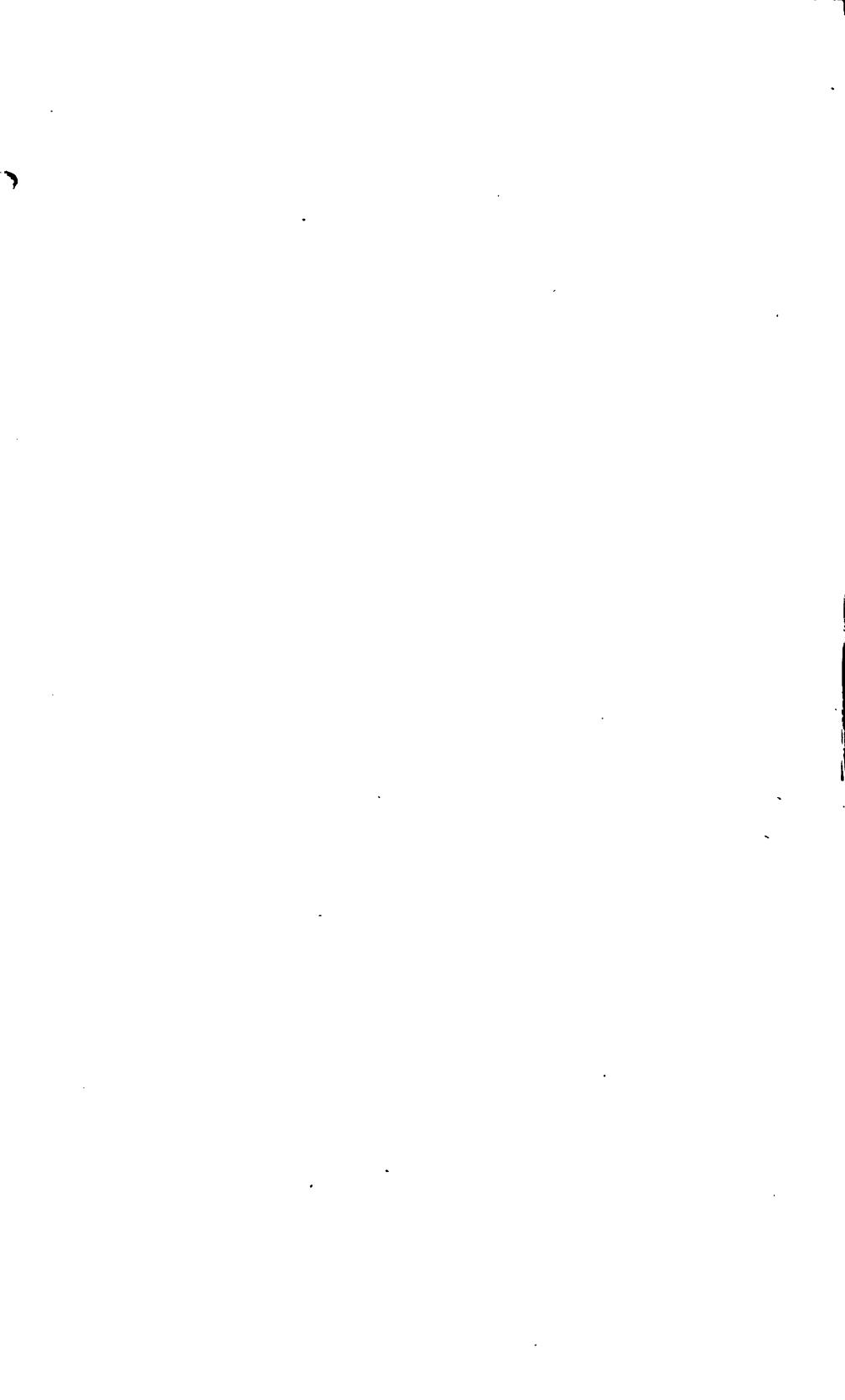
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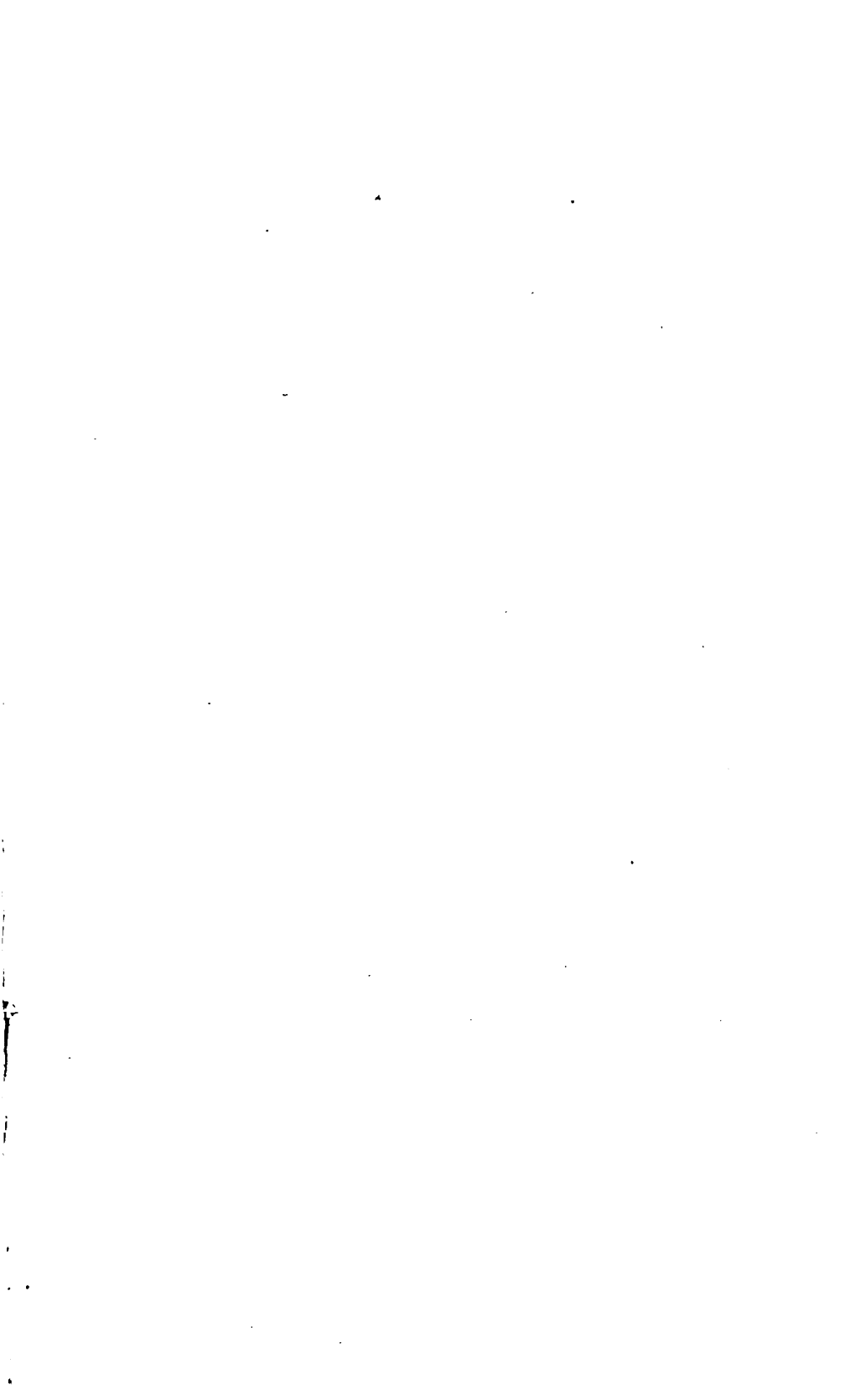


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FAUST:

A Dramatic Poem,

BY

GOETHE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE, WITH REMARKS ON
FORMER TRANSLATIONS, AND NOTÉS,

BY

THE TRANSLATOR OF SAVIGNY'S
"Of the Vocation of Our Age for Legislation and
Jurisprudence."

LONDON:— MDCCCXXXIII.



TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.



THE outline of Faust's story is already familiar enough, and I have given all that I think necessary in the way of illustration or commentary in my Notes. In this place, therefore, I have principally to explain the motives which led to the following hazardous and, some may think, presumptuous undertaking.

It was first suggested to me by a remark made by Mr. Charles Lamb to an honoured friend of mine: that he had derived more pleasure from the meagre Latin versions of the Greek tragedians, than from any other versions of them he was acquainted with. The following remarks by Goethe himself confirmed me in it:—

“ We Germans had the advantage that several significant works of foreign nations were first translated in an easy and clear manner. Shakespeare translated into prose, first by Wieland, then by Eschenburg, being a reading generally intelligible and adapted to every reader, was enabled to spread rapidly, and produce a great effect.

I honour both rhythm and rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry, but the properly deep and radically operative,—the truly developing and quickening, is that which remains of the poet, when he is translated into prose. The inward substance then remains in its purity and fullness; which, when it is absent, a dazzling exterior often deludes us with the semblance of, and, when it is present, conceals.”*

These will be admitted to be very high authorities in favour of occasional prose translations of poetry; and I think no one who knows “Faust” will deny, that it is the poem of all others of which a prose translation is most imperatively required,—for the simple reason, that it teems with thought, and has long exercised a widely-spread influence by qualities wholly independent of metre and rhyme. I am not aware that I can illustrate my meaning better than by the following extract from a German Review. It forms part of a critical notice of a work by M. Rosenkranz, and may be taken as a fair sample of the light in which Faust is constantly considered in Germany:—

“The various attempts to continue the infinite

* *Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit.*—Th. 3, B. 11. Hardly a single sentence of the English version, published under the title of *Memoirs of Goethe*, is to be depended upon. In the *Westminster Review* for April, 1824, decisive proofs were given that it was a bad translation from a bad French translation, by a person who did not understand a word of the original. It is really terrific to see the manner in which Goethe’s reflections on religious subjects have been perverted by him.

matter of Faust where Goethe drops it, although in themselves fruitless and unsuccessful, at least show in what manifold ways this great poem may be conceived, and how it presents a different side to every individuality. As the sunbeam breaks itself differently in every eye, and the starred heaven and nature are different for every soul-mirror, so is it with this immeasurable and exhaustless poem. We have seen illustrators and continuers of Faust, who, captivated by the practical wisdom which pervades it, considered the whole poem as one great collection of maxims of life: we have met with others who saw nothing else in it but a pantheistical solution of the enigma of existence: others again, more alive to the genius of poetry, admired only the poetical clothing of the ideas, which otherwise seemed to them to have little significance; and others, again, saw nothing peculiar but the felicitous exposition of a philosophical theory, and the specification of certain errors of practical life. All these are right; for from all these points of view Faust is great and significant; but whilst it appears to follow these several directions as radiations from a focus, at the same time it contains (but for the most part concealed) its peculiar, truly great, and principal direction; and this is the reconciliation of the great contradiction of the world, the establishment of peace between the Real and the Ideal. No one who loses sight of this, the great foundation of Faust, will find himself in a condition—we do not say to explain or continue,

but even to read and comprehend the poem. This principal basis underlies all its particular tendencies—the religious, the philosophical, the scientific, the practical; and for this very reason is it, that the theologian, the scholar, the soldier, the man of the world, and the student of philosophy, to whatever school he may belong, are all sure of finding something to interest them in this all-embracing production.”*

Now I cannot help thinking that a work of which this, or any thing like it, can be said without appearing preposterous, deserves to be translated as literally as the genius of our language will admit, with an almost exclusive reference to the strict meaning of the words, and a comparative disregard of the beauties which are commonly thought peculiar to poetry, should they prove irreconcilable with the sense. I am not saying that they will prove so, for the noblest conceptions and most beautiful descriptions in Faust would be noble and beautiful in any language capable of containing them, be it as unmusical and harsh as it would—

As sunshine broken on a rill,
Though turned aside, is sunshine still.†

* I translated this very hastily from a German Journal several months ago. I unfortunately forgot to note down the name, but I think it was the *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung*, published by Brockhaus of Leipzig.

† “ It would be a most easy task to prove, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some

Still less am I saying, that such a translation would be the best or should be the only one. But I venture to think that it may possess some interest and utility now; when, at the distance of more than half a century from the first appearance of the work, nothing at all approximating to an accurate version of it exists. With one or two exceptions, all attempts by foreigners (foreigners as regards Germany, I mean,) to translate even solitary scenes or detached passages from Faust, are crowded with the most extraordinary mistakes, not of words merely, but of spirit and tone; and the author's fame has suffered accordingly. For no warnings on the part of those who know and would fain manifest the truth, can entirely obviate the deteriorating influence of the sort of versions I am alluding to on the mind. "I dare say," the reader replies, "that what you tell me about this translation may be right, but the author's meaning can hardly be so obscured or perverted as to prevent my forming some notion of his powers."

Now I print this translation with the view of proving to a certain number of my literary friends, and through them perhaps to the public at large, that they have hitherto had nothing from which they can form any estimate of Faust; and with this view, and this view only, I shall prefix a few

of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written."—*Wordsworth's Preface to the Lyrical Ballads.*

remarks on the English and French translators who have preceded me.

I begin with Lord F. L. Gower, whom I shall be obliged to criticise with greater freedom and at more length than I could wish; but a combination of circumstances has enabled him to cast a blot on the fame of his original, which nothing but the most unsparing exposure can efface. A man of rank, of acknowledged taste and talent, and a professed student of German literature for years,* it was a matter of certainty that his translation would be read, and that many influential critics would be favourable to him. Accordingly, his translation has kept the field from the hour of its publication to this, to the entire suppression of many would-be competitors, and has been eulogised in the warmest terms by men whose authority stands undeniably high. Thus, in the review of the second edition in the *Quarterly Review*, it was said:—
 “The translator brought to his task a thorough knowledge of the language of his original; he has had the courage to cope with all the perplexities of rhyme; and the warmth of his poetical feeling is as apparent in the passages we have quoted, as the study which he has bestowed on English language and versification.” In *Blackwood*, too, the writer of the celebrated review of *Wallenstein*, after calling on men of talent to make further experiments on the fruitful field of genuine German

* I collect this from the Preface to his First Edition.

tragedy, remarks: " Mr. R. P. Gillies and Lord Francis Gower, in particular, have already shown themselves to be in possession of every accomplishment this labour requires." Judgments of a widely different tendency have been subsequently pronounced, it is true; but they came from party journals and were not supported by proofs, and the present state of opinion as regards his lordship must still be very flattering, when a writer, like Mr. Allan Cunningham, can risk such a paragraph as the following: " The German literature, with many brilliant things from nature, is too startling and grotesque, though sobered down by the taste of such excellent translators as Carlyle, Lord Francis Gower, and Coleridge."* The first of living critics also, A. W. von Schlegel, has awarded his lordship the praise of having displayed a distinguished talent in a very difficult undertaking; † a praise which, taken literally, I have no intention to dispute, for the translation certainly does contain individual passages of great beauty, to which a partial critic may confidently point. But it is as unfair to found a general conclusion on particular beauties as on particular defects; and I stand prepared to prove that, considered as a whole, Lord

* Life of Sir Walter Scott in the *Athenaeum* of October 6, 1832.

† " Von verschiedenen unserer dichterischen original-werke sind geistreiche Uebersetzungen erschienen, unter denen die des Faust von Lord Gower ein ausgezeichnetes talent bei einem sehr schwierigen Unternehmen bewährt."—*Kritische Schriften*, p. 14. Berlin, 1824.

F. Gower's translation is about as unfaithful as a translation can be; and that, far from bringing to his task a thorough knowledge of the language of his original, he has hardly construed any two consecutive pages aright. I proceed at once to establish these assertions by proof.

Lord F. Gower's faults are twofold—of omission and commission. To begin with those of the first kind—he has omitted the Prologue in Heaven, with the exception of the Angel's Song at the commencement; the Shepherds' Song, post, p. 29; the beautiful little Song of the Invisible Spirits, which follows the curse, post, p. 55; a large part of the scene in Auerbach's cellar; the Flower Scene, post, p. 130;* the Summer-house Scene, post, p. 133; and the whole of the Interlude supposed to be played upon the Blocksberg. The inevitable effect of these omissions was forcibly stated in the Quarterly Review:—"In one page (of the original) we have Raphael and Gabriel uttering strains of Miltonic harmony and grandeur, in the hearing of all the host of Heaven. In another, the jabber of fiends and sorcerers in their witch-sabbath presents an unearthly mixture, in which it is impossible to draw any definite line between the grotesque and the ghastly, the sadness of immortal degradation, and the buffoonery of diabolical despair. In the midst of all this, human

* Lord F. G. simply says, *They make love*. As I once heard a young lady remark—if it was'nt *very* naughty, one would like to know *how* they made it.

passions—love, hatred, revenge, repentance, remorse—clothe themselves alternately in the severest simplicity of idiomatic dialogue, and the softest or noblest strains of lyric poetry. Even mere satire—the satire of literature, of manners, of politics, above all, of philosophy, finds its place. The effect of so strange a medley of elements must have been abundantly considered by so learned an artist as Goethe; and no translator can have any right to interfere with him by diminishing their number or variety.”

But besides omissions of the kind above-mentioned, omissions of two, four, six, or eight lines at a time, are constantly occurring, to the irreparable injury of those fine links of association in which all works of genius abound, and which are not the less to be regarded, because (as in the case of the finer fibres of the human body) we are often unconscious of their existence till they are snapped, and the work becomes loose and lifeless for want of them.* What renders these omis-

* In Mr. Coleridge's magnificent Translation—I had almost said, Poem—of Wallenstein, many lines are wanting; but the fact is, Mr. Coleridge translated from a MS. copy before the work was printed, and the lines in question were added subsequently. As there is little hope of his undertaking Faust, I must be pardoned for expressing a hope that he may yet be induced to supply these deficiencies, the only deficiencies, in his work. How beautifully, for instance, such lines as the following would read in his rich musical numbers, which often, it has been truly said, affect the heart and ear like a spell:

Der Dienst, die Waffen sind mir eitler Tand.
 So müsste' es einem sel'gen Geiste seyn
 Der aus den Wohnungen der ew'gen Freude

sions still more censurable is, that in the Second and last Edition no notice whatever is given that any omission of any sort has been made; and in the First Edition we are only cursorily informed that his lordship "had left sundry passages unattempted, from a conviction of his own inability to transfer their spirit to a translation, and that considerations of decency, also, in a few instances, prevented him from proceeding."* Where these omitted passages occur, and what may be their length and character, the reader must find out for himself; except in the single instance of the Prologue, which, from what I can collect from his note, is one of the instances in which he was checked by decency. Again, I shall borrow some just and striking remarks from

Zu seinen Kinderspielen und Geschäften,
Zu seinen Neigungen und Brüderschaften,
Zur ganzen armen Menschheit wiederkehrte.

The Piccolomini, Act 3, Sc. 3

Wo aber bleibt sie denn! O! goldne Zeit
Der Reise, wo uns jede neue Sonne
Vereinigte, die späte Nacht nur trennte!
Da rann kein Sand und keine Glocke schlug.
Es schien die Zeit dem Ueberseligen
In ihrem ew'gen Laufe stillzustehen.
O! der ist aus dem Himmel schon gefallen,
Der an der Stunden Wechsel denken muss!
Die Uhr schlägt keinem Glücklichen.

The Piccolomini, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Several beautiful lines are also omitted in Max's last speech but one, Act 1, Sc. 4.

* As the Second Edition contains much (as in the May-Day Night Scene) that was not in the First, the omission of this Preface in the Second Edition would naturally lead every one to conclude that there was no longer any occasion for it.

Quarterly:—"It is no great wonder that persons who have considered only an analysis such as Madame de Staël's, or a version thus incomplete, should, in spite of occasional passages, mistake the general purpose of the poet—and accuse him of ridiculing curiosity, knowledge, and virtue, while, in fact, he had himself taken especial precautions (whatever may be thought of the *taste* with which he had selected some of these) to make it clear to every capacity, that the only objects of his attack were the extravagance, restlessness, and misery of curiosity when directed to subjects beyond the legitimate range of human intellect, the uselessness of mere knowledge divorced from wisdom by the intervention of vanity, and the feebleness of that virtue which presumes to rely solely on itself."

According, therefore, to the opinion of a very partial critic, his Lordship has not merely aided in giving an immoral tendency to the poem he professes to purify, but has been, no doubt unwittingly, the means of fixing a stigma on the moral and religious character of Goethe.

I now come to faults of commission. These are very, very numerous, and I shall be obliged to quote a great many, in order to counterbalance the weight of authority which Lord F. Gower has contrived to enlist upon his side. Most of the examples, however, are so irresistibly ludicrous, that I do not think the commentary will be found dull. All but one are taken from the Second Edition, published at an interval of two years from

the first; ample time having been thus afforded for the correction of mistakes. That one is the following.

In allusion to the spirits invoked by Faust, Wagner is made to say:—

“ They feign their native home the sky,
Assume a false gentility,
And lisp in English when they lie.”

Patriotism compels me to say that *englisch* means *like angels*, and conveys no national reflection. The line therefore stands thus:

“ And lisp like angels when they lie.”

It is strange that Gregory's pun, embalmed in Wordsworth's poetry,* did not give his Lordship a suspicion of the truth.

All future references are to the second edition.

In the first six lines of the Archangels' Song, generally considered one of the best executed parts of the translation, there are two slight errors and one glaring one:

“ The sun his ancient hymn of wonder
Is pouring out to kindred spheres,
And still pursues, with march of thunder,
His pre-appointed course of years.
Thy visage gives *thy* angels power,
Though none its dazzling rays withstand.”—

Vol. i. p. 17.

* “ *Angli* by name; and not an *angel* waves
His wing, who seemeth lovelier in Heaven's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory.”—*Ecclesiastical Sketches*.

The Sun is pouring out his hymn of wonder (as his lordship is pleased to term it) *with*, not *to*, kindred spheres, and *course of years* is a very incorrect mode of rendering *reise* (*journey*); but the *Thy* of the fifth line is the great blunder of the passage, as it proves Lord F. Gower to have supposed the *ihr* and *sie* of the original to refer to the Deity. I do most earnestly assure him that they refer to the Sun, and that a German would no more think of addressing the Deity in the third person plural, than an Englishman of affixing *Mr.* to the name. Indeed, nothing can show more strongly Lord F. Gower's unacquaintance with the German language and literature than his repeated mistakes as to *sie*; which word is never used as a mode of address in elevated composition, except now and then ironically.* At the present moment, I do not recollect a single instance in the whole of "Faust." I subjoin two other passages, in which this sort of blunder occurs, to the obvious sacrifice of the sense. In the second scene with Mephistopheles, Faust is made to speak to him thus:

" My breast, that swells no more with learning's
throes,
I give to pain, and bare it to the storm;
And all that man enjoys, or undergoes,
I wish concenter'd in this single form:

* In speaking to equals or superiors, the Germans use the third person plural, as "Wollten *sie* wohl die güte haben,—would *they* have the goodness." The same word, *sie*, stands for both *they* and *she*. The Sun in German is feminine.

High as *yourself* to mount, to dive as low;
Upon myself to heap *your* weal and woe;
Wide as *your* range my circle to extend,
And, like *yourself*, be blasted at the end."—p. 99.

The full extent of this error may be seen at a glance on turning to the passage (post, p. 60). It has arisen from the translator's supposing *ihr* and *ihrem*, which really refer to *menschheit* (*humanity* or *the human race*), to be the ceremonial mode of address. The wonder to me is, that he did not pause and inquire before writing down so palpable an absurdity as making Faust wish for the lot of the Devil. Again, in the dialogue between the Student and Mephistopheles, the latter tells the Student that he will daily feel a greater longing for the breasts of Wisdom; to which the Student replies, that he shall joyfully hang upon her (Wisdom's) neck. His lordship, misled by *ihrem* again, makes him reply:

"Sir, from *your* neck I shall with joy depend:"

as if he wanted to hug Mephistopheles!

To bring these mistakes together I have been obliged to anticipate a little. Going back to the conclusion of the first paragraph of Faust's first soliloquy, (post, p. 8,) I find the following couplets:—

"That I may need dispense no more
The solemn nothings of my store,
But dealing less in words than *deeds*,
Explore the world's primæval seeds."

Any one would suppose from this that Faust was anxious for action instead of knowledge, and had thoughts of going forth to battle by way of getting better acquainted with the world. Lord F. Gower would say, no doubt, that he could not complete the couplet with a word (as *things* or *realities*) conveying the right meaning. In such cases he ought to annex a Nota Bene like that to the following epitaph:—

“ Here lies the body of Nicholas New City,
He died t’other day, the more’s the pity!

N.B.—The man’s name was Oldtown, but it would’nt rhyme.”

In the next page but one (p. 24), we find the simple expressions *den würme nagen*—*which worms gnaw*, expanded thus:—

“ Where revelling worms peruse the store
Of wisdom’s antiquated lore.”

Can anything be more inconsistent with the spirit of the scene than this conceit? There are a few good lines in page 25, but all the rest of the invocation scene is given in the weakest and most wishy-washy style. For example:—

FAUST.

Yes, I am Faust, a powerful name,
Thy *more than* equal, child of flame.

SPIRIT.

I wander and range
Through existence’s change,
Above and below,

Through the tide and the flow,
I shoot and I sparkle, and never am still.

FAUST.

Say, thou ever roving spirit,
What relation can I bear to thee?

SPIRIT.

To some other form, in another state,
Thou mayest bear relation,
Not to me."*

I know not why Faust is made to declare himself "a powerful name," except to justify his calling himself "more than equal," which he does not pretend to in the original. The six lines chaunted by the Spirit remind me strongly of the countryman, who managed to spell a word (*usage*) in such a manner (*yowsitch*) that not a single letter belonging to it was left. But for the position of the lines, I could not have discovered what they were intended for. The words which Lord F. Gower translates as a question—"What relation can I bear to thee?" are an exclamation, "How near I feel to thee!" which the Spirit answers: "Thou art mate for (or thou resemblest) the spirit whom thou conceivest, not for me." To make the Spirit deny any relation to Faust, is in direct contradiction to a preceding passage, in which the relation of every thing to every thing is dwelt upon. But perhaps Lord F. Gower meant *relationship*; *i. e.* that the Spirit was not uncle, aunt, grandfather, or grandmother, to Faust.

* p. 28, and post, p. 12.

Two pages after, in the course of Faust's remarks on elocution, we find:—

“ And must we, when we learn to speak,
Consider how 'twould sound in Greek ?”

I doubt whether any man ever asked such a question before. I am sure Goethe never did. But this is a favourite mode of eking out a line with his lordship. Thus:—

“ The chemist calls it Nature's encheiresis,
And scarce knows why, although the name from
Greece is.”—p. 108.

“ To gain the love, and learn my Greek of
A man whom all with honour speak of.”—p. 104.

When Greece won't serve his turn, he manages to make shift with Rome:—

“ Confirm a story I have made,
*As how** her husband's limbs are laid
At Padua, in a decent tomb.

FAUST.

“ Fine! I must travel then almost to Rome.”—
p. 180.

I need hardly say that there is nothing about Rome, Greece, or Greek in the original. At page 32 are the lines following:—

WAGNER.

And yet 'tis surely neither shame nor sin,
To learn the world and those that dwell therein.

* When Tremaine came out, he was voted vulgar in the exclusive circles for constantly saying, *As how*. Behold an unimpeachable authority!

FAUST.

Yes, call it *learning*, if you will.

Thus may you give each dog you meet a name,

'Tis hard to make him answer to *the same*."

The literal translation (post, p. 15,) will show the incorrectness of this passage. *Erkennen* is not *learning*, and the two last lines, about the dog, are doggerel with a vengeance. I can hardly understand how a man of Lord F. Gower's accomplishments could bring himself to write such a couplet, or finish it off with *the same*, were it not evident from other passages, that he has a fancy for the phrase. Thus:—

"Excuse me, Sir, I heard your voice declaim,
And thought you read some Grecian tragedy;
I wished to hear and profit by *the same*."—p. 29.

"I should turn godfather, and give the name
Of Mr. Microcosm to *the same*."—p. 100.

"And puts his arm around their waist,
To see how tight *the same* is laced."—p. 113.

"True, as she could, she earned *the same*,
And paid her gallant with her shame."—ii. p. 12.

A lawyer might urge the excuse of habit; nor do I see any thing censurable in the Irish attorney's challenge, "to meet him in The Fifteen Acres (a sort of Irish Chalk Farm) be *the same* more or less;" but the prodigal use of it by Lord F. Gower is a riddle to me.

The beginning of Faust's soliloquy (p. 34,) is mistaken, and almost all of it will be found on

comparison exceedingly weak. I would particularly instance the last six lines, spoken just before he sets the goblet to his lips :

“ In thee I ne'er shall pledge my friend again,
Or for such rhyme the *quick* invention *strain*,
This juice of fatal strength and browner hue,
Would make the unfinished verses feet too few :
In thee the troubles of my soul I cast,
Hail the blest drops, and drain them to the last.”*

There is nothing about unfinished verses, or casting troubles into the cup, in the original.

Passing by many minor departures from the sense, and some singular verbal mistakes, such as translating *kraüskopf* (a person who has frizzled or curled hair) *the Old One*,† and *Freyer* (lover or sweetheart) *friar*‡—I pass on to the best of all conceivable tests. I will take one of the most splendid passages in the poem—a passage perhaps never equalled, and certainly never excelled, in its kind; one, in short, where every translator of taste must feel all his energies called up; and I shall prove that Lord F. Gower hardly understood

* p. 40, and post, p. 20.

† p. 48, and post, p. 25. On seeing the context, I think most readers will agree with me, that “ the Young One,” would have been the better emendation, had it been necessary to make one. The line as it stands—

“ The Old One at his elbow walks to-day,”—
might give rise to an unpleasant supposition.

‡ “ There was a lion red, a friar bold,

Who married lilies in their bath of gold.”—p. 58.

a line of it. It is the passage occupying from p. 33, l. 2 from the bottom, to p. 34, l. 8, from the bottom, in my translation. Lord F. Gower has translated it thus:—

- “ Happy in error’s sea who finds the land,
2. Or o’er delusion’s waves *his limbs* can buoy;
We use the arts we cannot understand—
4. And what we know, we know not to employ.
But let us not, in fancy’s moody play,
6. The moment’s present raptures waste away.
See how, from tufted trees, in evening’s glow,
8. Ere daylight sets, the cottage casements glow:
It sinks, the sun has lived another day,
10. And yields to death *but to recruit his fires* :
Alas! no wing may bear me on my way,
12. To track the monarch as his orb retires.
I watch’d him, as he sought the west :
14. Beneath his feet creation slept,
Each summit blood-red bright, each vale at rest,
16. The waveless streams like golden serpents crept.
In vain yon mountain’s arrowy pinnacle
18. To the mind’s flight opposed its precipice.
Ocean himself retired, his billows fell,
20. And for my path *disclosed his huge abyss*.
The vision ceased, the sun’s glad reign was o’er,
22. Yet the wish died not with returning night.
Darkness behind me, and the day before,
24. On rush’d my soul to drink the eternal light.
Seas roll’d beneath, and skies above me rose.
26. Blest dream! It vanish’d in its loveliest prime.
Alas! no mortal wings may *succour those*,
28. Which lift the mind upon its flight sublime.”—
pp. 59—61.

I have added the numbers for the convenience of reference. The leading, all-pervading and all-destroying blunders of this passage will be found in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth lines, where Faust is made simply to regret that he has no wing, instead of expressing that regret as a wish, and to say, "*I watched him*," instead of *I should see him*; in other words, his lordship has mistaken *Ich süh*, the imperfect of the subjunctive, for *Ich sah*, the imperfect of the indicative, and changed the tenses of all the subsequent verbs to accord. We have thus a vision supposed to be passing through the mind of the speaker as he speaks, translated as a description of something that was past. I ask any candid Englishman what he would think of a German who should treat one of Shakespeare's finest effusions in this manner. For example, Edgar's speech in Lear:—

"Come on, Sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How fearful

And dizzy *t'was*, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that *winged* the midway air,
Showed scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hung one who gathered samphire"—

But I have not half nor a quarter done with this passage yet; for his lordship, not content with killing it, has ruthlessly mutilated its parts. What are limbs (l. 2.) brought in for? or where does his lordship get—

"We use the arts we cannot understand."

In the tenth line—

“ And yields to death but to recruit his fires,”

it is evident that he has mistaken *fördern*, to *promote*, for *fordern*, to *demand*. The idea presented is not Goethe's but Gray's—

“ To-morrow he renews his golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.”

And I am far from thinking that Goethe gains by the exchange; for it is surely much more complimentary to the Sun, to suppose him rolling on in unfading splendour eternally, and diffusing light and heat as he goes, than to send him home every night, like a lamplighter, to fetch a fresh bottle of oil. The 16th line is no translation at all. The line it stands for is—

“ The silver brook flowing into golden streams.”

His lordship doubtless saw no meaning in it, but it is, notwithstanding, capable of two. It may allude to the gradual gilding of the waters, as the sun-beams come to play upon them; or to another natural phenomenon, which I will explain by an anecdote. In the summer of 1831, it was my good fortune to pass through the beautiful valley of Ahrenberg, a valley which wants but a Moore to make an Ovoca of it.* Whilst we were changing horses, I walked with a German student to a rising ground to get a better view of the scenery. The

* It lies on the road between Elberfeldt and Cassel.

setting sun was shining in such a manner, that the beams massed themselves on a broad part of the stream, and fell transversely over a tributary brook, thus giving a rich golden glow to the river and the appearance of a white silvery line to the rivulet. We had hardly gained the height, when my fellow traveller exclaimed :—

“Den Silberbach in goldne Ströme fließen.”

In the 19th and 20th lines, all the tenses, as I have already intimated, are wrong, and his lordship has actually translated *aufthun*, which here means to open on the sight,* as if it meant to open in the sense of unclosing. Thus, instead of a sun-lit ocean—one of Nature’s Claudes, we have a great black ugly gulph with whales and porpoises splashing about at the bottom of it, which the very Israelites would be afraid to go through without Pharaoh and his host at their heels. The *It* in line 26, is another unfortunate perversion of *sie*, and in the present instance, there is not the semblance of an excuse; for *Traum* (*dream*) being masculine, *sie* necessarily refers to the Sun, which is represented as disappearing whilst the vision is passing. The word *succour* (instead of *keep pace with*) in the 27th line, is so glaringly wrong, that it is hardly necessary to point attention to it. I cannot resist quoting the first four lines of Wagner’s next speech :—

“ I have had fancies, but for such as these,
They never troubled me, as I remember ;

* In nautical phrase, *to loom*.

I soon have gazed my fill at fields and trees,
Envyng no bird his wings, or *any member.*"

The words in italics are pure expletives, inserted with the sole object of making *member* rhyme to *remember*; unless, indeed, it was intended to make Wagner speak in the language of English pleading, and deny that he envied, not merely the wings, but the head, breast, neck, thighs, legs, or feet of the bird.

The first scene with Mephistopheles affords two striking illustrations of Lord F. Gower's want of familiarity with the commonest German words. He translates

"Keines der Viere
Steckt in dem Thiere."

"None of the Four
Stand in the door."

And—

"Ich habe jetzt dich kennen lernen."

"I have just learnt to study you."

The German scholar who cannot distinguish *Thier* (beast) from *Thür* (door), and does not know that *kennen lernen* means "to become acquainted with," can hardly be complimented on his proficiency.

From this scene also, I shall take an example of the noble translator's mode of dealing with philosophical passages, where the utmost caution is obviously required:

"I am a part of part, which once was *at the head,*
Part of the darkness *from which light was bred;*

Proud *element*, which now disputes the right
His mother has to govern space in night ;
And yet succeeds not. Struggle as he will,
Corporeal fetters must enchain him still ;
And, if corporeal forms he chance to meet,
They make a shadow of him in the street.
So, for light's sake, in duty bound I pray,
Bodies may perish at an early day."—p. 60.

The literal meaning may be seen, post, p. 44—45, and two illustrative quotations are given in a note. It will there be found that by the change of *all* into *at the head*, Lord F. Gower has destroyed the analogy which gives the passage its force. If darkness was at the head, light must have been cotemporary with it, and the "Let there be light, and there was light," is nonsense. The second line is couched in the language of Tattersall's, and would lead one to suppose that darkness was a brood-mare. Again, if light was bred out of darkness, it could not be an element; and to make the author of the *Farbenlehre* represent light as being made a shadow of, is going a little too far. The two last lines, also, are glaringly wrong. Mephistopheles hopes, not that bodies may perish for light's sake, but that light and body may perish together; the phrase—"in duty bound I pray"—is a mere expletive, and a very ill chosen one, for it is not the devil's duty nor inclination to pray for the destruction of matter for light's sake, and he is not very likely to pray at all.

The next scene, in Faust's study, is crowded

with errors. I shall mention the most glaring. Faust's wish for death is thus given :

“ Thrice happy he, for whom, in victory's light
Round the pale brow the gory wreath he twines,
Whom, after dancing's mad delight,
Lock'd in affection's arms he finds.
Oh! that, *by such a road* my soul might pass,
And quit this wretched shivering frame.”

On turning to the original (or post, p. 53), it will be seen that Faust wished he had died when the spirit appeared to him, and that, without this allusion, what follows loses a considerable portion of its point. The curse is well translated, but it begins with a palpable mistake :

“ What, *though* remember'd music's powers
One instant o'er my senses stole,
And, with the forms of earlier hours,
From frenzy's grasp recall'd my soul!
Still shall my curse invoke confusion,” &c.

Faust curses *because* remembered music's powers, &c. (see post, p. 54.)

The chorus of spirits, (post, p. 55,) is left out; and the immediately following speech of Mephistopheles is singularly misconstrued :

“ Cease to indulge the moody pain,
Which, vulture-like, consumes the mind :
Bad as man is, you must remain
A human being amid mankind.
And yet I boast no great man's right,
To bid you bear, without relief,
Your mental tax of silent grief.”

It is sufficient to refer to the literal translation (post, p. 56.) There is no mention of taxes; and I have always understood that those imposed by great men refer rather to matter than to mind.

The end of Faust's speech (post, p. 57,) where he professes his indifference as to whether there be an Above or Below *in* the other spheres, is thus given:—

“ And whether, *of* those other spheres,
Some are below and *some* above.”

And where (post, p. 59,) Faust says that there is no fear of his breaking the contract, as what he promises is precisely what all his energies are striving for, he is made to say:

“ Only no fear that I my word evade.
To strain each nerve, to keep my faith aright,
Is the plain substance of the vow I made.”

The notion of the substance of a vow being to keep the same vow, strikes me to be about as irreconcilable with common sense, as it certainly is with the sense of the original. The passage in which Mephistopheles tells Faust to associate himself with a poet, is one mass of error:

“ I thought the burthen of the song,
That time is short, and art is long,
Had urged you to pursue instruction,
By reasoning, logic, and induction.

I deem'd some poet your ally,
With genius ever on its mettle,
Each more resplendent quality
Upon your honour'd head to settle :
The stag's swift foot, the lion's boldness,
Italian fire, and German coldness.
I thought the bard had told us how your mind
Cunning and magnanimity combined :
And how, when youth's warm impulse drove,
On system you could fall in love.
If in my travels I should chance to see
A man like this, the world's epitomè,
I should turn godfather, and give the name
Of Mr. Microcosm to *the same*."—pp. 99—100.

Compare this with the original or with the passage
(post, p. 61.) In the same scene we have :

“ Euch ist kein Mass und Ziel gesetzt,”

translated by

“ Your wishes are not well defined.”

And *ellenhohe Socken* by

“ Boot-heels longer than your legs and thighs.”

These lines, also, are mistranslations :

“ The happiest he, who by the word abides,
That leads him straight where certainty resides,
And everlasting truth is found.”—

p. 111, and post, p. 68.

“ Yet ere we mix in life refined,
I would this beard were left behind.”—

p. 115, and post, p. 71.

Lord F. Gower did wisely, so far as his own reputation is concerned, to omit the larger part of the scene in Auerbach's cellar, for with his unacquaintance with German idioms, and evident dislike to what is low, he would certainly have made sad work of it. Indeed, this is no matter of speculation, for much of the little he has attempted is wrong. For example:

“ What has that game-legg'd varlet here to do?”—

“ You seem a very easy gentleman.”—p. 120.

ALTMAYER.

“ I think I felt him gently brush my side.*

SIEBEL.

What! will he, then, again among us glide,
Our beards to burn—our threats to brave?”—

p. 127.

The lines with which the three last are meant to correspond are the two first lines of p. 85, post.

But the most extraordinary mistake is in the passage where one of the revellers calls on the rest to attack Mephistopheles, with the exclamation, *er ist vogelfrei*; literally, *he is outlawed*. This his lordship gives:

“ Thrust home cold iron—he is *bullet-proof!*”

This exclamation was natural enough for the Whigs at Lowdon Hill, when they saw (as they said) the bullets recoiling from Claverhouse's buff coat

* The original of this line is—

“ Ich dächt, wir hiesse ihn sachte *seitwärts* gehn.”

and jack boots like hailstones,* but it was not very likely to escape from boon companions in a cellar in the fifteenth century, who are immediately afterwards represented as attacking Mephistopheles with their knives.

I have occupied so much room already with my criticisms, that I must confine myself, if possible, to a few brief additional examples from the remaining scenes. In the Witch scene, I shall only call attention to two. At p. 138, Lord F. Gower makes Mephistopheles say,

“ By incidents like this, at least we learn,
That poets are not quite the fools they seem.”

The observation thus perverted alludes to the monkeys, not to poets in general, and to some verses sung by the monkeys, (post, p. 94,) which his lordship has left out. The end of the witch's incantation:

“ This is the witch's one-times-one ;”

he translates,

“ That is the witch's once go one.”

From this it is clear that he did not know that *Einmal-Eins* means Multiplication-table, for the literal translation would have suited equally well with the rhyme. The speech of Mephistopheles

* “ Try him with the cold steel”—was the cry at every renewed charge—“ powder is wasted on him.”—(*Old Mortality*.)

next following is badly given. In Faust's first speech after seeing Margaret (post, p. 101), there is a most ridiculous mistake :

“ As with her gown held up, she fled,
That well-turn'd ankle well might turn one's head !”

The expression which he supposes himself translating is, *kurz angebunden*. On looking out each individual word in his dictionary, Lord F. Gower would possibly find *kurz, short, angebunden, tied or fastened*; but idioms won't bear analysing, and I do most respectfully assure him, that the two words in combination are a very common mode of speech to express tartness, sharpness, or irritability. I must say, I think it extremely hard on Faust, to represent him as excited by the view of Margaret's legs, and a little hard on Margaret herself, to represent her as wearing her petticoats so short.

When left alone in Margaret's chamber, Faust gradually works himself into a passion of repentance, and resolves on giving up his enterprize; when, therefore, Mephistopheles appears with the casket, he exclaims :

“ Away, away, I return no more”—

meaning, that he will never come there again. Lord F. Gower translates it:

“ Begone yourself! for I go hence no more”—

And the Quarterly Reviewer cites the passage with commendation.

The scene in Martha's house teems with ridiculous mistakes. Martha is introduced by Goethe as wishing for a certificate of her husband's death, to give plausibility to Mephistopheles's design of introducing Faust as a witness. His lordship, however, translates :

“ Vielleicht ist er gar todt ! Oh Pein !

Hätt'ich nur einen *Todtenschein* !”

“ Perhaps he is dead : oh sad condition ;

Could I but see his *apparition* !”

Again, at the end of the same scene, two witnesses being necessary, Mephistopheles says he has a companion who will go with him before the judge, and proposes to introduce him to the ladies. It is subsequently agreed, that the introduction shall take place in Martha's garden the same evening. His lordship leaves out all mention of the judge, and concludes the scene thus :

MARTHA.

“ *Here in the garden he shall make his oath :*

This very evening we expect you both.”

There are two other passages in this scene which I am tempted to quote :

“ He, as in Naples once he promenaded,
By a fair gentlewoman was regarded ;
And so much truth and love she show'd my friend,
He bore their tokens to his latter end.”—

p. 175, and post, p. 119.

Again, Mephistopheles is made to say to Martha:

“ Were you and he to change to-day,
He well might find the task as great,
Your vacuum to reinstate.”—

p. 176, and post, p. 119.

What his lordship means by reinstating a widow's vacuum, I cannot pretend to explain.

In the short scene of four pages, in which Mephistopheles tries to persuade Faust to bear testimony to the death of Martha's husband, three palpable mistranslations occur:

“ Wenn er nichts besser hat, so ist der Plan zerrissen.”

“ I never heard a plan so void of sense.”—p. 180.

“ Ja wenn man nichts ein wenig besser wüsste.”

“ True, were I like yourself, and just as clever.”

p. 181.

“ Wer Recht behalten will und hat nur eine Zunge,
Behält's gewiss.

“ Those who support the truth with simple tongues,
The truth the best support.”—p. 182.

The words from which his lordship has deduced this axiom in favour of simplicity, really mean no more than that if a man be resolved on having the last word, and have but a tongue in his head, there is no preventing him; but it is his lordship's practice throughout, to translate idioms word for word by his dictionary, following, in this respect, the example of the Frenchman, who translated “ I have other fish to fry,” literally.

The love-scenes, as I have said already, are miserably curtailed; but enough remains to furnish the ordinary complement of mistakes. What can he mean by fixing such twaddle as this upon Goethe?

MARGARET.

“ Yes, you are courteous, kind, and good,
But then you come of gentle blood,
Have many a friend of many a nation,
And more than all this, education.

FAUST.

Dulness, not knowledge, wrinkles oft the brow;
Folly will often dress at wisdom.

MARGARET.

How?”—

p. 185, and post, p. 126.

She may well say, How? and I'm sure I can't tell her; but I think it would be better for both parties if Folly would leave Wisdom alone. The reader will find that there is nothing about gentle blood, education, dulness, wrinkles, or brows, in the original. His lordship has drawn exclusively upon his own resources for all these; unless the line about education was borrowed from—

“ When land and money, all are spent,
Then learning is most excellent.”

Which, by the by, was paraphrased by Porson,

after swallowing the contents of the last jug upon the table :

“ When wine and brandy all are spent,
Then table beer’s most excellent.”

To the following passage I request the particular attention of those who have had the patience to accompany me thus far. Upon it I would willingly rest the whole question as to Lord F. Gower’s capacity for feeling or translating the work. It is taken from the scene in which Margaret describes the care and anxiety her little sister occasioned her :

“ Before its birth my father was no more,
My mother almost gave it o’er :
It pined, and then recovered by degrees ;
’Twas I must feed it, hold it on my knees ;
And thus I watch’d and nurs’d it, all alone,
And grew to look upon it as my own.

FAUST.

How sweet your task to rear the drooping flower!

MARGARET.

And yet it cost me many a weary hour :
And then, besides, to tend the house affairs—
’Twould weary you to tell you all my cares.”

p. 187, and post, p. 127, 128.

A passage, occupying twenty-three lines in the original, is here compressed into ten—a passage deriving its beauty exclusively from the number of minute particulars and the succession of delicate touches, by which the picture is worked up; even

these ten lines, too, are defaced by an unpardonable mistake. Goethe, to suggest a natural reason for devolving the cares of a mother upon Margaret, makes her say that her mother was given up for lost and only recovered by degrees. His lordship transfers the lingering illness to the child. I can add nothing which will not suggest itself to every one on barely reading the literal translation, but I trust the Quarterly Reviewers will not commend his lordship for poetical feeling again. On this occasion, however, I cannot help thinking that he was repelled, as it were, from accuracy, by the same sort of feeling which sent Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood from the bar.* He could no more bring himself to write of wash-tubs than the worthy baronet to speak of tallow-candles.

The passage in which Faust prays that, as it is his doom to be the ruin of Margaret, they may perish together and perish quickly,—is given with singular weakness (p. 198, and post, p. 140); and the reply of Mephistopheles—

“Geh' ein und tröste sie, du Thor!”

literally

“Get in and comfort her, thou fool,”—

* “The first case, indeed, which was laid on my table, quite sickened me; it respected a bargain, Sir, of tallow, between a butcher and a candle-maker; and I found it was expected that I should grease my mouth, not only with their vulgar names, but with all the technical terms and phrases, and peculiar language, of their dirty arts. Upon my honour, my good Sir, I have never been able to bear the smell of a tallow-candle since.”—*Guy Mannering*.

is thus translated:

“ Console her—*tell her things may mend.*”

I am pretty nearly tired of my task, though I feel it a duty to go through with it. I am therefore happy that I can pass over the celebrated answer of Faust when questioned about his religion. It will form the subject of a note to a forthcoming work by a friend of mine. At the end of the scene, however, there is a new reading of *Freder*, which deserves notice. His lordship now translates it *magister artium*. In the scene preceding the death of Valentine, I find a very ludicrous mistake. There is a German superstition, not unknown in other countries, that a blue light hovers over places where treasure lies hid. In allusion to this, Faust says:

“ Rückt wohl der Schatz indessen in die Höh’?
Den ich dorthinten flimmern seh’.

His lordship translates this question and the reply as follows:

FAUST.

“ Say, does yon *taper’s* light reveal
The secret store *we came to steal?*”

MEPHISTOPHELES.

“ *It does* : and shortly you shall share,
The treasures which are hoarded there.
Dollars they are, all fresh and new,
Unclipped by Christian, Turk, or Jew.”*

* Post, p. 155, and see the note.

In allusion to this treasure, Faust says that he dislikes going empty-handed to Margaret, upon which Mephistopheles remarks :

“ Es sollt' euch eben nicht verdriessen,
Umsonst auch etwas zu geniessen.”

Lord F. Gower puts in the place of this,—for I cannot accuse him of translating it, though I have no doubt from internal evidence that he thought he was doing so,—the following couplet :

“ To please you both, I shall provide
A trifle of my own beside.”

In the dying speech of Valentine to his sister there is a beautiful little allegory, beginning :

“ When first Shame is *born*,” &c.—(See post, p. 159.)

Lord F. Gower begins it :

“ When crime is newly *brought to bed*,”—

and completely spoils the allegory by changing the acting person or personification three times in the course of it. He has first, “ crime,” then “ the novice,” then “ vice;” from all which it seems clear that, by some unaccountable mental process, his lordship's notions of the allegorical Shame were mixed up with the gross physical image of a young lady in bed—a nurse, a cradle, caudle, and pap.

In the cathedral scene (vol. ii. p. 39, post, p. 161,) there are two unconscious mistakes, and one

wilful one. *Vergriffnen* is not *snatched in haste*,
—and by translating

“ In deinem Herzen,
Welche Missethat ?”

“ Is it not in thy heart,
The blackening spot ?”

the whole force of the question is lost. The meaning is, which of your many crimes is more immediately present to you? The wilful fault is well-known. The scene concludes by Margaret's exclaiming :

“ Neighbour,* your smelling bottle !”—

and fainting away. Lord F. Gower finishes the scene thus :

“ Help me, I faint !”

On this subject the Quarterly Reviewer observes: “ The last exclamation is, in the original, ‘ Nachbarin, euer fläschen.’ The translator probably thought the contrast of the awful Latin chorus, the whispers of a demon, and the poor Margaret asking the girl that kneels next to her for her *phial*, too violent—too German. But the poet knew what he was doing;—the effect of his three bare common words is terrible. It is among the highest triumphs of genius to blend, without producing the effect of incongruity, the dream and the reality; and this simple girl's agonies, whether of

* *Nachbarin* is female neighbour.

love, sorrow, or despair, would have been comparatively powerless, had she not been taught to utter them in the vivid poetry of such prose as this."

Does not the Reviewer think it more likely for a fainting girl to call for a *smelling-bottle* than a *phial*? As to his lordship's emendation, I should hardly think two opinions can exist.

In the Walpurgis-Night Scene, his lordship was enabled to profit by Shelley's Translation as well as by the criticisms which it called forth, but he has not profited so largely as he might have done. To make up for the want of familiar modes of speech in other parts of the poem requiring them, his lordship has introduced a large allowance of them here. For instance, Mephistopheles says:

" By this way we are still far from our destination."

Lord F. Gower has it:

" Could we but *post* it, then the way were short."

The notion of posting it over the Hartz mountains by night in the 16th century, is certainly original. The will-o'the-wisp, too, is told to " turn *link*," and made to exclaim:

" Rays, by the centre, dress! quick march, my light!

as if he had been reviewing a battalion of the Guards. There is no warrant for any of these

lively effusions in the text. On referring again to the lines which he translates:

“Lead us right that we may *enter*
Strange enchantment’s dreamy spheres.”—

Lord F. Gower will see that they had already entered. And in translating

“Aber sag mir ob wir stehen?
Oder ob wir weiter gehen?”
“Tell me, tell me, *shall we* stay,
Or pursue our mystic way?”

he has copied one of Shelley’s worst mistakes.* He has spoilt the beautiful passage beginning:

“Hier leuchtet *Glut* aus Dunst und Flor—

in the same manner in which he has spoilt the allegory of Shame before-mentioned. Instead of keeping *Glut* (translate it as he would) as the nominative throughout, he has it, first as *mine-damp*, then as *mist*, and then as *metal*. It is neither. †

In the description of the effects of the storm, his lordship must fain introduce a prettiness:

“Those that stand, they groan and creak,
Their *triumph* o’er the storm to speak.”

His lordship’s single mistakes, like the Irishman’s single misfortunes, never come alone. Groaning

* See post, p. 166.

† Vol. ii. p. 40, and post, p. 167.

and creaking would be an odd mode of expressing triumph, were there any triumph to express; but there is none. All goes down before the hurricane—

“ Im fürchterlich verworrenen Falle
Ueber einander krachen sie *alle*”—

or, to borrow Shelley's magnificent lines, equally true to the required effect and to the text :

“ The trunks are crushed and shattered
By the fierce blast's *unconquerable* stress.
Over each other crack and crash they *all*,
In terrible and intertangled fall.”

The music of these lines really comes upon the ear like the full crash of an oratorio orchestra.

The song of the Half-Chorus of Wizards is mistranslated in a manner that is really inconceivable :

“ We slink like snails upon the floor,
The women always go before.
When all on evil ways depart
We have a thousand paces start.”

The plain meaning is, that in going to the devil, women are a thousand paces in advance. * Was his lordship ignorant that *Herenmeister* (the persons speaking) are males. The last seven lines of this scene are left out, and it finishes thus :

“ What's here—a playhouse? *On the moral stage*
'Tis good to see the vices of the age.
How now? a bill.

* Post, p. 169.

SCRIBILIS.

This instant will be given

A bran new piece, the last and best of seven."

For the lines in italics there is no warrant whatever in the text; and it strikes me as preposterous in the extreme to make Mephistopheles talk maudlin morality on the Blocksberg.

If anything, Lord F. Gower has taken still greater liberties with the single prose scene in Faust than with any part, of the same length, of the poetry.

c. g.—

FAUST.

"Dog! bestial wretch! Change, thou Eternal Spirit, change his shape once more to its canine form! make him become the attendant who courted and won my notice on my nightly path; become the fawning thing who crouched before the wanderer's feet, *in guise as harmless as that wanderer was, when first he met him.* Yes! assume the form of *his* companion, *his* favourite, crawl in the sand, that with *his* foot he may crush *thee* into its bosom! She not the first! Oh! misery, misery! That the woe of woman was ever such as hers! that the first should not have atoned for her children in the eyes of all-forgiving Heaven!"

The sentence in italics is inserted instead of the allusion to the superstition explained in the note to my translation of the scene.* The words which his lordship translates by "the form of his (Faust's) companion, his favourite," are *seine Lieblingsbildung* i. e. "his (Mephistopheles) favourite form." The confusion of persons, the perversion of

* Post, p. 190, 191, and note.

sense occasioned by this blunder, and the incorrectness of the rest of the paragraph, are sufficiently obvious. The following speech, placed in the mouth of Mephistopheles, is still more objectionable.

“MEPHISTOPHELES.

“I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger. I may not draw his bolts.—Save her!—*who was it placed her beyond salvation?*—I or thou?—[FAUST *looks wildly round.*]—Dost thou grasp at the thunder? Well that it was not given to the hand of wretched mortality to smite the guiltless object that crosses *us*. It is the true resource of the tyrant in distress.”

The words translated: “Who was it placed her beyond salvation,” are “Wer war’s, der sie ins verderben stürzte?” “Who was it that hurled her into ruin?” She was not placed beyond salvation, as the conclusion of the drama shows; and to put such a falsehood in the mouth of Mephistopheles manifests, in my opinion, a radical misunderstanding of the character. The passage as to the thunder runs: “Well that it was not given to *you*, wretched mortals!” Lord F. Gower makes the immortal demon identify himself with that very mortality which he contemns. In the same scene, *Blutschuld* is translated *curse of blood; lanern, lout*; and “*Mord und Tod einer welt über dich, ungeheuer,*” “*The curse of murdered worlds upon thee, assassin of creation!*” It is literally “Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster;” alluding, of course, to the temptation and fall of man. I defy his Lordship’s warmest admirers to suggest the shadow of

an excuse for garbling the plain prose of one of the greatest writers of the age in this manner.

The scene in which Faust and Mephistopheles sweep by the Ravenstone, contains six short lines. Lord F. Gower has mistranslated two of these. He translates "*Eine Hexenzunft*"—"a witch pastime," and "*Sie streuen und weihen*,"—"they float and disperse themselves."*

The Quarterly Reviewer says, "The terrible prison scene, with which the volume closes, is rendered with fidelity, elegance, and strength." To the proof!—

The first line is—

"Mich fasst ein längst entwohnter Schauer;"

it is translated,

"Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies."

The fourth is,

"Und ihr verbrechen war ein guter Wahn;"

rendered,

"Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow."

Margaret's song is represented by these four lines:

"Now shame on my mother
Who brought me to light,
And foul fall my father,
Who nursed me in spite."†

The exquisitely simple expressions, "Schön war ich auch, und das war mein Verderben,"

* See post, 194.

† See the literal translation, post, p. 195, and the note.

“ I was fair, too, and that was my undoing,” are rendered,

“ And yet so soon to perish by your laws,
Once I was fair too—*that was just the cause.*”

Examples of this sort of weakness abound :

“ Ich herze dich mit tausendfacher Glut,”

“ With twice its former heat my love shall glow.”

Vol. ii. p. 71.

“ Stumm liegt die Welt wiè das Grab.”*

“ And all are dumb, with speechless pain
As if they never would speak again.”

Vol. ii. p. 76.

See also vol. ii. p. 69, from l. 11, a passage spoilt by the change of person and the omission of the exclamation “ I am saved!”—and see p. 70, from l. 7, to the second line of the next page. At page 74 his lordship gives another version of *lauern*. He translates “ Sie lauern doch mir auf,” “ They *glare* upon me still :” and in p. 75 he shows a total insensibility to one of the most exquisite touches of nature in the scene. The literal translation is :

“ FAUST.

The day is dawning! my love! my love!

MARGARET.

Day! yes, it is becoming day! the last day is pressing in. It was to be my wedding day! *Tell no one that thou wert with Margaret before.*† Woe to my garland!”

* Literally, “ Dumb lies the world as the grave.”

† The allusion is still more strongly marked by the German *bey* than by the English *with*.

His lordship gives it thus :

“ FAUST.

Day! Margaret, day! your term will soon be past.

MARGARET.

True, 'tis the day; the last, the last!
My bridal day!—'twill soon appear;
Tell it to none thou hast been *here*,”—

i. e. in the prison. His lordship takes no notice whatever of the garland, which, at any rate, ought to have suggested the real meaning.

Margaret's frenzied call to save her child (post, p. 201), is rendered thus :

“ Quick! fly!
Save it, *or the child will die!*
Through the wild wood,
To the pond!
It lifts its head!
The bubbles rise!
It breathes!
Oh save it, save it!”

The beauty of this passage depends on the minuteness of the particulars which crowd upon the poor girl's mind. His lordship leaves out two thirds of them, and gives us, by way of recompense, his own logical conclusion that the child will die if it be not saved. But his lordship, God knows why, has evidently taken a strong dislike to this unhappy child, and resolved that it should neither be born,

nursed, drowned, or buried, as the mother and the author wished and intended :

“ On my right breast my boy shall be,
Let no one else lie there but he,
’Twere bliss with *him* in death to lie,
Which, on this earth, my foes deny.”

The passage (post, p. 200) runs, “No one else *will* lie by me,” not “Let no one,” &c.; and Margaret, not having so much as an *ahndung* or presentiment of his lordship’s attempt, expresses no anxiety whatever as to her boy, to whom he has applied the apprehension she expresses about Faust. The *him* in the third line should therefore be altered into *thee*.

The translator finishes his undertaking in character :

“ MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is condemn’d!

VOICES *from above*.

Is pardon’d!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Hence and flee!

(*Vanishes with FAUST*).

MARGARET (*from within*).

Henry! Henry!”

There being no attempt at metre or rhyme in this place, his lordship has no excuse for inaccuracy; yet every word of this conclusion, except the proper names and one of the stage directions, is wrong. “*Sie is gerichtet*” is not “*She is condemned*,” “*Sie*

is gerettet" is not "*She is pardoned*;" "*Her zu mir*" is not "*Hence and flee*;" and "*Stimme von Innen verhallend*" is not "*Margaret from within*." Of such passages we certainly may say—

“ Emendare lituræ

Multæ non possunt, una litura potest.”

The next attempt to bring the English public acquainted with Faust on which I think it necessary to comment, is a publication entitled: “Faustus, from the German of Goethe. Embellished with Retsch’s Series of Twenty-seven Outlines, illustrative of the Tragedy, engraved by Henry Moses.” This title is a deceptive one. It ought to stand “Retsch’s Series &c. explained by Extracts, &c.” for the illustrations are the principal, and the text the accessory. The anonymous author, however, to judge from the preface, would be very far from consenting to any transposition of the kind:

“It is not pretended that the following pages contain a full translation of this celebrated drama. The slight analysis drawn up as an accompaniment to Retsch’s Outlines being out of print, the publishers felt desirous to supply its place with a more careful abstract of “Faust,” which, while it served as a book of reference and explanation for the use of the purchasers of the plates, might also possess some claims to interest the general reader as an independent publication. With this view *the most striking passages and scenes of the original have been translated into blank verse*, and connected by

e



a detailed description in prose, in which the writer has aimed at nothing more than to render the progress of the plot clearly understood. Some parts are omitted which, it was thought, would be offensive to English readers, from the free and occasionally immoral tendency of the allusions which they contain; other parts of the scene have been thrown into narrative, where the difference of taste subsisting between the two nations would have rendered a clear translation of that which in Germany is considered sublime, in our language ludicrous: the general features of the whole have, nevertheless, been endeavoured to be preserved. The original is written in a great variety of metres, but in confining himself to blank verse in all parts of the play, except those which are strictly lyrical, the translator believes that he has adopted the only measure that would enable him to imitate the tone without sacrificing the sense of his text.

“Faust is preceded by a prelude between the manager, author, and a kind of merry fellow or clown. This is nothing more than an introductory dialogue, like that to Gay’s *Beggar’s Opera*, and as it bears no relation to the plot of the piece, has not been translated. For a different reason the prologue has also been passed over: it carries the scene to heaven, whither Mephistopheles ascends for the purpose of obtaining permission to tempt Faustus; and, both in conception and execution, is repugnant to notions of propriety, such as are entertained in this country.”

The statement marked by italics is not true; he has not so much as attempted the most striking passages and scenes, nor a third of them; though, for aught I know, he may fancy that he has, for his taste seems a very peculiar one. I must be excused, however, for not entering into a detailed disproof of his statements; nor can I spare room for a recapitulation of his mistakes. But as the work certainly shows talent enough to acquire it some portion of authority, I shall give brief examples of the mode in which it is this gentleman's pleasure to translate, connect, describe, and purify Faust.

In the first garden scene, after translating down to that part of Margaret's description of her domestic anxieties where Faust interrupts her by an exclamation (post, p. 127), the writer continues in this manner:

“ FAUSTUS.

If she resembled you, she was an angel.

MARGARET.

One moment stay.—(*She gathers a flower and plucks the leaves off one by one.*)”

There is nothing, not so much as an asterisk, to mark that any thing intervenes between these lines, though, in fact, the words given to Faust belong to the middle of one scene, and those given to Margaret to the middle of another, whilst a whole dialogue between Martha and Mephistopheles intervenes between the two. Here is one of his descriptions:

“ Faustus replies to this interrogatory (as to his

religion, post, p. 144) by one of those mystical definitions of belief in God which characterize the professors of natural religion. Margaret, however, notwithstanding her girlish simplicity, has too much good sense to be imposed upon by general professions of faith calculated to cover any kind of religious creed. She tells him he has no christianity, and, desirous apparently to turn from so unpleasant a subject, she then changes the conversation, and then expresses her dislike to her lover's constant companion, Mephistopheles."

I could give instances of mistranslation by scores. I shall content myself with one :

" Der Erde Mark mit Ahnungsdrang durchwühlen."

" Rooting from out thee every trace of earth."

Perhaps it is not possible to translate *Ahnungsdrang* literally, but the writer who is not familiar enough with the difficulty to avoid such a blunder as this, can know next to nothing of Faust. The conclusion of the cathedral scene, in which the writer coincides with Lord F. Gower, is a fair example of his mode of erasing the ludicrous :

" MARGARET (*to a bystander.*)

Help, neighbour! oh! support me."

Germany and England may not always agree in their estimate of sublimity, but Lord F. Gower and this gentleman will find upon inquiry, that this notable emendation of their's is pretty generally regarded as a fair specimen of the ludicrous in both countries.

With regard to the accusation of indecency, I have only to say, that, when Mrs. Austin's Selections shall have superseded the Old Testament—which, if any selections could produce such a catastrophe, *they* would—and Mr. Bowdler's Shakspeare shall be the only Shakspeare on our shelves,* I shall be quite ready to admit that Faust deserves to be excluded from general perusal for indecency. But not till then; for the whole poem does not contain a fifth part of the condemned expressions or allusions to be found in any two books of the Pentateuch, or any two acts of Othello, Hamlet, or Lear; and (confining this observation to Shakspeare) I am sure the purpose is equally pure. I say so much in reply to the objection urged, as I have now and then heard it, by men of feeling and taste, who understood what they were talking about. As for this writer, the indecency he complains of is his own: for example, he thus alludes to the song sung by Margaret at the commencement of the prison scene: "A voice is heard within, singing a rude ballad, so gross as to indicate insanity." The song, like Ophelia's, was intended to indicate insanity, and would not be grosser than that, did it mean what this gentleman thinks it does, which it does not. I appeal to the

* I beg Mrs. A.'s pardon for coupling her with Mr. B. I rather think the best *soi-disant* purified edition would be like woodcock without the trail; but Shakspeare purified by Mr. Bowdler is what neither gods nor men endure.

literal translation (post, p. 195) and the note. One instance more and I have done with him :

“ FAUSTUS.

Cursed villain!

Begone : name not that lovely creature :—do not
Invite my half infuriated senses
To wish her mine *again*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What then must be
The sad result? She thinks you have forsaken her ;
And so you have almost.

FAUSTUS.

Nay, I am near her ;
And were the winds and waves a barrier 'twixt us,
I never can forget her, ne'er forsake her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Well, my friend, often have I envied you
Beneath the roses, like two twins embracing.*

FAUSTUS.

Away, base pander!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! you abuse me : I must laugh ;
Now 'tis great pity—you shall *once more* enter
Her chamber, not to death.

FAUSTUS.

What joy
What heavenly joy is in her arms!”

This the reader will have the goodness to observe is a castigated passage, five or six lines having been omitted.* But it is, notwithstanding,

* Post, p. 113. 139

indubitably true that all the coarseness discoverable in it, as given above, is attributable to a most ridiculous mistake. He actually supposes, and would lead those of his readers who do not know better to suppose, that the ruin of Margaret had been already consummated! What, then, did he suppose to be Mephistopheles' object in inflaming the passions of Faust? I once heard of an attorney, who sent a young lady to get another act of seduction performed that the action might be more surely maintainable; and perhaps the translator thought that Margaret's mother had employed the devil to procure evidence against Faust.

Of the power manifested in the unfinished fragments left by Shelley, few think or speak more highly than myself; and I quite agree that nothing but a few months' study of German was wanting to make him fully equal to an adequate translation of Faust; but yet—

(*But yet* is as a gaoler, to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor,)

it must not be forgotten that they *are* unfinished fragments, and that Shelley was far from perfect in the language he was translating from; and no admiration of his genius, no respect for his memory, ought to prevent our saying that he has not done justice to Faust, if it can be clearly made to appear that he has not. I shall, therefore, point out the principal errors by which the general effect of his

translation is impaired. They will be found to be something more than specks in the sun; but if not, it is surely a fact worth noticing, that the sun has specks.

The fragments in question consist of the prologue in Heaven, and the May-day Night scene. The first has no great merit, and few considerable mistakes, though quite enough to show the translator's want of familiarity with German. He has furnished us with the means of bringing this to an indisputable test by appending a literal translation of the Archangels' song to the poetical one. Now, in the first stanza he translates *Reise*—*circle*, and "*herrlich*—*excellent* ; and in the second there are two palpable mistakes :

“ And swift, and inconceivably swift
 The adornment of earth winds itself round,
And exchanges paradise-clearness with deep, dreadful night.
 The sea foams in broad waves
From its deep bottom, up to the rocks,
 And rocks and sea are torn on together
 In the eternal swift course of the spheres.”

The words in italics are wrong, and I see no reason for translating *Pracht*—*adornment*. There are three errors in the following :

“ MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well and good.

I am not much in doubt about my bet;
And if I lose, then 'tis your turn to crow,
Enjoy your triumph then with a full breast.

Ay! dust shall he devour, and that with pleasure,
Like *my old paramour*, the famous snake.

THE LORD.

Pray come here when it suits you."

To make The Lord give this general invitation to Mephistopheles, is a fault which it is impossible to palliate, and the two others are sufficiently gross.—(See post, p. 4, 5.)

He also translates "*mit dauernden Gedanken,*" *with sweet and melancholy thoughts*, which is not merely at variance with the letter but with the spirit of the text. The following mistranslations occur in the May-day Night scene.

Mephistopheles says to the will-o'th'-wisp,

"Ei! Ei! er denkt den menschen nachzuahmen."

Shelley translates it:

Ha! ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men."

The following passage contains two mistakes, which greatly injure the effect of the scene:

"Tell me, *shall we go or stay?*
Shall we onward? Come along:
Every thing around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!
Trees and masses *intercept*
The sight."

As I have remarked already in my commentary on Lord F. Gower, it is not *shall we*, but *do we*. The words translated—*which intercept the sight*,

are—*die Gesichter schneiden*, literally, *which cut* (in the sense of *make*) *faces*. As well might a foreigner translate the English idiom *to cut capers*, literally. There are two mistakes in this passage:

“ The way is wide, the way is long,
But *what is that* for a bedlam throng?
Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom,
The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
And the mother *is clapping her hands*.”

The words marked in the second line are a translation of “ Was ist das *für* ein” &c. Instead of clapping her hands, the mother bursts (*platzt*). The semi-chorusses of wizards are mis-translated:

“ SEMI-CHORUS OF WIZARDS 1.

We glide in
Like snails when the women are all away;
And from a house once given over to sin,
Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

SEMI-CHORUS 2.

A thousand steps must a woman take
Where a man but a single spring will make.”*

He translates :

“ Und wenn wir um den Gipfel ziehn
So streichet an dem Boden hin”—
“ We cling to the *skirt*, and we strike on the ground.”

* See post, p. 169.

Gipfel, which he translates *skirt*, is *peak* or *pin-nacle*. I need hardly add that the whole line is wide of the mark.

The stage direction—*zu einigen, die um ver-glimmende Kohlen sitzen*, is translated, “to some old women” &c., and Mephistopheles is made to say :

“*Old gentlewomen, what do you do out here ?
You ought to be with the young rioters,
Right in the thickest of the revelry—
But every one is best content at home.*”

It begins “*Ihr alten Herrn,*” so that I suppose some joke is intended by the change of sex, though, if so, it is but a poor one. The last line is palpably wrong : so also are the replies of the Parvenu and the Author, which succeed.* The most extraordinary blunder, however, is in the speech of the Pedlar-witch as he terms her :

PEDLAR-WITCH.

“ Look here,
Gentlemen ; do not hurry on so fast
And lose the chance of a good pennyworth.
I have a pack full of the choicest wares
Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
Is nothing like what may be found on earth ;
Nothing that in a moment will make rich
Men and the world with fine malicious mischief—
There is no dagger drunk with blood ; no bowl
From which consuming poison may be drained

* Post. p. 173.

By innocent and healthy lips ; no jewel
The price of an abandon'd maiden's shame ;
No sword which cuts the bonds it cannot loose,
Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back ;
No—."*

It is difficult to account for a man of Shelley's fine taste making so extraordinary a blunder as this.† Faust's description of Procktophantasmist is mistranslated, and there is an omission in the last speech of Mephistopheles, which were alone sufficient to show in how unfinished a state this fragment must have been left. The line—

“ Hier ist's so lustig wie im Prater,”

literally

“ It is as merry here as in the Prater ;”

is given thus :

“ It is as *airy* here as in a ()”

Had the manuscript been any thing more than a rough copy, such a blank as this would surely have been filled up.‡

* Post, p. 173.

† I rather think that the line

“ Dem *keiner* auf der Erde gleicht,”

put him on the wrong scent. Lord F. Gower has mistaken it too.

‡ Mr. Leigh Hunt will perhaps excuse my printing the following extract from a note of his to myself ; interesting both on account of the writer and the subject of it :—“ I was away from my friend, in another country, when he began to read German ; and my impression is, that he did not make any very long or extensive acquaintance with the literature : only what he did read, he would read exquisitely, and with a thorough knowledge of the meaning, *making* it

I cannot conclude this commentary on preceding translators of Faust without paying my humble tribute of admiration to the striking merit of some passages which appeared in the thirty-ninth number of Blackwood's Magazine. A good half of these were loosely and carelessly executed, as if the writer felt that he was writing anonymously and for a magazine;* but I should assign him the next place to Shelley, did his precedence depend upon me.

It is generally supposed in this country that German literature is little cultivated in France. It would not be easy to reconcile this with the fact, that, besides the abstract given in Madame de Stael's Germany, there are no less than three French prose translations of Faust, all apparently by men of learning and ability. But no learning or

a point to have a perfect understanding of the letter, in order that he might leave nothing unperceived of the spirit. Of the particular state in which the manuscript was left, I have no recollection, except that a few passages were not filled up." Motives which will be readily appreciated, prevented my applying to the gifted authoress of Frankenstein, though mutual friends offered their services. It is much to be regretted that we have no regular life of Shelley. The notices in the New Monthly are excellent, but Shelley's calumniated memory demands an avowed biographer. Another book *in pari materia* much wanted, is a full Essay on the Life and Writings of Hazlitt. An accomplished friend of mine—the writer of the account of Hazlitt which lately appeared in the Examiner—is the man for it.

* In the passage quoted ante, p. xxiv, he makes the same mistake as Lord F. Gower :

“ *Erst have I seen by evening's heavenly light,*” &c.

ability can overcome the difficulties which the peculiar character of the French language presents ; and they have all shown themselves hopelessly incapable of conveying anything like a correct notion of the work.

The translations in question are by M. Le Comte de Sainte-Aulaire, M. Albert S*** (Stapfer), and M. Gerard.* I cannot introduce the little I have to say about them better than by an extract from M. Sainte-Aulaire's Preface. His remarks will well repay the trouble of perusal, independently of their bearing upon Faust :

“ Indépendamment de la nature de ces conceptions, le caractère de la langue allemande ajoute encore au vague pour lequel ces auteurs sont vantés ou critiqués.

“ La richesse de la langue, la liberté des inversions, la liberté plus grande de composer des mots nouveaux, et dont le sens n'est conséquemment pas encore défini, toutes des facilités, dont le génie sait tirer un si grand parti, sont quelquefois aussi pour lui-même une séduction dangereuse.

“ La phrase allemande, d'une longueur démesurée, est, pour ainsi dire, élastique ; elle reçoit tout ce qu'on veut y faire entrer. A force de l'enrichir d'épithètes, de multiplier les nuances, de la charger de parenthèses, il arrive quelquefois que l'ordre et la clarté sont compromis. L'exubérance des mots altère la précision du sens ; le traducteur, dans un véritable embarras de richesses, trouve plus qu'il ne lui faut pour une seule pensée ; il en aperçoit plusieurs là où l'auteur n'a

* A feigned name, and I am told that the writer wishes to preserve his incognito.

voulu en exprimer qu'une seule, et il lui est difficile de faire un choix, parce que toutes sont implicitement comprises dans paroles qu'il doit traduire.

“ La langue française repousse cette surabondance avec du modeste dédain. Elle considère comme son premier devoir, ou plutôt comme son plus beau privilège, une précision parfaite. Un homme d'état disait, en parlant de documens diplomatiques : ‘ Tout ce qui est clair est français, tout ce qui est obscur est allemand. ’ C'est qu'en effet il est exact de dire, grammaticalement parlant, tout ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français. *Cet avantage de notre langue, immense dans son application aux affaires, est peut-être moins appréciable dans la poésie.* Sans prétendre décider cette question, je dirai seulement que l'attention nécessaire pour saisir la pensée du poète à travers le vague des expressions, la difficulté de reconnaître les formes surchargées de magnifiques draperies, cette difficulté, dis-je, maintient l'esprit du lecteur dans une activité favorable aux beautés poétiques. *Elles sont peut-être plus vivement senties lorsqu'elles nous apparaissent couvertes d'un voile, et faiblement éclairées, que si dès l'abord nous avions tout vu, tout compris.*

“ Mais encore faut-il que la pensée sorte en fin des ténèbres, que l'intelligence puisse la reconnaître et la saisir. S'il est possible de soutenir que le vague des expressions est quelquefois un moyen d'effet pour le poète habile, il serait absurde d'attribuer un avantage quelconque au vague de la pensée. Cette locution même, *pensée vague*, est une logomachie. Tout assemblage de mots doit répondre à une perception parfaitement claire de l'esprit : une pensée n'est pas plus ou moins claire ; si elle ne l'est pas parfaitement, ou ne peut le devenir au moyen d'une exacte analyse, elle n'est plus une

pensée, et les paroles dont elle s'enveloppe ne sont que du galimatias.

“ Ainsi l'obligation de *penser clairement* tient à la nature des choses ; elle est également imposée aux poètes de tous les temps, de tous les pays. L'obligation de *parler clairement* est surtout imposée aux écrivains français : aucune excuse ne peut les en dispenser ; aucune beauté ne rachèterait le reproche d'obscurité. Le génie de la langue française se refuse invinciblement à ces constructions embarrassées, à ces expressions indéterminées, aux moyens desquelles plusieurs sens se laissent presser sous une même enveloppe. Enfin, si ce qui ne présente aucun sens n'est pas du langage, ce qui présente plusieurs sens n'est pas du français.

“ C'est d'après ces deux idées que j'ai travaillé à la traduction de cet ouvrage ; j'ai dû renoncer à traduire plusieurs passages, et notamment deux scènes assez étendues, parce qu'il m'a été impossible de les comprendre. Un grand nombre de phrases ne me présentaient aucun sens, et l'intention générale de la scène ne pouvait me mettre sur la voie ; car il m'était également impossible de la découvrir. On trouvera ces deux scènes dans les notes : je les emprunte à la traduction d'un jeune littérateur plein de mérite, qui n'a pas été rebuté par des difficultés contre lesquelles je n'ai pas eu le courage de lutter. J'ajouterai même que l'essai de M. Albert S—— a été pour moi un nouveau motif de découragement : j'ai reconnu dans sa traduction une parfaite connaissance de la langue allemande. Tout ce qui a un sens a été saisi et traduit ; cependant l'ensemble ne me paraît pas beaucoup plus clair en français qu'en allemand.

“ Dans le reste de l'ouvrage, j'ai souvent rencontré des passages qui me laissaient incertain sur leur sens véritable, parce que la construction de la phrase, et la signification indéterminée des mots rendaient plusieurs interprétations possibles. *En ce cas, j'ai cru, avant tout, devoir parler français ; je me suis attaché à ne laisser subsister dans la traduction aucune des incertitudes que je trouvais dans l'original, et j'ai tout subordonné à l'expression claire et précise du sens que j'avais choisi.*”

As well might a painter say:—“ The moon looks best when struggling through clouds, and it was my duty to paint her surrounded by them. But I had no paint fit for clouds in my box; therefore, I have painted her without any, and, therefore, my duty is performed.”

The only wonder to me is, that M. Sainte-Aulaire was not led to the almost inevitable conclusion, that it is impossible to translate Faust into French. I can forgive him all his other fallacies for the sake of the language he has clothed them in, and the truth of some of the individual remarks. Acting on the above theory, he has given a clever and spirited, but vague and loose, paraphrase of the poem, instead of a translation of it; invariably shunning the difficulties which various meanings present, by boldly deciding upon one, instead of trying to shadow out all of them—which I regard as one of the highest triumphs a translator can achieve—and avoiding the charge of incorrectness by making it almost impossible to say whether the best construction has suggested itself or not. I

will give two or three examples of the mode in which he plays with the text. He thus translates the lines towards the end of the Prologue in Heaven, beginning "Doch ihr die ächten Göttersöhne," &c.*

"Vous véritables enfans de Dieu, vivez heureux; contemplez la beauté céleste; dans votre activité créatrice, aimez la règle et les limites, et soumettez à l'épreuve de la sagesse les fantomes que de vagues désirs vous présentent."

In a note to this passage I have stated the difficulties presented by it, but I have no difficulty in saying that M. Sainte-Aulaire's reading is glaringly wrong.

Again—the passage, post, p. 15, which I have also made the subject of a note, is thus given:—

"Au premier coup d'œil *le livre* tombe des mains; on dirait une friperie, un magasin de vieux meubles: tout au plus, vous croyez voir des marrionnettes en action qui débitent avec emphase des maximes solennelles."

One more and I have done. It is the paraphrase of the passage in which Faust describes his Father's alchemical pursuits and the composition of his physic:—

"Entouré de quelques adeptes, il s'épuisait sur ses fourneaux; il croyait ses remèdes infallibles: les malades avalaient et mouraient, sans que personne mît son savoir en doute."

* Post, p. 5, l. 9.

The whole description of the physic-making process is left out.

Not content with substituting his own meaning for the author's, whenever there is the least shadow of a doubt, he frequently follows a most extraordinary method of rendering it where there is none. For example:—

“ Le texte porte : ‘ *Les esprits qui nient.*’ J’ai traduit : ‘ *Les esprits des tenebres ;*’ parceque nier la vérité, qui est la lumière, c’est affirmer le mensonge, c’est entrer dans les tenebres.”*—(Note (2) to p. 45.)

At this rate it is a translator's duty to give the conclusion to be deduced from a proposition instead of the proposition itself. At the same time we must not condemn M. Sainte-Aulaire too hastily, for the other French translators, who profess to be literal, have not been more successful than himself, except in making their occasional mistakes more palpable. The following examples will exemplify the mode in which MM. Stapfer and Gérard express what they understand, and replace what they do not. The passage beginning—

“ Mit segenduftenden Schwingen—”*

Is given by M. Stapfer thus:—

“ Quelle rosée délicieuse elles répandent sur la terre aride, et quelle ravissante harmonie le battement de leurs ailes imprime aux espaces du monde, qu’elles parcourent incessamment.”—(p. 30.)

* Post, p. 10, l. 9.

The *all' das All durchklingen* is here totally sunk. The specimens next following are also from M. Stapfer:—

“ Schon glüh' Ich wie von neuem Wein.”

“ On dirait qu'une liqueur spiritueuse coule dans mes veines et me brule.”

“ Such' Er den redlichen Gewinn,
Sey Er kein schellenlauter Thor!

“ Laisse-la ces folies, et cherche à gagner ton pain honnetement.”—(See post, p. 14.)

“ Nur was der Augenblick erschafft das kann er nützen.”

“ Rien n'est utile que ce que l'esprit féconde.”

“ Drum frisch! Lass alles Sinnen seyn,
Und g'rad' mit in die Welt hinein!”

“ Allons donc, laisse en paix tous tes sens, et en route avec eux dans ce monde!”

In the scene at the well Margaret says:—

“ Und segnet' mich und that so gross,
Und bin nun selbst der Sünde bloss.
Doch-alles was dazu mich trieb.
Ach war so gut! ach war so lieb!”

It is given—

“ Et je me signais, et je faisais le signe aussi grand que possible . . . Et maintenant je suis le péché meme. Helas, tout m'y a entraîné. Dieu! il etait si bon! il etait si amiable!*

* Compare post, p. 151.

The following are from M. Gérard—

“ Verfluchtes, dumpfes Mauerloch.”

“ Miserable trou de souris.”—(see post, p. 8.)

“ Schon glüh' Ich wie von neuem Wein—”

“ Déjà je pétille comme une liqueur nouvelle.”

“ Ja, kehre nur der holden Erdensonne,
Entschlossen deinen Rücken zu!”

“ C'est en cessant d'exposer ton corps au doux
soleil de la terre.”

This line occurs, post, p. 19, l. 21. No one after reading the passage will require any additional examples.

In the literary portions of her Germany, Madame de Staël is generally understood to have received a sort of aid which ought to have rendered her pretty nearly infallible. Her chapter on Faust, however, is remarkably inaccurate, and proves most conclusively, that she had only a very superficial acquaintance with the work. “ It is lucky for Goethe,” says Jean Paul, “ that important omissions prevent frivolous translations in her book. This devilish tragedy, resembling the Divine Comedy of Dante, in which whole worlds of spirits play and fall,—has she, what with drawing out and drawing in, actually turned into an amatory romance.”* I am not prepared to prove her guilty to this extent, but I shall quote some pas-

* Heidelberger Jahrbücher der Litteratur, 1815.

sages to show that what Jean Paul intimates as to the frivolity of her style of translating is true:—

“ Ach! unsere Thaten selbst, so gut als unsre Leiden,
Sie hemmen unsres Lebens Gang.”

“ Nos actions, comme nos souffrances, arrêtent la
marche *de la pensée.*”

“ Dem Wurme gleich' ich, der den Staub durchwühlt·
Den, wie er sich im Staube nährend lebt,
Des Wandrers Tritt vernichtet und begrabt.”

“ C'est à l'insecte que je ressemble. Il s'agite dans
la poussière, il se nourrit d'elle, et le voyageur, en
passant, l'écrase et le détruit.”

She describes Mephistopheles' soliloquy when left alone to receive the student, (post, p. 66,) in ⁶³ this manner:—

“ Il revêt la robe de docteur, et, pendant qu'il attend l'écolier, il exprime seul son dédain pour Faust. Cet homme, dit il, ne sera jamais qu'à demi pervers, et c'est en vain qu'il se flatte de parvenir à l'être entièrement.”

This is the passage which calls down the well-merited indignation of Jean Paul. Her description of the conclusion of the dialogue with the student (post, p. 71,) is equally infelicitous:—“ Mephistopheles écrit ce que Satan a dit à Eve pour l'engager à manger le fruit de l'arbre de vie: Vous serez comme Dieu, connoissant le bien et le mal'. Jepeux bien, se dit il a lui-même, emprunter cette ancienne sentence à mon cousin le serpent; *il y a long-temps qu'on s'en sert dans ma famille.*”

Faust's exposition of his creed is completely spoiled; and where (post, p. 136,) Faust complains that Mephistopheles is ever kindling a wild fire in his heart for that lovely image (meaning Margaret); Madame makes him say—" Il allume dans mon sein un feu désordonné qui m'attire *vers la beauté*." But the remark with which she introduces this scene—" Faust se lasse de l'amour de Marguerite &c."—and her treatment of the concluding part of it, (post, p. 139,) were alone enough to demonstrate her utter incompetency to pronounce an opinion upon Faust. She actually describes this concluding part as occurring after the seduction of Margaret and after the murder of Valentine, and then gives the following translation of it:—

“ Méphistophélès oblige Faust à quitter la ville, et le désespoir que lui fait éprouver le sort de Marguerite intéresse à lui de nouveau.

“ ‘ Hélas ! s'écrie Faust, elle eût été si facilement heureuse, une simple cabane dans une vallée des Alpes, quelques occupations domestiques, auroient suffi pour satisfaire ses désirs bornés, et remplir sa douce vie ; mais moi, l'ennemi de Dieu, je n'ai pas eu de repos que je n'aie brisé son cœur, que je n'aie fait tomber en ruines sa pauvre destinée. Ainsi donc la paix doit lui être ravie pour toujours. Il faut qu'elle soit la victime de l'enfer. Hé bien ! démon, abrège mon angoisse, fais arriver ce qui doit arriver. Que le sort de cette infortunée s'accomplisse, et précipite-moi du moins avec elle dans l'abîme.'

“ L'amertume et le sang-froid de la réponse de Méphistophélès sont vraiment diaboliques.

“ ‘ Comme tu t'enflames, lui dit-il, comme tu bouil-

lonnes! *Je ne sais comment te consoler, et sur mon honneur je me donnerois au diable, si je ne l'étois pas moi-même* : mais penses-tu donc, insensé, que parce que ta pauvre tête ne voit plus d'issue, il n'y en ait plus véritablement? Vive celui qui sait tout supporter avec courage! Je t'ai déjà rendu pas mal semblable à moi, et songe, je t'en prie, qu'il n'y a rien *de plus fastidieux* dans ce monde qu'un diable qui se désespère.' ”

Such blundering as this is wholly unaccountable. She first wrenches a fine passage from its place, thereby making nonsense of it, and then mixes it up with matter which has no possible connection with it. Mephistopheles uses words something like those in italics, in the scene where he complains of the jewels having been carried off by the priest, (post, p. 110,) but what Madame means by introducing them here, it is for her admiring countrymen, or her literary advisers in Germany, to explain. She has contrived to miss most of the delicate touches in the prison scene, and made several gross blunders in it to boot; as—

“ Es fasst mich kalt beym Schopfe.”

“ L'air est si froid pres de la fontaine.”

“ Sag Niemand dass du schon bey Gretchen warst.”

“ Ne dis a personne que tu as vu Marguerite *cette nuit.*”

She concludes as follows:—

“ MEPHISTOPHELES (*à Faust*).

“ Suis-moi.

“ (*Méphistophélès disparaît avec Faust; on entend*

encore dans le fond du cachot la voix de Marguerite qui rappelle vainement son ami :)

“ Faust ! Faust ! ”

“ La pièce est interrompue après ces mots. L'intention de l'auteur est sans doute que Marguerite périsse, et que Dieu lui pardonne ; que la vie de Faust soit sauvée, *mais que son âme soit perdue.* ”

As a continuation is on the eve of appearing, it would be dangerous to speculate on the author's intentions ; but, so far as they can be collected, I should say that here again she is decidedly wrong.

I cannot quit the subject of translation from the German by the French, without alluding to one peculiarity which is clearly traceable in all their attempts of the sort. To whatever cause the curious in national character may attribute it, certain it is that the French have comparatively little notion of what we call *bathos* in composition, and are constantly spoiling the effect of highly-wrought passages by light or ludicrous associations. Half the examples of vagueness and incorrectness given above are also examples of this, and I could treble the number with ease. Thus, in translating Faust's appeal to the moon, (post, p. 8,) both M. Stapfer and M. Gerard make him express a wish to *dance* in the meadows by her light ; and M. Sainte-Aulaire makes him exclaim, when he is about to take the poison : “ Partons *avec gaiété* pour ce voyage ”—without, in either case, the slightest warrant from the text. I fear I shall call down a storm of indignation on my head, but I do really think there is no other country in the world, in

which Faust would have been pictured as wishing to dance, or as setting out for—the place we never name to ears polite—with gaiety.*

I am not aware of any other translation of Faust in any language, though I have been at some pains to inquire,—particularly in Italy, where German literature has attracted considerable attention of late, and where Faust might be expected to inspire a peculiar interest from its being constantly associated by critics with the Divine Comedy of Dante.†

* Some curious examples of bathos in the greatest French writers may be seen in Schlegel's Lectures on the Drama, Lect. 11.; where we are also made to remark their excessive apprehension of ridicule. I lately witnessed a singular illustration of French insensibility to the art of sinking. I had the good fortune to be present at the sitting of the French Academy held for the reception of M. Dupin Ainé. In replying to the Inaugural Oration, the acting President (M. Jouy) having occasion to speak of M. Dupin's works, ushered in what he had to say of one of them thus:—"En parlant de votre grand ouvrage *en deux volumes*" &c. To the best of my observation, there was not a Frenchman present who smiled, and not an Englishman who did not. By way of testing my theory, I told the story the day after to a mixed party, and the effect was precisely the same. I once heard it asked how any thing else could be expected from a language which has but one word to express liking and loving, a mistress or a leg of mutton—*J'aime Julie—J'aime un gigot*. Yet it is the language in which, to say nothing of past ages, Beranger, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Sainte Beuve, &c. &c. have immortalised themselves in our own.

† The following anecdote, related to me by an eye-witness, is a singular illustration of the sort of devotional feeling with which Italians regard every thing connected with Dante. One morning during Mr. Cary's residence at Chiswick (in the house formerly occupied by Hogarth), two strangers were observed inquiring anxiously for *the house*. They were supposed to mean the Duke of Devonshire's, and directed accordingly; but this was soon discovered

My main object in these criticisms is to shake, if not remove, the very disadvantageous impressions that have hitherto been prevalent of Faust, and keep public opinion suspended concerning Goethe till some poet of congenial spirit shall arise, capable of doing justice to this—the most splendid and interesting of his works. By my translation, also, I shall be able to show what he is not, though it will be quite impossible for me to show what he is, “Il me reste, (says M. Stapfer) à protester contre ceux qui, après la lecture de cette traduction, s’imagineraient avoir acquis une idée complète de l’original. Porté sur tel ouvrage traduit que ce soit, le jugement serait erroné; il le serait surtout à l’égard de celui-ci, à cause de la perfection continue du style. Qu’on se figure tout le charme de l’Amphitryon de Molière joint à ce que les poésies de Parny offrent de plus gracieux, alors seulement on pourra se croire dispensé de le lire.” If I do not say something of the sort, it is only because I cannot decide with what English names Molière

to be a mistake. The house they meant was that of the translator of Dante—a greater man in their eyes than any duke upon earth—and without even a letter of introduction to the proprietor, they had walked all the way from town for the pleasure of seeing the house in which he lived, and the chance of catching a glimpse of himself. Another translation of Dante (by Mr. Wright), which the best judges declare to be also of first rate excellence, is in the very act of publication as I write, but the difference of plan removes all the invidiousness of rivalry. The best Italian translations from the German are Maffei’s from Schiller. Nicolini presented Maffei’s translation of Maria Stuart to an English lady with the remark, that it was worth all his own productions put together.

and Parny would be most aptly replaced. The merely English reader, however, will perhaps take my simple assurance, that, from the admitted beauty of Goethe's versification, no writer loses more by being submitted to the crucible of prose; though, at the same time, very few writers can afford to lose so much.* The bloom-like beauty of the songs, in particular, vanishes at the bare touch of a translator; as regards these, therefore, I may as well own at once that I am inviting my friends to a sort of Barmecide entertainment, where fancy must supply all the materials for banquetting. I have one comfort, however: the poets have hitherto tried their hands at them in vain, and I am backed by very high authority in declaring the most beautiful—*Meine Ruh' ist hin*—to be utterly untranslatable. Indeed, it is only by a lucky chance that a succession of simple heartfelt expressions or idiomatic felicities in one language, is ever capable of exact representation in another. Two passages already quoted appear well adapted to exemplify what I mean. When Margaret exclaims:—

“Sag Niemand dass du schon *bey* Gretchen warst,”

it is quite impossible to render in English the finely shaded meaning of *bey*. Here, therefore, Germany has the best of it, but when we translate—

“Schön war ich auch, und das war mein *verderben*,”

“I was fair too, and that was my *undoing*”—we

* I had serious thoughts at one time of calling this book “Aids to the understanding of Faust”—a sort of title not unusual in Germany, and indicating the exact light in which I wish my labours to be viewed. I gave it up for fear of being accused of affectation.

greatly improve upon the original, and add a delicacy which I defy any German to imitate: for the applicability of *verderben* in so many other places completely spoils its peculiar fitness for this.*

My only object in giving a sort of rhythmical arrangement to the lyrical parts, was to convey some notion of the variety of versification which forms one great charm of the poem. The idea was first suggested to me by Milton's translation of the Ode to Pyrrha, entitled: "Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ, rendered almost word for word without rime, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will admit." But I have seldom, if ever, made any sacrifice of sense for the purpose of rounding a line in the lyrics or a period in the regular prose, proceeding throughout on the rooted conviction, that, if a translation such as mine be not literal, it is valueless. By literal, however, must be understood only that I have endeavoured to convey the precise meaning of Goethe: an object often best attainable by preserving the exact form of expression employed by him, unless, indeed, it be an exclusively national one. Even then I have not always rejected it: for, in my opinion, one great advantage to be anticipated from such translations is the naturalization of some of those pregnant modes of expression in which the German language is so remarkably rich. Idioms, of course, belong to a wholly different category. My remarks apply only

* Many striking examples of the above theory will be found on comparing Vincent Bourne's translations with the originals. It was in performing this very pleasing task some years ago that I was first led to generalise upon the subject.

to these phrases and compounds where nothing is wanting to make an Englishman perfectly *au fait* of them, but to think out the full meaning of the words. In all such cases I translate literally, in direct defiance of those sagacious critics, who expect to catch the spirit of a work of genius as dogs lap water from the Nile, and vote a German author unreadable unless all his own and his country's peculiarities are planed away.

In Faust the same word sometimes occurs oftener than English taste may approve. I have, notwithstanding, repeated it. It was not my business to attempt polishing the style; and I think, moreover, that we are far too fastidious in this respect. In short, my theory is, that, if the English reader, not knowing German, be made to stand in precisely the same relation to Faust as the English reader, thoroughly acquainted with German, stands in towards it—*i. e.* if the same impressions be conveyed through the same sort of medium, whether bright or dusky, coarse or fine—the very extreme point of a translator's duty has been attained.

But though I feel pretty confident of the correctness of this theory, I am far from certain that my practice uniformly accords with it—

“ Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor”—

I cannot deny that I have often been driven to a paraphrase by necessity, and sometimes seduced into one by indolence. A little must be allowed

also for the difficulty of reducing verse into readable prose. As the translation, however, has been executed at leisure moments, was finished many months ago, and has undergone the careful revisal of friends, I think I can answer for its general accuracy; but in a work so crowded with elliptical and idiomatic, nay even provincial, modes of expression, and containing so many doubtful allusions, as *Faust*, it is morally impossible to guard against individual errors; or what, at any rate, may be represented as such by those who will not give the translator credit for having weighed and rejected the constructions they may chance to prefer. In the course of my inquiries, I have not unfrequently had three or four different interpretations suggested to me by as many accomplished German scholars, each ready to do battle for his own against the world. There are also some few meanings which all reasonable people confess themselves unable to un-earth,—or rather, un-heaven; for it is by rising, not sinking, that Goethe leaves his readers behind, and in nearly all such instances, we respect, despite of our embarrassment, the aspirations of a master-mind, soaring proudly up into the infinite unknown, and though failing possibly in the full extent of its aim, yet bringing back rich tokens of its flight.

Faust has never yet been published with notes, with the exception of a very few added to the French translations, in which none of the real difficulties are removed. I have endeavoured to

supply this deficiency by bringing together all the information I could collect amongst a pretty extensive circle of German acquaintance. I have also ransacked all the commentaries I could get, though nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the result. They are almost exclusively filled with trashy amplifications of the text, not unfrequently dilating into chapters what Goethe had condensed in a line. I have named the whole of them below.* That of Dr. Schubarth is said to be the only one which ever received any token of approbation from Goethe. A few parallel passages from English poets will also be found in the notes. They are merely such as incidentally suggested themselves;

* Ueber Goethe's Faust: Vorlesungen von Dr. Schubarth, Berlin, 1830. Ueber Goethe's Faust und dessen Fortsetzung, Nebst einem Anhang von dem ewigen Juden, Leipzig, 1824. Aesthetische Vorlesungen Ueber Goethe's Faust, &c. von Dr. Hinrichs, Halle, 1825. Ueber Calderon's Tragoedie vom Wunderthatigen Magus; Ein Beitrag zum Verstandniss der Faustischen Fabel, von Karl Rosenkrantz, Halle und Leipzig, 1829. Herold's Stimme zu Goethe's Faust, von C. F. G———, Leipzig 1831. Zur Beurtheilung Goethe's, mit Beziehung auf verwandte Litteratur und Kunst von Dr. Schubarth, 1820; a work in two volumes, of which a large part is occupied with Faust. Goethe aus persönlichem Umfange dargestellt, by Falk; the last 110 pages of which consist of a Commentary on Faust. Vorlesungen über Goethe's Faust, by Dr. Rauch, 1830. And see Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, Lect. 15; and the *Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe*, vol. iii. pp. 129—141, and passim. In 1829, also, the production of Faust as an acting play called forth a good deal of ingenious criticism in the German journals, as to its fitness for scenical representation. Schlegel appears to me to have set this question at rest.

except, indeed, that I re-read the greater part of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, during the progress of the undertaking; a course of study which I earnestly recommend my fellow labourers in this walk to pursue. I mention it as a singular fact, that I gained no addition to my stock of expressions from Byron, though at one period of my life I knew him pretty nearly by heart.*

I fear it will be quite impossible for me to acknowledge all the assistance I have received, but there are a few kind co-operators whom I think it a duty to name, though without their knowledge and perhaps contrary to their wish.

I certainly owe most to my old master and

* Byron, however, is the most popular of modern English poets in Germany. I have also recently met with a singular mark of German partiality for Moore—a translation, line for line, of the *Loves of the Angels*. The commencement may be taken as a fair sample of the attempt:—

“ Es trug die Welt ihr erstes Kleid,
Und Sterne hatten kaum begonnen
In Glanz zu kreisen, und die Zeit
War tageweise nur verronnen;
Als in der Dämmerung der Natur
Sich Engel froh mit Menschen grüssten—”

*Thomas Moore's Liebe der Engel. Gedicht &c.
übersetzt von Paul Graf v. Haugwitz. Bresslau,
bei Goschorsky.*

But the most flattering testimony of admiration for an English writer appeared in a late number of a German journal of considerable repute. It was a review of a new translation of Eugene Aram, *The Disowned*, and *Devereux*, lavishing the highest commendation on them, and surmounted by a wreath or coronet of flowers with *BULWER* inscribed in the centre of it.

friend Mr. Heilner, whose consummate critical knowledge of both languages enabled him to afford me the most effective aid in disentangling the perplexities of the work; and to my friend Mr. Hills (of the Home Circuit), one of the best German scholars I know, in whose richly-stored mind and fine taste I found a perfect treasure-house of all that is most beautiful in the most beautiful creations of genius, and an almost infallible criterion of propriety.

But it is also with pride and pleasure that I offer my best acknowledgments for very valuable aid to—Mrs. John Austin, the elegant translator of *The German Prince's Tour*: Dr. Bernays, Professor of the German Language and Literature at King's College, and one of those who have reflected most honour on that Institution by their works: my clever and warm-hearted friend, Mr. Heller, Attaché to the Prussian Embassy: Mr. A. Troppaneger, a German gentleman of learning and taste now residing in London: Dr. Jacob Grimm, the first philologist of this or perhaps of any age, and an eminently successful cultivator of the most interesting department of German literature besides: and, last not least, A. W. von Schlegel—the world has long ceased to prefix titles to the name—whose enduring claims to general admiration are at once too various to be easily enumerated and too well known to need enumerating. There is yet another highly distinguished friend whose name I should have been enabled to add,

had not his regretted absence in a foreign country deprived me of it. When I reflect how much I owed to him on a former occasion of the kind, I cannot contemplate the omission without a pang.

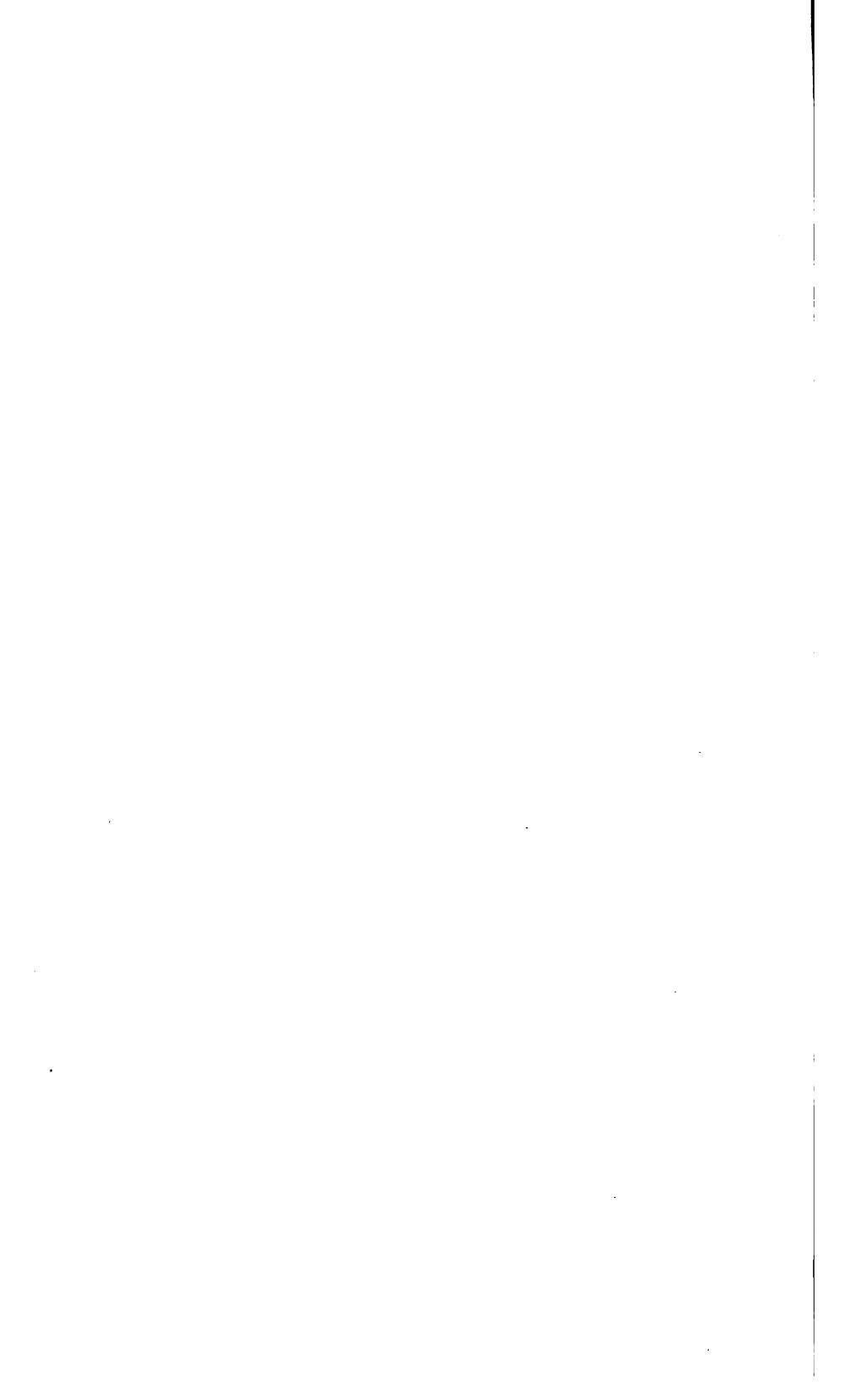
In conclusion I have only to say, that, as I followed no one implicitly, my friends are not answerable for my mistakes; and that I shall be much obliged to any one who will suggest any amendment in the translation or any addition to the notes, as at some future time I may reprint or publish the work.

A. H.

PUMP COURT, TEMPLE,
January, 1833.

P. S. My first intention was not to include the Dedication and Prologue on the Theatre, which were added long after the first appearance of the poem, and have no necessary connection with it. But I was advised to make the book complete by adding them, and they will be found in an Appendix.





FAUST.



PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD, THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwards*
MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Archangels come forward.

RAPHAEL.

THE Sun chimes in, as ever, with the emulous music of his brother spheres, and performs his prescribed journey with the roll of the thunder. His aspect gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom him; and the inconceivably sublime works of creation are glorious as on the first day.

GABRIEL.

And rapid, inconceivably rapid, the pomp of the earth revolves; the brightness of paradise alternates with deep fearful night. The sea foams up in broad waves at the deep base of the rocks; and rock and sea are whirled on in the ever rapid course of the spheres.

MICHAEL.

And storms are roaring as if in rivalry, from sea to land, from land to sea, and forming all around a chain of the deepest elemental ferment in their rage. There, flashing desolation flares before the path of the thunder-clap. But thy angels, Lord, respect the mild going of thy day.

THE THREE.

Thy aspect gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom thee, and all thy sublime works are glorious as on the first day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since, Lord, you approach once again, and inquire how we are getting on, and on other occasions were not displeased to see me—therefore is it that you see me also amongst the pack. Excuse me, I cannot talk fine, not though the whole circle should cry scorn on me. My pathos would certainly make you laugh, had you not left off laughing. I have nothing to say about suns and worlds; I only mark how men are plaguing themselves. The little god of the world continues ever of the same stamp, and is as odd as on the first day. He would lead a somewhat better life of it, had you not given him a glimmering of heaven's light. He calls it reason, and uses it only to be more brutal than all other brutes. He seems to me, with your Grace's leave, like one of the long-legged grasshoppers,

which is ever flying, and bounding as it flies, and then sings its old song in the grass;—and would that he lay for ever in the grass! He thrusts his nose into every dirty mess.

THE LORD.

Have you nothing else to say to me? Are you always coming for no other purpose than to complain? Is nothing ever to your liking upon earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find things there, as ever, miserably bad. Men, in their days of wretchedness, move my pity; I really have not the heart to torment the poor things.

THE LORD.

Do you know Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor?

THE LORD.

My servant?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Verily! he serves you after a fashion of his own. The fool's meat and drink are not of earth. The ferment of his spirit impels him towards the far away. He himself is half conscious of his madness. Of heaven—he demands its brightest stars, and of earth—its every highest enjoyment; and nothing, neither the far nor the near, contents his deeply agitated breast.

THE LORD.

If he does but serve me in dimness and perplexity now, I shall soon lead him into light. When the tree buds, the gardener knows that blossom and fruit will deck the coming years.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you wager? you shall lose him yet! If you give me leave to guide him quietly my own way.

THE LORD.

So long as he lives upon the earth, so long be nothing forbidden to thee. Man is prone to error, whilst his struggle lasts.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am much obliged to you for that; for I have never had any fancy for the dead. I like plump fresh cheeks the best. I am not at home to a corpse. I am like the cat with the mouse.

THE LORD.

Enough, it is permitted thee. Divert this spirit from his original source, and bear him, if thou canst seize him, down on thy own path with thee. And stand abashed, when thou art compelled to own—a good man, in his dark perplexity, may still be conscious of the right way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well,—only it will not last long. I am not at all in pain for my wager. Should I succeed, excuse

my triumphing with my whole soul. Dust shall he eat,
and with a relish, like my cousin, the renowned snake.

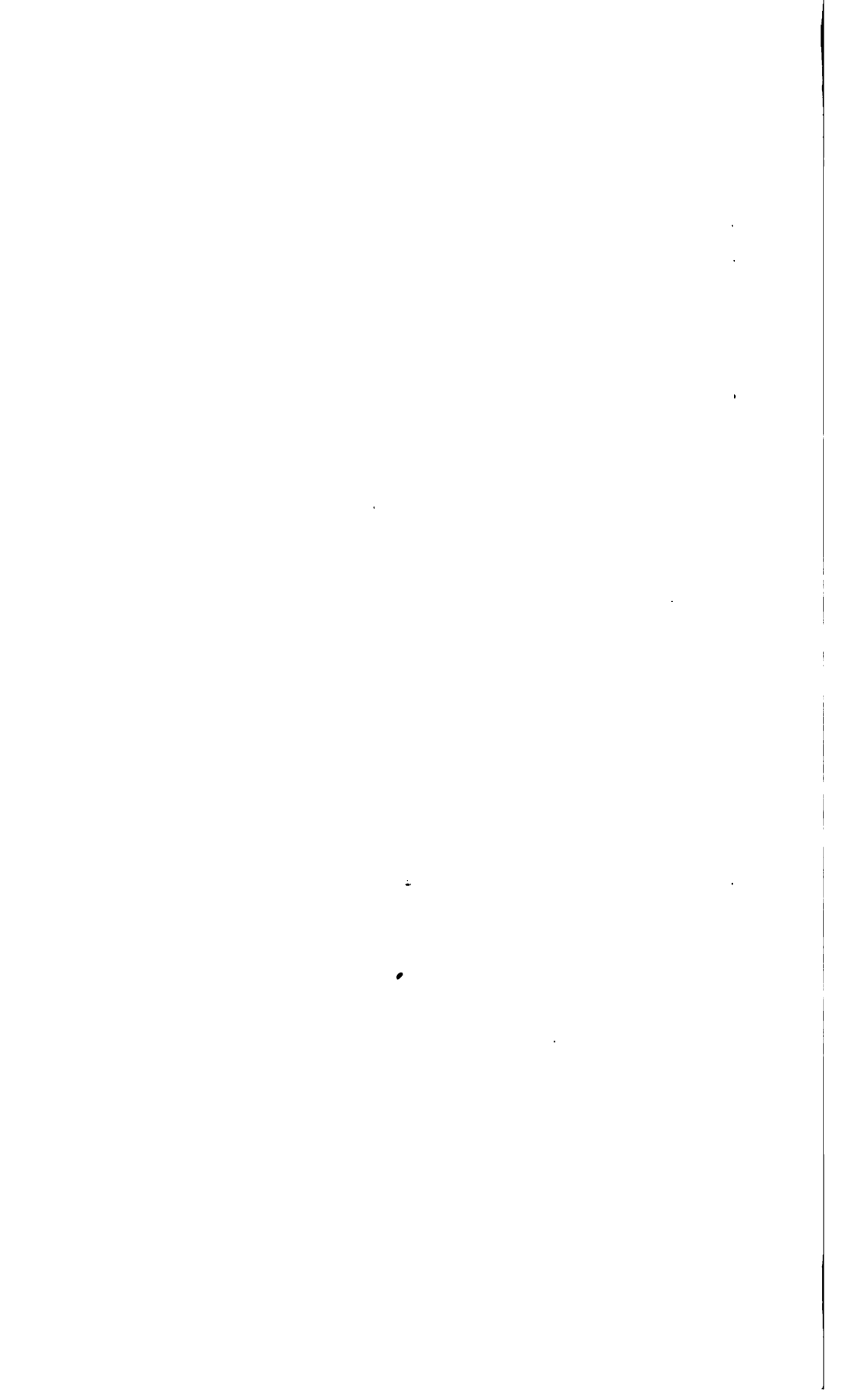
THE LORD.

There also you are free to act as you like. I have never hated the like of you. Of all the spirits that deny, the scoffer is the least offensive to me. Man's activity is all too prone to slumber: he soon gets fond of unconditional repose; I therefore willingly allow him a companion, who stirs and works, and must, as devil, produce. But ye, the true children of heaven, rejoice in the living profusion of beauty. The creative essence, which works and lives through all time, embrace you within the happy bounds of love; and what hovers in changeful seeming, do ye fix firm with everlasting thoughts.

(Heaven closes, the Archangels disperse.)

MEPHISTOPHELES *alone.*

I like to see the Ancient One occasionally, and take care not to break with him. It is really fine of so great a Lord, to speak so kindly with the Devil himself.



FAUST.



NIGHT.

FAUST *in a high-vaulted narrow Gothic chamber, seated
restless at his desk.*

FAUST.

I HAVE now, alas, by zealous exertion, thoroughly studied philosophy, jurisprudence and medicine,—and, to my sorrow, theology too. Here I stand, poor fool that I am, just as wise as before. I am called Master, aye, and Doctor, and have now for ten years been leading my pupils about—up and down, crossways and crooked ways—by the nose; and see that we can know nothing! This it is that cuts me to the heart. True, I am cleverer than all the solemn triflers—doctors, masters, writers and priests. No doubts nor scruples of any sort trouble me; I fear neither hell nor the Devil. But for this very reason is all joy torn from me. I no longer fancy I know any thing worth knowing; I no longer fancy I could teach anything to better and convert mankind. Then I have neither land nor money, nor honour nor worldly rank. A dog would spurn

such a life. I have therefore devoted myself to magic, to try whether, through the power and voice of the Spirit, many a mystery might not become known to me; that I may no longer, with bitter sweat, pant to utter what I do not know; that I may learn what it is that holds the world together in its inmost core; see all the springs and seeds of production at work, and drive no longer a paltry traffic in words.

Oh! would that thou, radiant moonlight, wert shining for the last time upon my misery; thou, ^{for} whom I have sat watching so many a midnight at this desk; then, over books and papers, melancholy friend, didst thou appear to me! Oh! that I might wander on the mountain-tops in thy loved light, hover with spirits round the mountain caves, flit over the fields in thy glimmer, and escaped from all the fumes of knowledge, bathe, re-invigorated, in thy dew!

Woe is me! am I still penned up in this dungeon—this accursed, musty walled-hole—where the precious light of heaven itself glimmers mournfully through painted panes, broken and stunted by this heap of books,—worm-eaten, dust-begrimed, and encompassed by a smoke-smear'd paper reaching up to the very top of the vault; with glasses and boxes ranged round, instruments piled up on all sides, ancestral lumber

stuffed in with the rest? This is thy world, and a precious world it is!

And dost thou still ask, why thy heart flutters so confinedly in thy bosom? Why a vague aching deadens within thee every stirring principle of life?—Instead of the animated nature, for which God made man, thou hast nought around thee but beasts' skeletons and dead mens' bones, in smoke and mould.

Up! away! out into the wide world! And this mysterious book, from Nostradamus' own hand, is it not company enough for thee? Thou wilt then know the course of the stars, and, with nature for thy instructress, the soul's essence will rise before thee, as one spirit speaks to another. Vain! that the holy signs are here expounded to thee by dull poring. Spirits, ye are hovering near; answer me, if you hear!

(He opens the book and contemplates the sign of the Macrocosm.)

Ah! what rapture thrills through all my senses at the sight. I feel a fresh hallowed enjoyment of life glowing anew through nerve and vein. Was it a god that traced these signs?—which still the storm within, fill my poor heart with gladness, and, by a mystical inspiration, unveil the powers of nature to my view. Am I a god? All seems so bright. I see, in these pure features, nature herself working in my soul's presence.

Now for the first time do I conceive what the sage saith,—“ The world of spirits is not closed. Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead! Up, acolyte, bathe, untired, thy earthly breast in the red beams of morning.”

(He contemplates the sign.)

How all weaves itself into a whole ; the one works and lives in the other ! How the heavenly influences ascend and descend, and reach each other the golden buckets,—on bliss-exhaling pinions, press from heaven through earth, all ringing harmoniously through the All. What a show ! but ah ! a show only ! Where shall I seize thee, infinite nature ? Ye breasts, where ? ye sources of all life, on which hang heaven and earth, towards which the blighted breast presses—ye gush, ye suckle, and am I thus languishing in vain ?

(He turns over the book indignantly, and sees the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.)

How differently this sign affects me ! Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer to me. Already do I feel my energies exalted, already glow as with new wine ; I feel courage to cast myself into the world ; to endure earthly weal and earthly woe ; to wrestle with storms, and stand unshaken mid the shipwreck's crash.—Clouds thicken over me ; the moon pales her light ; the lamp dies away ; exhalations arise ; red beams encircle my head ; a cold shuddering flickers down from the vaulted roof and fastens on me ! I feel it—thou art sitting round me,

prayer-compelled Spirit. Unveil thyself! Ah! what a tearing in my heart—all my senses are stirring up to new sensations! I feel my whole soul surrendered to thee. Thou must—thou must!—should it cost me my life.

(He seizes the book and pronounces mystically the sign of the Spirit. A red flame flashes up; the SPIRIT appears in the flame.)

SPIRIT.

Who calls for me?

FAUST, *(averting his face.)*

Horrible vision!

SPIRIT.

Thou hast potently attracted me, after long sucking at my sphere. And now—

FAUST.

Torture! I endure thee not.

SPIRIT.

You pray, panting, to see me, to hear my voice, to gaze upon my face. Your potent invocation works upon me. I am here! What a miserable terror seizes thee, the demigod! Where is the soul's calling? Where the breast, that created a world to itself, and upbore and contained it? which, with a thrill of ecstasy, swelled to lift itself to a level with us spirits. Where art thou, Faust?—whose voice rang to me, who pressed upon me with all his energies? Art thou he?

thou, who, blighted by my breath, art shivering through
all the depths of life, a trembling writhing worm?

FAUST.

Shall I yield to thee, thou child of fire? I am he,
am Faust, thy equal.

SPIRIT.

In the stream of life,
In the storm of action,
I move up and down,
I flit hither and thither.
Birth and grave,
An eternal sea,
A changeful weaving,
A glowing life—
Thus I work at the whizzing loom of time,
And weave the visible clothing of the Deity.

FAUST.

Busy spirit, thou who sweepst round the wide
world, how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou art mate for the spirit whom thou conceivest,
not for me. *(The Spirit vanishes.)*

FAUST—*collapsing.*

Not for thee! For whom then? I, the image of the
Deity, and not mate for even thee!

(A knocking at the door.)

Oh, Death! I know it: that is my amanuensis. My

fairest fortune is turned to nought. That the unidea'd groveller must disturb these full revealings!

(WAGNER enters in his dressing-gown and night-cap, with a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns round in displeasure.)

WAGNER.

Excuse me—I heard you declaiming; you were no doubt reading a Greek tragedy. I should like to improve myself in this art, for now-a-days it may be turned to account. I have often heard say that a player might instruct a priest.

FAUST.

Yes, if the priest be himself a player, as may likely enough come to pass occasionally.

WAGNER.

Ah! when a man is so condemned to his study, and hardly sees the world of a holiday—hardly through a telescope, only from afar; how is he to lead it by persuasion?

FAUST.

If you do not feel it, you will not get it by hunting for it,—if it does not gush from the soul, and subdue the hearts of all hearers with original delight. Sit at it for ever—glue together—cook up a hash from another's feast, and blow your own little heap of ashes into a paltry flame! You may gain the admiration of children and apes, if you have a taste for it; but you

will never touch the hearts of others, if it does not flow fresh from your own.

WAGNER.

But it is elocution that makes the orator's success. I feel it well, but am still far behind hand.

FAUST.

Keep the true object steadily in view—Be no tinkling fool!—Reason and good sense are expressed with little art. And when you are seriously intent on saying something, is it necessary to hunt for words? Your speeches, I say, which are so highly polished, in which ye crisp the shavings of humanity, are unrefreshing as the mist-wind which whistles through the withered leaves in autumn.

WAGNER.

Oh, heaven! art is long, and life is short. Often, during my critical studies, do I suffer both in head and heart. How hard it is to compass the means by which one mounts to the fountain head; and before he has got half way, a poor devil must probably die!

FAUST.

Is parchment the holy well, a drink from which allays the thirst for ever? Thou hast not gained the cordial, if it gushes not from thy own soul.

WAGNER.

Excuse me! it is a great pleasure to transport oneself into the spirit of the times; to see how a wise

man has thought before us, and to what a glorious height we have since carried it.

FAUST.

Oh, yes, up to the very stars. My friend, past ages are to us a book with seven seals. What people term the spirit of the times, is at bottom only their own spirit, in which the times are reflected. A miserable exhibition it frequently is! A single glance is enough to make one run from it! A dirt-tub and a lumber-room!—and, at best, a grand political show, with fine pragmatical saws, such as sound well in the mouths of the puppets!

WAGNER.

But the world! the heart and mind of man! every one would like to know something about that.

FAUST.

Aye, what is called knowing. Who dares give the child its true name? The few who have ever known anything about it, and who sillily enough did not keep a guard over their full hearts, but published what they had felt and seen to the multitude,—these, time immemorial, have been crucified and burnt. I beg, friend—the night is far advanced—for the present we must break off.

WAGNER.

I could fain have kept waking to converse with you so learnedly. To-morrow, however, the first

day of Easter, you must permit me a question or two more. Heart and soul have I devoted myself to study. True, I know much; but I would fain know all. (*Exit.*)

FAUST.

How hope only quits not the brain, which clings perseveringly to trash,—gropes with greedy hand for treasures, and exults at finding earth-worths!

Dare such a mere human voice sound here, where all around me teemed with spirits? Yet ah, this once I thank thee, thou poorest of all the sons of earth. Thou hast snatched me from despair, which had well-nigh got the better of sense. Alas! the vision was so gigantically great, that I felt quite shrunk into a dwarf.

I, formed in God's own image, who already thought myself near to the mirror of eternal truth; who revelled, in the lustre and clearness of heaven, with the earthly part of me stripped off; I, more than cherub, whose emancipated spirit already, in its imaginative soarings, aspired to glide through nature's veins, and, in creative might, enjoy the life of a god—how must I atone for it! One thunder-word has swept me wide away.

I dare not presume to mate myself with thee. If I have possessed the power to draw thee to me, I had no power to hold thee. In that blest moment,

felt so little, so great; you fiercely thrust me back upon the uncertain lot of humanity. Who will teach me? What am I to shun? Must I obey that impulse? Alas! our actions, equally with our sufferings, clog the course of our lives.

Something foreign to it is ever clinging to the noblest conception the mind of man can form. When we have acquired the good of this world, what is better is termed falsehood and vanity. The glorious feelings which gave us life, become torpid in the worldly throng.

Although phantasy, at one time, on daring wing and full of hope, dilates to infinity,—a little space satisfies her, when venture after venture has been wrecked in the whirlpool of time. Care straightway builds her nest in the depths of the heart, hatches vague tortures there, rocks herself restlessly, and frightens joy and peace away. She is ever masquing in some new dress: it may be as house and land, as wife and child, as fire, water, dagger, poison. You tremble before all that never happens, and must be always wailing what you never lose.

I am not like the heavenly essences; I feel it but too deeply. I am like the worm, which drags itself painfully through the dust,—which, as it seeks its living in the dust, is crushed and buried by the step of the passenger.

Is it not dust, all that in a hundred shelves contracts this lofty wall—the frippery, which, with its thousand forms of emptiness, cramps me up in this world of moths? Is this the place for finding what I want? Must I go on reading in a thousand books, that men have made themselves miserable in all ages, that now and then there has been a happy one?

Thou, fleshless scull, what art thou grinning at? but that thy brain, like mine, was once bewildered,—sought the bright day, and, with an ardent longing after truth, went miserably astray in the twilight?

Ye instruments, too, forsooth, are mocking me, with your wheels and cogs, cylinders and collars. I stood at the gate, ye were to be the key; true, your wards are curiously twisted, but you raise not the bolt. Inscrutable at broad day, nature does not suffer her veil to be torn from her; and what she does not choose to reveal to thy mind, thou wilt not wrest from her by levers and screws.

You, antiquated lumber, which I have never used, you are only here because my father had occasion for you. Thou, old roll, hast been smoke-besmeared since the dim lamp first smouldered at this desk. Far better would it be for me to have squandered away the little I possess, than to be sweating here under the burthen of that little. To possess what thou hast inherited from thy sires, enjoy it. What one does not

profit by, is an oppressive burthen; what the moment brings forth, in that only can it profit us.

But why are my looks fastened on that spot: is that phial there a magnet to my eyes? Why, of a sudden, is all so exquisitely bright, as when the moonlight breathes around a benighted wanderer in the woods? I hail thee, thou precious phial, which I now take down with reverence: in thee I honour the wit and art of man. Thou abstraction of kind soporific juices, thou concentration of all refined deadly essences, vouchsafe thy master a token of thy grace! I see thee, and the pang is mitigated; I grasp thee, and the struggle abates; the spirit's flood-tide ebbs by degrees. I am beckoned out into the wide sea; the glassy wave glitters at my feet; another day invites to other shores. A chariot of fire waves, on light pinions, down to me. I feel prepared to permeate the realms of space, by a new track, to new spheres of pure activity. This sublime existence, this god-like beatitude! And thou, worm as thou wert, dost thou merit it? Aye, only resolutely turn thy back on the bright sun of the earth! Dare to tear up the gates which all willingly slink by! Now is the time to show by deeds that man's dignity yields not to God's sublimity,—to quail not in presence of that dark abyss, in which phantasy damns itself to its own torments,—to struggle onwards

to that pass, around whose narrow mouth all Hell is flaming; calmly resolve upon the step, even at the risk of dropping into nothingness.

Now come down, pure crystal goblet, on whom I have not thought for many a year,—forth from your old receptacle! You glittered at my father's festivities, gladdening the grave guests, as one pledged you to the other. The gorgeousness of the many artfully-wrought images,—the drinker's duty, to explain them in rhyme, and empty the contents at a draught,—remind me of many a night of my youth. I shall not now pass you to a neighbour, I shall not now display my wit on your devices. Here is a juice which soon intoxicates. It fills your cavity with liquid brown. Be this last draught—which I brewed, which I choose—quaffed, with my whole soul, as a solemn festal greeting, to the morn.

(He places the goblet to his mouth.)

(The ringing of bells and singing of chorusses.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Joy to the mortal,
Whom the perishable,
Sneaking, hereditary
Imperfections enveloped.

FAUST.

What deep humming, what clear strain, draws irre-

sistibly the goblet from my mouth? Are ye hollow-sounding bells already proclaiming the first festal hour of Easter? Are ye chorusses already singing the comforting hymn, which once, on the night of the sepulchre, pealed forth, from angel lips, the assurance of a new covenant?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices
Had we embalmed him,
We, his faithful ones,
Had laid him out.
Clothes and bands
Cleanlily swathed we round, -
Ah! and we find
Christ no longer here!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Happy the loving one,
Who the afflicting,
Wholesome and chastening
Trial has stood!

FAUST.

Why, ye heavenly tones, with your subduing softness, do you seek me out in the dust? Peal out, where soft men are to be found! I hear the message, but want faith. Miracle is the pet child of faith. I dare not struggle towards those spheres from whence the

glad tidings sound; and yet, accustomed to the sound from infancy, it still calls me back to life. In other days, the kiss of heavenly love descended upon me in the solemn stillness of the Sabbath; the full-toned bell sounded so fraught with mystic meaning, and a prayer was vivid enjoyment. A longing, inconceivably sweet, drove me forth to wander over wood and plain, and amidst a thousand burning tears, I felt a world rise up to me. This anthem harbingered the gay sports of youth, the unchecked happiness of spring festivity. Recollection now holds me back, with child-like feeling, from the last decisive step. Oh! sound on, ye sweet heavenly strains! The tear is flowing, earth has me again.

CHORUS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Buried One,
 Already on high,
 Living, sublime,
 Has gloriously raised himself!
 He is in growing bliss, —
 Near to creating joy.
 Ah! on earth's bosom
 Are we for suffering here!
 He left us, his own,
 Languishing here below!
 Alas! we weep for,
 Master, thy lot!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen
Out of corruption's lap.
Joyfully tear yourselves
Loose from your bonds!
Ye, in deeds giving praise to him,
Love manifesting,
Living brethren-like,
Travelling and preaching him,
Bliss promising—
You is the Master nigh,
For you is he here!

BEFORE THE GATE.

Promenaders of all kinds pass out.

SOME MECHANICS.

Why that way?

OTHERS.

We are going up to the Jägerhaus.

THE FORMER.

But we are going to the mill.

A MECHANIC.

I advise you to go to the Wasserhof.

A SECOND.

The road is not pleasant.

THE OTHERS.

What shall you do?

A THIRD.

I am going with the others.

A FOURTH.

Come up to Burgdorf, you are there sure of finding the prettiest girls and the best beer, and rows of the first order.

A FIFTH.

You wild fellow, is your skin itching for the third time? I cannot go, I have a horror of the place.

SERVANT GIRL.

No, no, I shall return to the town.

ANOTHER.

We shall find him to a certainty by those poplars.

THE FIRST.

That is no great gain for me. He will walk by your side. With you alone does he dance upon the green. What have I to do with your pleasures.

THE SECOND.

He is sure not to be alone to day. The curly-head, he said, would be with him.

STUDENT.

The devil! how the stout damsels step out; come along, brother, we must go with them. Strong beer, stinging tobacco, and a girl in full trim,—that now is my taste.

CITIZENS' DAUGHTERS.

There are pretty lads for you! It is really a shame. They might have the best of company, and are running after these girls.

SECOND STUDENT TO THE FIRST.

Not so fast! there are two coming up behind; they are trimly dressed out. One of them is my neighbour; I have a great liking for the girl. They are walking in their quiet way, and yet will suffer us to join them in the end.

THE FIRST.

No, brother. I do not like to be under restraint. Quick, lest we lose the game. The hand that twirls the mop on a Saturday, will fondle you best on Sundays.

TOWNSMAN.

No, the new Burgomaster is not to my taste; now that he has become so, he is daily getting bolder; and what is he doing for the town? Is it not growing worse every day? One is obliged to submit to more restraints than ever, and pay more than in any time before.

BEGGAR *sings*.

Ye good gentlemen, ye lovely ladies, so trimly dressed and rosy cheeked, be pleased to look upon me, to regard and relieve my wants. Do not suffer me to sing here in vain. The free-handed only is light-hearted. Be the day, which is a holiday to all, a harvest-day to me.

ANOTHER TOWNSMAN.

I know nothing better on Sundays and holidays than a chat of war and war's alarms, when people are fighting far away in Turkey. A man stands at the window, takes off his glass, and sees the painted vessels glide down the river; then returns home glad at heart at eve, and blesses peace and times of peace.

THIRD TOWNSMAN.

Aye, neighbour, I have no objection to that; they

may break one another's heads, and turn every thing topsy turvy, for aught I care; only let things at home remain as they are.

AN OLD WOMAN TO THE CITIZENS' DAUGHTERS.

Hey day: how smart! the pretty young creatures. Who would not fall in love with you? Only not so proud! it is all very well; and what you wish, I should know how to put you in the way of getting.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

Come along, Agatha. I take care not to be seen with such witches in public; true, on Saint Andrew's eve she showed me my future lover in flesh and blood.

THE OTHER.

She showed me mine in the glass, soldier-like, with other bold fellows; I look around, I seek him every where, but I can never meet with him.

SOLDIERS.

Towns with lofty
Walls and battlements,
Maidens with proud
Scornful thoughts,
I fain would win.
Bold the adventure,
Noble the reward.

And the trumpets
Are our summoners

As to joy
So to death.
That is a storming,
That is a life for you!

Maidens and towns
Must surrender.
Bold the adventure,
Noble the reward—
And the soldiers
Are off.

FAUST and WAGNER.

FAUST.

River and rivulet are freed from ice by the gay quickening glance of the spring. The joys of hope are budding in the dale. Old winter, in his weakness, has retreated to the bleak mountains; from thence he sends, in his flight, nothing but impotent showers of hail, in flakes, over the green-growing meadows. But the sun endures no white. Production and growth are every where stirring; he is about to enliven every thing with hues. The landscape wants flowers; their places are supplied by men and women in gay attire. Turn and look back from this rising ground upon the town. Forth from the gloomy portal presses a motley crowd. Every one suns himself delightedly to-day.

They celebrate the rising of the Lord, for they themselves have arisen ;—from the dull rooms of mean houses, from the bondage of mechanical drudgery, from the confinement of gables and roofs, from the stifling narrowness of streets, from the venerable gloom of churches, are they raised up to the open light of day. But look, look, how quickly the mass is scattering itself through the gardens and fields ; how the river, broad and long, tosses many a merry bark upon its surface, and how this last wherry, overladen almost to sinking, moves off. Even from the farthest paths of the mountain, gay coloured dresses glance upon us. I hear already the bustle of the village ; this is the true heaven of the multitude ; big and little are huzzaing joyously. Here, I am a man—here, I may venture to be one.

WAGNER.

To walk with you, Sir Doctor, is honour and profit. But I would not venture hither alone, because I am an enemy to coarseness of every sort. Fiddling, shouting, skittle-playing, are sounds thoroughly detestable to me. People run riot as if the devil was driving them, and call it merriment, call it singing.

Rustics under the Lime Tree.

DANCE AND SONG.

The swain dressed himself out for the dance,
With party-coloured jacket, ribbon and garland.

Smartly was he dressed!
The ring round the lime-tree was already full,
And all were dancing like mad.
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
Merrily went the fiddle-stick.

He pressed eagerly in,
Gave a maiden a push
With his elbow:
The buxom girl turned round
And said—" Now that I call stupid."
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
" Dont be so rude."

Yet nimbly sped it in the ring;
They turned right, they turned left,
And all the petticoats were flying.
They grew red, they grew warm,
And rested panting arm-in-arm,
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
And hip on elbow.

" Have done now! don't be so impudent!
How many a man has cajoled and

Deceived his betrothed."

But he coaxed her aside,

And far and wide echoed from the lime-tree

Huzza! Huzza!

Tira-lira-hara-la!

The screams and the fiddle-stick.

OLD PEASANT.

Doctor, this is really good of you, not to scorn us to-day, and, deep-learned as you are, to mingle in this crowd. Take then the fairest jug, which we have filled with fresh liquor: I pledge you in it, and pray aloud that it may do more than quench your thirst—may the number of drops which it holds be added to your days.

FAUST.

I accept the refreshing draught, and wish you all health and happiness in return. (*The people come round him.*)

OLD PEASANT.

Of a surety it is well done of you, to appear on this glad day. You have been our friend in evil days, too, before now. Many a one stands here alive whom your father tore from the hot fever's rage, when he stayed the pestilence. You too, at that time a young man, visited all the houses of the sick: many a dead body was born forth, but you came out safe. You en-

dured many a sore trial. The Helper above helped the helper.

ALL.

Health to the tried friend—may he long have the power to help.

FAUST.

Bend before Him on high, who teaches how to help, and sends help. *(He proceeds with Wagner.)*

WAGNER.

What a feeling, great man, must you experience at the honours paid you by this multitude. Happy he who can turn his gifts to so good an account. The father points thee out to his boy; all ask, and press, and hurry round. The fiddle stops, the dancer pauses. As you go by, they range themselves in rows, caps fly into the air, and they all but bend the knee as if the Host were passing.

FAUST.

Only a few steps further, up to that stone yonder. Here we will rest from our walk. Here many a time have I sat, thoughtful and solitary, and mortified myself with prayer and fasting. Rich in hope, firm in faith, I thought to extort the stoppage of that pestilence from the Lord of Heaven, with tears, and sighs, and wringing of hands. The applause of the multitude now sounds like derision in my ears. Oh! couldst thou read in my inmost soul, how little father and son

merit such honour! My father was a worthy sombre man, who, honestly but in his own way, tried phantastical experiments on nature and her hallowed circles; who, in the company of adepts, shut himself up in the dark laboratory, and fused contraries together after numberless recipes. There was a red lion, a bold lover, married to the lily in the tepid bath, and then both, with open flame, tortured from one bridal chamber to another. If the young queen, with varied hues, then appeared in the glass—this was the physic; the patients died, and no one inquired, who recovered. Thus did we, with our hellish electuary, rage in these vales and mountains far worse than the pestilence. I myself have given the poison to thousands: they pined away, and I must survive to hear the reckless murderers praised.

WAGNER.

How can you trouble yourself on that account? Is it not enough for a good man to practise conscientiously and scrupulously the art that has been entrusted to him. If, in youth, you honour your father, you will willingly learn from him: if, in manhood, you extend the bounds of knowledge, your son may mount still higher than you.

FAUST.

Oh, happy he, who can still hope to emerge from this sea of error! Man desires what he knows not, and can-

not employ what he knows. But let us not embitter the blessing of this hour by such melancholy reflections. See, how the green-girt cottages shimmer in the setting Sun! He bends and sinks, the day is overlived. Yonder he hurries off, and quickens other life. Oh! that I have no wing to lift me from the ground, to struggle after, for ever after, him! I should see, in everlasting evening beams, the stilly world at my feet,—every height on fire,—every vale in repose,—the silver brooks flowing into golden streams. The rugged mountain, with all its dark defiles, would not then break my godlike course.—Already the sea, with its heated coves, opens on my enraptured sight. The god seems at last to sink away. But the new impulse wakes. I hurry on to drink his everlasting light,—the day before me and the night behind,—the heavens above, and under me the waves.—A beauteous dream! as it is passing, he is gone. Alas, no bodily wing can keep pace with the wings of the mind. Yet it is the inborn tendency of our being for feeling to strive upwards and onwards; when, over us, lost in the blue expanse, the lark sings its trilling lay: when, over rugged pine-covered heights, the outspread eagle soars; and, over plain and sea, the crane struggles onwards to her home.

WAGNER.

I myself have often had strange fancies, but I never yet experienced an impulse of the kind. One soon

looks one's fill of woods and fields. I shall never envy the wings of the bird. How differently the pleasures of the mind bear us, from book to book, from page to page. With them, winter nights become cheerful and bright, a happy life warms every limb, and, ah! when you unroll a precious manuscript, all heaven comes down to you.

FAUST.

Thou art only conscious of one impulse. Oh, never become acquainted with the other! Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast: the one struggles to separate itself from the other. The one clings with obstinate fondness to the world, with organs like cramps of steel: the other lifts itself majestically from the mist to the realms of an exalted ancestry. Oh! if there be spirits hovering in the air, ruling 'twixt earth and heaven, descend, ye, from your golden atmosphere, and lead me off to a new variegated life. Aye, were but a magic mantle mine, and could it bear me into foreign lands, I would not part with it for the costliest garments, not for a king's mantle.

WAGNER.

Invoke not the well-known troop, which diffuses itself, streaming, through the atmosphere, and threatens danger in a thousand forms, from every quarter, to man. The sharp-fanged spirits, with arrowy tongues,

press upon you from the north ; from the east, they come parching, and feed upon your lungs. If the south sends from the desert those which heap fire after fire upon thy brain ; the west brings the swarm which only refreshes, to drown fields, meadows, and yourself. They are fond of listening, ever alive for mischief : they obey with pleasure, because they take pleasure to delude : they feign to be sent from heaven, and lisp like angels, when they lie. But let us be moving, the earth is already grown gray, the air is chill, and the mist is falling ; it is only in the evening that we set a proper value on our home. Why do you stand still, and gaze with astonishment thus ? What can thus attract your attention in the gloaming ?

FAUST.

Seest thou the black dog ranging through the corn and stubble ?

WAGNER.

I saw him long ago, he did not strike me as anything particular.

FAUST.

Mark him well ! for what do you take the brute ?

WAGNER.

For a poodle, who in poodle-fashion is puzzling out the track of his master.

FAUST.

Dost thou mark how, in wide spiral curves, he quests

round and ever nearer us; and, if I err not, a line of fire follows upon his track.

WAGNER.

I see nothing but a black poodle; you may be deceived by some optical illusion.

FAUST.

It appears to me, that he is drawing light magical nooses, to form a toil, around our feet.

WAGNER.

I see him bounding hesitatingly and shyly round us, because, instead of his master, he sees two strangers.

FAUST.

The circle grows narrow, he is already close.

WAGNER.

You see it is a dog, and no spirit. He growls and hesitates, crouches on his belly and wags with his tail—all as dogs are wont to do.

FAUST.

Join our company!—Hither!

WAGNER.

It is a poor fool of a poodle. Stand still, and he will sit on his hind legs; speak to him, and he will jump up on you; lose aught, and he will fetch it to you, and jump into the water for your stick.

FAUST.

You are right; I find no trace of a spirit, and all is the result of training.

WAGNER.

Even a wise man may become attached to a dog when he is well brought up. And he richly deserves all the favour you can bestow upon him,—he, the accomplished pupil of students, as he is.

(They enter the gate of the town.)

STUDY.

FAUST, *entering with the poodle.*

I have left field and meadow veiled in deep night, which wakes the better soul within us with a holy feeling of foreboding awe. Wild desires, with deeds of violence, are now sunk in sleep: the love of man is stirring—the love of God is stirring now.

Be quiet, poodle, run not hither and thither. What are you snuffling at on the threshold? Lie down behind the stove; there is my best cushion for you. As without, upon the mountain path, you amused us by running and gambolling, so now receive my kindness as a welcome quiet guest.

Ah! when the lamp is again burning friendlily in our narrow cell, all becomes clear in our bosom,—in the heart which knows itself. Reason begins to speak, and hope to bloom, again; we yearn for the springs of life—oh yes, for the fountains of life, far away.

Growl not, poodle; the brutish sound ill harmonises with the hallowed tones which now possess my whole soul. It is common for men to deride what they do not understand—to snarl at the good and beautiful,

which is often uncongenial to them. Is the dog disposed to snarl at it like them? But ah! I feel already that, in the best of moods, contentment wells no longer from my breast. Yet why must the stream be so soon dried up, and we again lie thirsting? I have had so much experience of that! This want, however, admits of being compensated. We learn to prize that which is not of this earth; we long for revelation, which nowhere burns more purely and brightly than in the New Testament. I feel impelled to open the original text—to translate, with upright feeling, a little of the sacred original into my darling German.

(He opens a volume, and disposes himself for the task.)

It is written: "In the beginning was the Word." Here I am already at fault—who will help me on? I cannot possibly value the Word so highly; I must translate it differently, if I am truly inspired by the spirit. It is written: "In the beginning was the Sense." Consider well the first line, that your pen be not over hasty. Is it the Sense that influences and produces everything? It should stand thus: "In the beginning was the Power." Yet, in the very act of writing it down, something warns me not to keep to it. The spirit comes to my aid! At once I see my way, and write confidently: "In the beginning was the Deed."

If I am to share the chamber with you, poodle, cease your howling—cease your barking. I cannot endure so troublesome a companion near to me. One of us two must quit the cell. It is with reluctance that I withdraw the rights of hospitality; the door is open—the way is clear for you. But what do I see! Can that come to pass by natural means? Is it shadow—is it reality? How long and broad my poodle grows! He raises himself powerfully; that is not the form of a dog! What a phantom I brought into the house!—he looks already like a hippopotamus, with fiery eyes, terrific teeth. Ah! now I am sure of thee! Solomon's key is good for such a half-hellish brood.

SPIRITS IN THE PASSAGE.

One is caught within!
Stay without, follow none!
As in the gin the fox,
Quakes an old lynx of hell.
But take heed!
Hover thither, hover back,
Up and down,
And he is loose!
If ye can aid him,
Leave him not in the lurch!
For he has already done
Much to serve us.

FAUST.

First, to confront the beast,
Use I the spell of the four :

Salamander shall glow,

Undine twine,

Sylph vanish,

Kobold stir himself.

Who did not know

The elements,

Their power and force,

Were no master

Over the spirits.

Vanish in flame,

Salamander!

Rushingly flow together,

Undine!

Shine in meteor beauty,

Sylph!

Bring homely help,

Incubus! Incubus!

Step forth and finish the spell.

None of the four stick in the beast. He lies undisturbed and grins at me. I have not yet made him feel.

Thou shalt hear me conjure stronger.

Art thou, fellow,

A scapeling from hell?

Then see this sign !

To which bend the dark troop.

He is already swelling, and bristling his hair.

Reprobate !

Can'st thou read him?—

The unoriginated,

Unpronounceable,

Through all heaven diffused,

Vilely transpierced ?

Driven behind the stove, it is swelling like an elephant ; it fills the whole space, it is about to vanish into mist. Rise not to the ceiling ! Down at thy master's feet ! Thou see'st I do not threaten in vain. I will scorch thee with holy fire. Wait not for the thrice glowing light. Wait not for the strongest of my spells.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(Comes forward as the mist sinks, in the dress of a travelling scholar, from behind the stove.)

Wherefore such a fuss ? What may be your pleasure ?

FAUST.

This then was the kernel of the poodle ! A travelling scholar ? The *casus* makes me laugh.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I salute your learned worship. You have made me sweat with a vengeance.

FAUST.

What is thy name ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question strikes me as trifling for one who rates the Word so low ; who, far estranged from all mere outward seeming, deals only with the essences of things.

FAUST.

With such gentlemen as you, one may generally learn the essence from the name ; since this appears but too plainly if your name be fly-god, destroyer, liar. So, once again, who art thou ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A part of that power, which is ever willing evil and ever producing good.

FAUST.

What am I to understand by this riddle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the spirit which constantly denies, and that rightly ; for every thing that arises deserves to be annihilated. Therefore better were it that nothing should arise. Thus, all that you call sin, destruction, in a word, Evil, is my proper element.

FAUST.

You call yourself a part, and yet stand whole before me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I tell thee the modest truth. Although man, that microcosm of folly, commonly esteems himself a whole. I am a part of the part, which in the beginning was all ;

a part of the darkness which brought forth light,—the proud light, which now contests her ancient rank and space with mother night. But he succeeds not ; since, strive as he will, he cleaves, as if wedded, to bodies, he streams from bodies, he gives beauty to bodies, he is broken by a body in his course, and so, I hope, will perish with bodies before long.

FAUST.

Now I know thy dignified calling. Thou art not able to destroy on a great scale, and so art beginning on a small one.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And, to say truth, I have made little progress in it. That which is opposed to nothing—the something, this clumsy world, much as I have tried already, I have not yet learnt how to come at it,—with waves, storms, earthquakes, fire. Sea and land remain precisely as they were after all! And the damned stuff, the brood of brutes and men, there is no such thing as getting the better of them neither. How many I have already buried! And new fresh blood is constantly circulating! Things go on so—it is enough to make one mad! From air, water, earth—in dry, wet, hot, cold—germs by thousands evolve themselves. Had I not reserved fire, I should have nothing apart for myself.

FAUST.

So thou opposest thy cold devil's-fist, clenched in

impotent malice, to the ever-stirring, the beneficent creating power. Try thy hand at something else, strange child of Chaos.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will certainly think about it—more of that anon! Might I be permitted this time to depart?

FAUST.

I see not why you ask. I have now become acquainted with you; call on me in future as you feel inclined. Here is the window, here the door; there is also a chimney for you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To confess the truth, a small obstacle prevents me from walking out—the wizard-foot upon your threshold.

FAUST.

The Pentagram embarrasses you? Tell me then, thou child of hell, if that repels thee, how cam'st thou in. How was such a spirit entrapped?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark it well; it is not well drawn; one angle, the outward one, is, as thou seest, a little open.

FAUST.

It is a lucky accident. Thou shouldst be my prisoner then? This is a chance hit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poodle observed nothing when he jumped in. The thing looks differently now; the devil cannot get out.

FAUST.

But why do you not go through the window ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is a law binding on devils and phantoms that they must go out the same way that they stole in. The first is free to us ; we are slaves as regards the second.

FAUST.

Hell itself has its laws ? I am glad of it ; in that case a compact, a binding one, may be made with you gentlemen ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is promised, that shalt thou enjoy to the letter ; not the smallest deduction shall be made from it. But this is not to be comprehended in a moment, and we will speak of it the next time. But I most earnestly beg of you to let me go this once.

FAUST.

Wait yet another moment, and tell me something worth telling.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let me go now ! I will soon come back ; you may then question me as you like.

FAUST.

I have laid no snare for thee ; thou hast run into the net of thy own free will. Who has got hold of the devil, keep hold of him ; he will not catch him a second time in a hurry.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you like, I am ready to stay and keep you company here, but upon condition that I may exert my arts to beguile the time for you.

FAUST.

I shall like it; you may do so, provided only that the art be an agreeable one.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, you will gain more for your senses in this one hour, than in the whole monotonous year besides. What the delicate spirits sing to you, the beauteous images which they call up, are not an unsubstantial play of enchantment. Your smell will be gratified, your palate delighted, and your feelings entranced. No preparation is necessary; we are all assembled—strike up!

SPIRITS.

Vanish, ye dark
Arched ceilings above!
More charmingly look in
The friendly blue sky!
Were the dark clouds
Melted into thin air!
Little stars sparkle,
Softer suns smile in.
Ætherial beauty
Of the children of heaven,

Tremulous bending,
Hover across ;
Longing desire,
Follow after.
And the fluttering
Ribbons of drapery
Cover the plains,
Cover the bower,
Where lovers,
Deep in thought,
Give themselves for life.
Bower on bower !
Sprouting tendrils !
Down-weighing grapes
Gush into the vat
Of the hard-squeezing press.
The foaming wines
Gush in brooks,
Rustle through
Pure precious stones,
Leave the heights
Behind them lying,
Broaden to seas,
To form the charm of
Green-growing hills.
And the winged throng

Sips happiness,
Flies to meet the sun,
Flies to meet the bright
Isles, which dancingly
Move on the waves ;
Where we listen to
Shouting in chorusses,
Where we see
Dancers on meads ;
Who wander unchecked in
The free air about.
Some are clambering
Over the heights,
Some are swimming
Over the seas,
Others are hovering
In the mid air.
All towards the life,
All towards the far away
Sweet loving stars of
Favour and bliss.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He slumbers! Well done, my airy delicate youngsters, ye have fairly sung him to sleep. I am your debtor for this concert. Thou art not yet the man to hold fast the devil! Play around him with sweet dreamy visions; plunge him in a sea of illusion.

But to break the spell of this threshold I need a rat's tooth. I have not to conjure long; one is already rustling hither, and will hear me in a moment. The lord of rats and mice, of flies, frogs, bugs, and lice, commands thee to venture forth and gnaw this threshold where he has smeared it with oil. Thou com'st hopping forth already! Instantly to the work! The point which repelled me is towards the front on the ledge; one bite more, and it is done.—Now Faust, dream on, till we meet again.

FAUST, *making*.

Am I then once again deceived. Does the throng of spirits vanish thus? Was it in a lying dream that the devil appeared to me, and was it a poodle that darted away?

STUDY.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

Does any one knock? Come in! Who wants to disturb me again?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is I.

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You must say so three times.

FAUST.

Come in, then!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So far, so good. We shall agree, I hope; for, to chase away your fancies, I am here, like a youth of condition, in a coat of scarlet laced with gold, a mantle of stiff silk, a cock's feather in my hat, and a long pointed sword at my side. And to make no more words about it, my advice to you is to array yourself in the same manner immediately, that unrestrained, emancipated, you may try what life is.

FAUST.

In every dress I dare say I shall feel the torture of

the contracted life of this earth. I am too old for mere play, too young to be without a wish. What can the world afford me?—"Thou shalt do without!" "Thou shalt do without!" That is the eternal song which is rung in every one's ears, which, our whole life long, every hour is hoarsely singing to us. In the morning I wake only to horror. I could fain weep bitter tears to see the day, which in its course will not accomplish a wish for me, no, not one; which, with wayward captiousness, weakens even the presentiment of every joy, and disturbs the creation of my busy breast by a thousand ugly realities. Then again, at the approach of night, I must stretch myself in anguish on my couch; here, too, no rest is vouchsafed to me; wild dreams are sure to harrow me up. The God that dwells in my bosom, that can stir my inmost soul, that sways all my energies—he is powerless as regards things without; and thus existence is a load to me, death an object of earnest prayer, and life detestable.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet death is never an entirely welcome guest.

FAUST.

Oh! happy the man, around whose brows he wreathes the bloody laurel in the glitter of victory—whom, after the maddening dance, he finds in a maiden's arms. Oh

that I had sunk away, enrapt, exanimate, before the great spirit's power!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet a certain person did not drink a certain brown juice on that night.

FAUST.

Playing the spy, it seems, is thy amusement.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am not omniscient; but I know much.

FAUST.

Since a sweet familiar tone drew me from those thronging horrors, and played on what of childlike feeling remained in me with the concording note of happier times,—my curse on every thing which entwines the soul with its jugglery, and chains it to this den of wretchedness with blinding and flattering influences. Accursed, first, be the lofty opinion in which the mind wraps itself! Accursed, the blinding of appearances, by which our senses are enslaved! Accursed, what play the pretender to us in dreams,—the cheat of glory, of the lasting of a name! Accursed, what flatters us as property, as wife and child, as slave and plough! Accursed be Mammon when he stirs us to bold deeds with treasures, when he smoothes our couch for indolent delight! Accursed, the balsam-juice of the grape! Accursed, that highest joy of

love! Accursed be Hope, accursed be Faith, and
accursed, above all, be Patience!

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Woe, woe,
Thou hast destroyed it,
The beautiful world,
With thy strong fist;
It tumbles, it falls abroad.
A demigod has shattered it to pieces!
We bear away
The wrecks into nothingness,
And wail over
The beauty that is lost.
Mighty
Among the sons of earth,
Proud one,
Build it again,
Build it up in thy bosom!
A new career of life,
With unstained sense begin;
And new lays
Shall peal out thereupon.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are the little ones of my train. Listen, how,
with wisdom beyond their years, they counsel you to
pleasure and action. Out into the world, away from

solitariness, where the senses and the juices of life stagnate—would they fain lure thee.

Cease to trifle with thy misery—which, like a vulture, feeds upon thy vitals. The worst company will make you feel that you are a man amongst men. Yet I do not mean to thrust you amongst the common herd. I am none of your great men; but if, united with me, you will wend your way through life, I will readily accommodate myself to be your's upon the spot. I am your companion; or, if it suits you, your servant, your slave!

FAUST.

And what am I to do for you in return?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For that you have still a long day of grace.

FAUST.

No, no; the devil is a selfish one, and does not do indifferently, for God's sake, what may advantage another. Speak the condition plainly out; such a servant is a dangerous inmate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will bind myself to your service *here*, and never sleep nor slumber at your call. When we meet on *the other side*, you shall do as much for me.

FAUST.

I care little about *the other side*: if you first knock this world to pieces, the other may arise afterwards

if it will. My joys flow from this earth, and this sun shines upon my sufferings: if I can only separate myself from them, what will and can, may come to pass. I will hear no more about it—whether there be hating and loving in the world to come, and whether there be an Above or Below in those spheres, like our own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood you may venture. Bind yourself; and during these days you shall be delighted by my arts; I will give thee what no human being has ever seen as yet.

FAUST.

What, poor devil, wilt thou give? Was the mind of man, in its high aspiring, ever comprehended by the like of thee? But if thou hast food which never satisfies; ruddy gold, which, volatile, like quicksilver, melts away in the hand; a game, at which one never wins; a maiden, who, on my breast, is already ogling my neighbour; the bright god-like joy of honour, which vanishes like a meteor!—Show me the fruit which rots before it is plucked, and trees which every day grow green anew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a task affrights me not. I have such treasures at my disposal. But, my good friend, the time will come in its turn when we may feast on what is really good in peace.



FAUST.

If ever I lie down, calm and composed, upon a couch, be there at once an end of me. If thou canst ever flatteringly delude me into self-complacency—if thou canst cheat me with enjoyment, be that day my last. I offer the wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

And my hand upon it! If I ever say to the passing moment—"Stay, thou art so fair!" then mayst thou cast me into chains; then will I readily perish; then may the death-bell toll; then art thou free from thy service. The clock may stand, the index hand may fall: be time a thing no more for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Think well of it; we shall bear it in mind.

FAUST.

You have a perfect right so to do. I have formed no rash estimate of myself. As I am, I am a slave; what care I, whether thine or another's.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This very day, at your feast, I shall enter upon my duty as servant. Only one thing—to guard against accidents, I must trouble you for a line or two.

FAUST.

Pedant, dost thou, too, require writing? Hast thou

never known man nor man's word? Is it not enough that my word of mouth disposes of my days for all eternity? Does not the world rave on in its currents, and am I to be bound by a promise? Yet this prejudice is implanted in our hearts: who would willingly free himself from it? Happy the man who bears truth pure in his breast; he will never have cause to repent any sacrifice! But a parchment, written and stamped, is a spectre which all shrink from. The word dies away in the pen; in wax and leather is the mastery. What, evil spirit, wouldst thou of me? Brass, marble, parchment, paper? Shall I write with style, graver, pen? I leave the choice to thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How can you put yourself in a passion and overwork your oratory in this manner? Any scrap will do: you will subscribe your name with a drop of blood.

FAUST.

If this will fully satisfy you, the whim shall be complied with.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is quite a peculiar sort of juice.

FAUST.

But fear not that I shall break this compact? What I promise, is precisely what all my energies are striving for. I have aspired too high: I belong only to thy class. The great spirit has spurned me; Nature shuts herself against me. The thread of thought is snapped; I have

long loathed every sort of knowledge. Let us quench the glow of passion in the depths of sensuality; let every wonder be forthwith prepared beneath the hitherto impervious veil of sorcery. Let us cast ourselves into the rushing of time, into the rolling of accident. There pain and pleasure, success and disappointment, may succeed each other as they will—man's proper element is restless activity.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor end nor limit is prescribed to you. If it is your pleasure to sip the sweets of every thing, to snatch at all as you fly by, much good may it do you—only fall to, and don't be coy.

FAUST.

I tell thee again, pleasure is not the question; I devote myself to the intoxicating whirl;—to the most agonizing enjoyment—to enamoured hate—to animating vexation. My breast, cured of the thirst of knowledge, shall henceforth bare itself to every pang. I will enjoy in my own heart's core all that is parcelled out amongst mankind; grapple in spirit with the highest and deepest; heap the weal and woe of the whole race upon my breast, and thus dilate my own individuality to theirs, and perish, in the end, like them.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, believe me, who many thousand years have chewed the cud on this hard food, that from the cradle

to the bier, no human being digests the old leaven. Believe a being like me, this Whole is only made for a god. *He* exists in an undying blaze of brightness; *us* he has brought into darkness; and for *you*,—only day and night are proper for you.

FAUST.

But I will.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That is well enough to say! But I am only troubled about one thing; time is short, art is long. I should suppose you would suffer yourself to be persuaded. Take a poet to counsel, make the gentleman set his imagination at work, and heap all noble qualities on your honoured head,—the lion's courage, the stag's swiftness, the fiery blood of the Italian, the enduring firmness of the North. Make him find out the secret of combining magnanimity with cunning, and of being systematically in love with the burning desires of youth. I myself should like to know such a gentleman—I would call him Mr. Microcosm.

FAUST.

What, then, am I, if it be not possible to attain the crown of humanity, which every sense is striving for?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art in the end—what thou art. Put on wigs with millions of curls; place thy foot upon socks an ell high,—thou abidest ever what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it; in vain have I scraped together and accumulated all the treasures of the human mind upon myself; and when I sit down at the end, still no new power wells up within: I am not a hair's breadth higher, not a whit nearer the Infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My good Sir, you see things precisely as they are ordinarily seen; we must manage matters better, before the joys of life pass away from us. What the deuce! you have surely hands and feet and head and —. And what I enjoy with spirit, is it the less my own on that account? If I can pay for six horses, are not their powers mine? I drive along and am a proper man, as if I had four-and-twenty legs. Quick, then, have done with poring, and straight away into the world with me. I tell you, a fellow that speculates is like a brute driven in a circle on a barren heath by an evil spirit, whilst fair green meadow lies every where around.

FAUST.

How shall we set about it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have only to start. What a place of martyrdom, what a precious life to lead!—wearying one's self and a set of youngsters to death. Leave that to your neighbour, Mr. Paunch. Why will you plague yourself to

thresh straw? The best that you can know you dare not tell the lads. Even now I hear one in the passage.

FAUST.

I cannot possibly see him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor boy has waited long; he must not be sent away disconsolate. Come, give me your cap and gown: the masking dress will become me to admiration.

(He changes his dress.)

Now trust to my wit. I require but a quarter of an hour. In the mean time prepare for our pleasant trip.

(Exit FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES in FAUST'S gown.

Only despise reason and knowledge, the highest strength of humanity; only permit thyself to be confirmed in delusion and sorcery-work by the spirit of lies,—and I have thee unconditionally. Fate has given him a spirit which is ever pressing onwards uncurbed,—whose overstrained striving o'erleaps the joys of earth. Him will I drag through the wastes of life, through vapid unmeaningness. He shall sprawl, stand amazed, stick fast,—and meat and drink shall hang, a bait to his insatiableness, before his craving lips: he shall pray for refreshment in vain; and had he not already given himself up to the Devil, he would, notwithstanding, infallibly be lost.

(A STUDENT enters.)

STUDENT.

I am but just arrived, and come, full of devotion, to address and become acquainted with a man whom all name with honour.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am flattered by your attention. You see a man, like many others. Have you yet made any inquiry elsewhere?

STUDENT.

Interest yourself for me, I pray you. I come with every good disposition, a little money, and youthful spirits; my mother could hardly be brought to part with me, but I would fain learn something worth learning in the world.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are at the very place for it.

STUDENT.

Honestly speaking, I should be glad to be out again. These walls, these halls, are by no means to my taste. The space is exceedingly confined; there is not a tree, nothing green, to be seen; and in the halls, on the benches,—hearing, sight, and thinking fail me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It all depends on habit. Thus, at first, the child does not take kindly to the mother's breast, but soon

finds a pleasure in nourishing itself. Just so will you daily experience a greater pleasure at the breasts of wisdom.

STUDENT.

I shall hang delightedly upon her neck : do but tell me how I am to attain it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Tell me, before you go further, what faculty you fix upon ?

STUDENT.

I should wish to be profoundly learned, and should like to comprehend what is upon earth or in heaven, science and nature.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are here upon the right scent ; but you must not suffer your attention to be distracted.

STUDENT.

I am heart and soul in the cause. A little relaxation and pastime, to be sure, would not come amiss on bright summer holidays.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Make the most of time, it glides away so fast. But method teaches you to gain time. For this reason, my good friend, I advise you to begin with a course of logic. In this study, the mind is well broken in,—laced up in Spanish boots, so that it creeps circumspectly along the path of thought, and runs no risk of flicker-

ing, ignis-fatuus-like, in all directions but the right. Then many a day will be spent in teaching you that one, two, three,—is necessary for that which formerly you hit off at a blow, as easily as eating and drinking. It is with the fabric of thought as with a weaver's master-piece, where one treadle moves a thousand threads, the shuttles shoot backwards and forwards, the threads flow unseen, ties, by thousands, are struck off at a blow. Your philosopher,—he steps in and proves to you, it must have been so: the first would be so, the second so, and therefore the third and fourth so; and if the first and second were not, the third and fourth would never be. The students of all countries put a high value on this, but none have turned weavers. He who wishes to know and describe any thing living, seeks first to drive the spirit out of it; he has then the parts in his hand; only, unluckily, the spiritual bond is wanting. Chemistry terms it *encheiresis naturæ*, and mocks herself without knowing it.

STUDENT.

I cannot quite comprehend you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You will soon improve in that respect, if you learn to reduce and classify all things properly.

STUDENT.

I am so confounded by all this; I feel as if a mill-wheel was turning round in my head.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In the next place, before every thing else, you must set to at metaphysics. There see that you conceive profoundly what is not made for human brains. A fine word will stand you in stead for what enters and what does not enter there. . And be sure, for the first half year, to adopt the strictest regularity. You will have five lectures every day. Be in as the clock strikes. Be well prepared beforehand with the paragraphs carefully conned, that you may see the better that he says nothing but what is in the book ; yet write away as zealously as if the Holy Ghost were dictating to you.

STUDENT.

You need not tell me that a second time. I can imagine how useful it is. For what one has in black and white one can carry home in comfort.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But choose a faculty.

STUDENT.

I cannot reconcile myself to jurisprudence.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot much blame you. I know the nature of this science. Laws descend, like an inveterate hereditary disease ; they trail from generation to generation, and glide imperceptibly from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense ; beneficence, a plague. Woe to thee

that thou art a grandson! Of the law that is born with us—of that, unfortunately, there is never a question.

STUDENT.

You increase my repugnance. Oh, happy he, whom you instruct. I should almost like to study theology.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I do not wish to mislead you. As for this science, it is so difficult to avoid the wrong way; there is so much hidden poison in it, which is hardly to be distinguished from the medicine. Here, again, it is best to attend but one master, and swear by his words. Generally speaking, stick to words; you will then pass by the safe gate into the temple of certainty.

STUDENT.

But there must be some meaning connected with the word.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right! Only we must not be too anxious about that; for it is precisely where meaning fails that a word comes in most opportunely. Disputes may be admirably carried on with words; a system may be built with words; words form a capital subject for belief; a word admits not of an iota being taken from it.

STUDENT.

Your pardon, I detain you by my many questions, but I must still trouble you. Would you be so kind as to add an instructive word or two on medicine. Three years is a short time, and the field, God knows, is far too wide. If one has but a hint, one can feel one's way along further.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside*.

I begin to be tired of the prosing style. I must play the devil properly again. (*aloud.*)

The spirit of medicine is easy to be caught; you study through the great and little world, to let things go on in the end—as it pleases God. It is vain that you wander scientifically about; no man will learn more than he can; he who avails himself of the passing moment—that is the proper man. You are tolerably well built, nor will you be wanting in boldness, and if you do but confide in yourself, other souls will confide in you. In particular, learn how to treat the women; their eternal ohs! and ahs!, so thousandfold, are to be cured from a single point, and if you only assume a moderately demure air, you will have them all under your thumb. You must have a title, to convince them that your art is superior to most others, and then you are admitted from the first to all those little privileges which another spends years in coaxing for.

Learn how to feel the pulse adroitly, and boldly clasp them, with hot wanton looks, around the tapering hip, to see how tightly it is laced.

STUDENT.

There is some sense in that; one sees at any rate the where and the how.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grey, my dear friend, is all theory, and green the golden tree of life.

STUDENT.

I vow to you, all is as a dream to me. Might I trouble you another time to hear your wisdom speak upon the grounds.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am at your service, to the extent of my poor abilities.

STUDENT.

I cannot possibly go away without placing my common-place book in your hands. Do not grudge me this token of your favour.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With all my heart. (*He writes and gives it back.*)

STUDENT *reads.*

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

(*He closes the book reverentially, and takes his leave.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only follow the old saying and my cousin the snake, and some time or other you, with your likeness to God, will be sorry enough.

FAUST enters.

Whither now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where you please; to see the little, then the great world. With what joy, what pleasure, will you revel through the course.

FAUST.

But with my long beard, I want the easy manners of life. I shall fail in the attempt. I never knew how to accommodate myself to the world; I feel so little in the presence of others. I shall be in a constant state of embarrassment.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My dear friend, all that will come of its own accord; so soon as you feel confidence in yourself, you know the art of life.

FAUST.

How, then, are we to start? Where are your carriages, horses, and servants?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have only to spread out the mantle; that shall bear us through the air. Only you will take no heavy

baggage on this bold trip. A little inflammable air, which I will prepare, will lift us quickly from this earth ; and if we are light, we shall mount rapidly. I wish you joy of your new course of life.

AUERBACH'S WINE VAULTS IN LEIPZIG.

(*Drinking bout of merry Fellows.*)

FROSCH.

Will no one drink? no one laugh? I will teach you to grin. Why you are like wet straw to-day, yet at other times you blaze brightly enough.

BRANDER.

That is your fault; you contribute nothing towards it: no nonsense, no beastliness—

FROSCH.

(*Throws a glass of wine over his head.*)

There are both for you!

BRANDER.

You double hog!

FROSCH.

Why you wanted me to be so!

SIEBEL.

Out with him who quarrels! With open heart sing Runda! swill and shout! holla, holla, ho!

ALTMAYER.

Woe is me, I am lost. Cotton, here! the knave splits my ears.

SIEBEL.

It is only when the arch echoes again, that one feels the true power of the bass.

FROSCH.

Right; out with him who takes any thing amiss.
A! taralara da!

ALTMAYER.

A! taralara!

FROSCH.

Our throats are tuned.

(He sings.)

The dear, holy Romish empire, how holds it still together?

BRANDER.

A nasty song! psha, a political song! an offensive song. Thank God every morning of your life, that you have not the Romish empire to care for. I, at least, esteem it no slight gain that I am not emperor nor chancellor. But we cannot do without a head. We will choose a pope. You know what sort of qualification turns the scale, and elevates the man.

(FROSCH sings.)

Soar up, Madam Nightingale, give my sweetheart ten thousand greetings for me.

SIEBEL.

No greeting to the sweetheart; I will not hear of it.

FROSCH.

Greeting to the sweetheart and a kiss too! Thou shalt not hinder me.

(*He sings.*)

Open bolts! in stilly night.

Open bolts! the lover wakes.

Shut bolts! at morning's dawn.

SIEBEL.

Aye, sing, sing on, and praise and celebrate her, my turn for laughing will come. She has taken me in; she will do the same for you. May she have a hobgoblin for a lover. He may toy with her on a cross way. An old he-goat, on his return from Bloksberg, may wicker good night to her on the gallop. A hearty fellow of genuine flesh and blood is far too good for the wench. I will hear of no greeting, unless it be to smash her windows.

BRANDER, *striking on the table.*

Attend, attend; listen to me! You gentlemen must allow me to know something of life. Love-sick folks sit here, and I must give them something suitable to their condition by way of good night. Attend! a song of the newest cut! and strike boldly in with the chorus.

(*He sings.*)

There was a rat in the cellar, who lived on nothing but fat and butter, and had raised himself up a paunch fit for Doctor Luther himself. The cook had laid

poison for him; then the world became too hot for him, as if he had love in his body.

CHORUS.—As if he had love in his body.

He ran round, he ran out, he drank of every puddle, he gnawed and scratched the whole house, but his fury availed nothing; he gave many a bound of agony; the poor beast was soon done for, as if he had love in his body.

CHORUS.—As if &c.

He came running into the kitchen for sheer pain, in open daylight, fell on the hearth and lay convulsed, and panted pitiably. Then the poisoner exclaimed, with a laugh—Ha! he is at his last gasp, as if he had love in his body.

CHORUS.—As if &c.

SIEBEL.

How the flats chuckle! It is a fine thing, to be sure, to lay poison for the poor rats.

BRANDER.

They stand high in your favour, I dare say.

ALTMAYER.

The bald-pated paunch! The misadventure makes him humble and mild. He sees in the swollen rat his own image drawn to the life.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before all things else, I must bring you into merry

company, that you may see how lightly life may be passed. These people make every day a feast. With little wit and much pleasure, each turns round in the narrow circle-dance, like kittens playing with their tails. So long as they have no headache to complain of, and so long as they can get credit from their host, they are merry and free from care.

BRANDER.

They are just off their journey; one may see as much from their strange manner. They have not been here an hour.

FROSCH.

Thou art right; Leipsic is the place for me: it is a little Paris, and gives the finishing air.

SIEBEL.

What do you take the strangers to be?

FROSCH.

Let me alone; in the drinking of a bumper I will worm it out of them as easily as draw a child's tooth. They appear to me to be noble; they have a proud and discontented look.

BRANDER.

Mountebanks to a certainty, I wager.

ALTMAYER.

Likely enough.

FROSCH.

Now mark; I will smoke them.

MEPHISTOPHELES to FAUST.

These people would never scent the devil, if he had them by the throat.

FAUST.

Good morrow, gentlemen.

SIEBEL.

Thanks, and good morrow to you.

(Aside, looking at MEPHISTOPHELES askance.)

What! does the fellow halt on the foot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will you permit us to sit down with you. We shall have company to cheer us instead of good liquor, which is not to be had.

ALTMAYER.

You seem a very dainty gentleman.

FROSCH.

I dare say, you are lately from Rippach? Did you sup with Mr. Hans before you left?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We passed him without stopping to-day. The last time we spoke to him, he had much to say of his cousins; he charged us with compliments to each.

(With an inclination towards FROSCH.)

ALTMAYER *(aside)*.

Thou hast it there! he knows a thing or two.

SIEBEL.

A knowing fellow!

FROSCH.

Only wait, I shall have him presently.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I am not mistaken, we heard some practised voices singing in chorus? No doubt, singing must echo admirably from this vaulted roof.

FROSCH.

I dare say you are a virtuoso?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, no! The power is weak, but the desire is strong.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As many as you like.

SIEBEL.

Only let it be bran new.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We are just returned from Spain, the fair land of wine and song.

(He sings.)

There was once upon a time a king who had a great flea—

FROSCH.

Hark! A flea! Did you catch that? A flea is a fine sort of chap.

MEPHISTOPHELES *sings.*

There was once upon a time a king; he had a great flea, and was as fond of it as if it had been his own son. Then he called his tailor; the tailor came. "There, measure the youngster for coat, waistcoat and breeches, and measure him for hose."

BRANDER.

Only don't forget to tell the tailor to measure with the greatest nicety, and, as he loves his head, to make the hose sit smoothly.

MEPHISTOPHELES *sings.*

He was now attired in velvet and silk, had ribbons on his coat, had a cross besides, and was forthwith made minister, and had a great star. Then his brothers and sisters also became great folks. And the ladies and gentlemen at court were dreadfully tormented; from the queen to the nurse they were pricked and bitten, yet dared not crack nor scratch them away. But we crack and stifle fast enough when one pricks.

CHORUS.—But we crack, &c.

FROSCH.

Bravo! bravo! That was capital.

SIEBEL.

Such be the lot of every flea.

BRANDER.

Point your fingers, and nick them cleverly.

ALTMAYER.

Liberty for ever! Wine for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would willingly drink a glass in honour of liberty,
were your wine a thought better.

SIEBEL.

You had better not let us hear that again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am afraid of giving offence to the landlord, or I
would treat these worthy gentlemen out of our own
stock.

SIEBEL.

O, bring it in; I take the blame upon myself.

FROSCH.

Give us a good glass, and we shall not be sparing of
our praise; only don't let your samples be too small;
for if I am to give an opinion, I require a regular
mouthful.

ALTMAYER (*aside*).

They are from the Rhine, I guess.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bring a gimblet.

BRANDER.

What for? You surely have not the casks at the
door?

ALTMAYER.

Behind, there is a tool chest of the landlord's.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*taking the gimblet*) to FROSCH.

Now say, what wine would you wish to taste?

FROSCH.

What do you mean? Have you so many sorts?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I give every man his choice.

ALTMAYER, to FROSCH.

Ah! you begin to lick your lips already.

FROSCH.

Well! if I am to choose, I will take Rhine wine. Our father-land affords the best of gifts.

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*boring a hole in the edge of the table where Frosch is sitting*).

Get a little wax to make stoppers immediately.

ALTMAYER.

Ah! these are juggler's tricks.

MEPHISTOPHELES, to BRANDER.

And you?

BRANDER.

I choose Champagne, and right sparkling it must be.

(*MEPHISTOPHELES bores again; one of the others has in the mean time prepared the wax-stoppers and stopped the holes.*)

One cannot always avoid what is foreign; what is good often lies so far off. A true German does not like a Frenchman, but has no objection to his wine.

SIEBEL (*as Mephistopheles approaches him*).

I must own I do not like acid wine; give me a glass of genuine sweet.

MEPHISTOPHELES *bored.*

You shall have Tokay in a twinkling.

ALTMAYER.

No, gentlemen, look me in the face. I see plainly you are only making fun of us.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha! ha! that would be taking too great a liberty with such distinguished guests. Quick! only speak out at once. What wine can I have the pleasure of serving you with?

ALTMAYER.

With any! there is no need of much questioning.

(After all the holes are bored and stopped.)

MEPHISTOPHELES *(with strange gestures).*

The vine bears grapes.

The he-goat bears horns.

Wine is juicy,

Vines are wood;

The wooden table can also give wine.

A deep insight into nature!

Behold a miracle, only have faith!

Now draw the stoppers and drink.

ALL.

(As they draw the stoppers, and the wine he chose runs into each man's glass.)

Oh! beautiful spring that flows for us!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only take care not to spill any of it.

(They drink repeatedly).

ALL *sing.*

We are as happy as cannibals—as five hundred swine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These people are now in their glory; mark, how merry they are.

FAUST.

I should like to depart now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But stop and see, their brutishness will show itself bravely.

SIEBEL.

(Drinks carelessly, the wine is spilt upon the ground, and turns to flame.)

Help, fire, help! hell is on fire.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(conjuring the flame).*

Be quiet, friendly element.

(To SIEBEL).

This time it was only a drop of the fire of purgatory.

SIEBEL.

What may that be? Hold! you shall pay dearly for it. It seems that you do not know us.

FROSCH.

He had better not try that a second time.

ALTMAYER.

I think we had better send him packing quietly.

SIEBEL.

What, Sir, dare you play off your hocus pocus here?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Silence, old wine-butt.

SIEBEL.

Broomstick! will you be rude to us too?

BRANDER.

But hold! or blows shall rain.

ALTMAYER.

(Draws a stopper from the table; fire flies out against him.)

I am on fire! I am on fire!

SIEBEL.

Sorcery! thrust home! the knave is fair game.

(They draw their knives and attack Mephistopheles.)

MEPHISTOPHELES *(with solemn gestures)*.

False form and word,

Change sense and place,

Be here, be there!

(They stand amazed and gaze on each other.)

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? What a beautiful country!

FROSCH.

Vineyards! Can I believe my eyes?

SIEBEL.

And grapes close at hand!

BRANDER.

Here, under these green leaves, see, what a stem!
see, what a grape!

*(He seizes SIEBEL by the nose. The others do the same
one with the other, and brandish their knives.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES *(as before)*.

Error, loose the bandage from their eyes! And do
ye remember the devil's mode of jesting!

*(He disappears with FAUST. The fellows start back
from one another.)*

SIEBEL.

What's the matter?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that your nose?

BRANDER, *to SIEBEL*.

And I have your's in my hand!

ALTMAYER.

It was a shock which thrilled through every limb!
Give me a chair, I am sinking.

FROSCH.

No, do but tell me, what has happened?

SIEBEL.

Where is the fellow? If I meet with him, it shall be
as much as his life is worth.

ALTMAYER.

I saw him with my own eyes riding out of the cellar door upon a cask. My feet feel as heavy as lead.

(Turning towards the table).

My! I wonder whether the wine is flowing still?

SIEBEL.

It was all a cheat, a lie, and a make-believe.

FROSCH.

Yet it seemed to me as if I was drinking wine.

BRANDER.

But how was it with the grapes?

ALTMAYER.

Let any one tell me after that, that one is not to believe in miracles!

WITCHES' KITCHEN.

A large cauldron is hanging over the fire on a low hearth. Different figures are seen in the fumes which rise from it. A Female Monkey is sitting by the cauldron and skimming it, and taking care that it does not run over. The Male Monkey is seated near, with the young ones, and warming himself. The walls and ceiling are hung with the strangest articles of Witch furniture.

FAUST.

I loath this mad concern of witchcraft. Do you promise me that I shall recover in this chaos of insanity? Do I need an old hag's advice? And will this mess of cookery really take thirty years from my body? Woe is me, if you know of nothing better! Hope is already gone. Has nature and has a noble spirit discovered no sort of balsam?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, now again you speak wisely! There is one natural mode of renewing youth. But it is in another book, and is a strange chapter.

FAUST.

I will know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! to have a mean without money, physician, or sorcery: betake thyself straightway to the field, begin to hack and dig, confine thyself and thy sense within a narrow circle; support thyself on simple food; live with beasts as a beast, and think it no robbery to manure the land you crop. That is the best way, believe me, to keep a man young to eighty.

FAUST.

I am not used to it. I cannot bring myself to take the spade in hand. The confined life does not suit me at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then you must have recourse to the witch after all.

FAUST.

But why the old woman in particular? Cannot you brew the drink yourself?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That were a pretty amusement! I could build a thousand bridges in the time. Not art and science only, but patience is required for the job. A quiet spirit is busy for years; time only makes this fine liquor strong. And the ingredients are exceedingly rare. The Devil, it is true, has taught it her, but the Devil cannot make it. (*Perceiving the MONKEYS.*) See what a pretty breed! That is the maid—that the

man—(*to the MONKEYS*) It seems your mistress is not at home?

THE MONKEYS.

At the feast,
Out of the house,
Out and away by the chimney-stone!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long does she usually rake?

THE MONKEYS.

Whilst we are warming our paws.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST.*)

What do you think of the pretty creatures?

FAUST.

The most disgusting I ever set eyes on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, a discourse like this is precisely what I take the greatest pleasure in.

(*To the MONKEYS.*)

Tell me, accursed whelps, what are ye stirring up with the porridge?

MONKEYS.

We are cooking coarse beggars' broth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You will have plenty of customers.

THE HE MONKEY,

(*approaches and fawns on MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

Oh, quick throw the dice,

And make me rich.
And let me win.
My fate is a sorry one,
And had I money,
I should not want for sense.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How lucky the monkey would think himself, if he
could only put into the lottery.

*(The YOUNG MONKEYS have, in the mean time, been
playing with a large globe, and roll it forwards.)*

THE HE MONKEY.

That is the world ;
It rises and falls,
And rolls unceasingly.
It rings like glass :
How soon breaks that ?
It is hollow within ;
It glitters much here,
And still more here,
I am alive !
My dear son,
Keep thee aloof ;
Thou must die !
It is of clay,
There are potshards.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is the sieve for ?

THE HE MONKEY *takes it down.*

Wert thou a thief, I should know thee at once.

(He runs to the female and makes her look through.)

Look through the sieve! Dost thou recognize the thief? and darest not name him?

MEPHISTOPHELES *approaching the fire.*

And this pot?

THE MONKEYS.

The stupid ninny. He does not know the pot! he does not know the cauldron!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Uncivil brute!

THE HE MONKEY.

Take the tail here, and sit down on the settle.

(He makes MEPHISTOPHELES sit down.)

FAUST,

(Who all this time has been standing before a looking-glass, now approaching and now standing off from it.)

What do I see? What a heavenly image shows itself in this magic mirror. O Love, lend me the swiftest of thy wings, and bear me to her region. Ah! when I move from this spot, when I venture to go near, I can only see her as in a mist. The loveliest image of a woman! Is it possible, is ~~the~~ woman so lovely? Must I see in these recumbent limbs the innermost essence of all Heavens? Is there any thing like it upon earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES

When a God first works hard for six days, and himself says bravo at the end, it is but natural that something clever should come of it. For this time look your fill. I know where to find out such a love for you, and happy he whose fortune it is to bear her home as a bridegroom.

(FAUST, continues looking into the mirror. MEPHISTOPHELES stretching himself on the settle and playing with the tail continues speaking.)

Here I sit, like the king upon his throne; here is my sceptre, I only want the crown.

THE MONKEYS,

(who have hitherto been playing all sorts of strange antics in confusion, bring MEPHISTOPHELES a crown, with loud acclamations.)

Oh, be so good as to glue the crown with sweat and blood.

(They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it into two pieces, with which they jump about.)

Now it is done.

We speak and see;

We hear and rhyme—

FAUST, before the mirror.

Woe is me. I am becoming almost mad.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My own head begins to totter now.

THE MONKEYS.

—And if we are lucky,
And if things fit,
Then there are thoughts.

FAUST, *as before.*

My heart is beginning to burn. Do but let us be-
gone immediately.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in the same position.*

Well, no one can deny, at any rate, that they are
sincere poets.

*(The cauldron, which the SHE MONKEY has neglected,
begins to boil over; a great flame arises, and streams
up the chimney. The WITCH comes shooting down
through the flame with horrible cries.)*

THE WITCH.

Ough, ough, ough, ough!
Damned beast! Accursed sow!
Neglecting the cauldron, scorching your dame—
Cursed beast!

(Espying FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.)

What now?
Who are ye?
What would ye here?
Who hath come slinking in?
The red plague of fire
Into your bones!

*(She dips the skimming ladle into the cauldron, and
sprinkles flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and
the MONKEYS. The MONKEYS nimper.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES,

*(Who whisks round the tail which he holds in his hand,
and strikes amongst the glasses and pots.)*

To pieces!

To pieces!

There lies the porridge!

There lies the glass!

It is only carrying on the jest—beating time, thou
carrion, to thy melody.

(As the WITCH steps back in rage and amazement.)

Dost thou recognize me, thou atomy, thou scarecrow?
Dost thou recognize thy lord and master? What is
there to hinder me from striking in good earnest, from
dashing thee and thy monkey-spirits to pieces? Hast
thou no more any respect for the red doublet? Can'st
thou not distinguish the cock's feather? Have I con-
cealed this face? Must I then name myself?

THE WITCH.

O master, pardon this rough reception. But I see
no cloven foot. Where then are your two ravens?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This once, the apology may serve. For, to be
sure, it is long since last we met. The march of
intellect too, which licks all the world into shape, has
even reached the devil. The northern phantom is no
more to be seen. Where do you now see horns, tail, and
claws? And as for the foot, which I cannot do without,

it would prejudice me in society; therefore, like many a young man, I have worn false calves these many years.

THE WITCH, *dancing*.

I am almost beside myself, to see the gallant Satan here again.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The name, woman, I beg to be spared.

THE WITCH.

Wherefore? What has it done to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It has been long written in story books; but men are not the better for that; they are rid of the wicked one, the wicked have remained. You may call me Baron, that will do very well. I am a cavalier, like other cavaliers. You doubt not of my gentle blood; see here, these are the arms I bear!

(He makes an unseemly gesture.)

THE WITCH *laughs immoderately*.

Ha, ha! That is in your way. You are the same mad wag as ever.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to FAUST)*.

My friend, attend to this. This is the way to deal with witches.

THE WITCH.

Now, Sirs, say what you are for.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A good glass of the juice you wot of. I must beg you to let it be of the oldest. Years double its power.

THE WITCH.

Most willingly. Here is a bottle out of which I sometimes sip a little myself; which, besides, no longer stinks in the least. I will give you a glass with pleasure. (*Aside.*) But if this man drinks it unprepared, you well know he cannot live an hour.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He is a worthy friend of mine, on whom it will have a good effect. I grudge him not the best of thy kitchen. Draw thy circle, spell thy spells, and give him a cup full.

(The WITCH, with strange gestures, draws a circle and places strange things in it; in the mean time the glasses begin to ring, and the cauldron to sound and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, and places the MONKEYS in the circle, who are made to serve her for a reading desk and hold the torches. She signs to FAUST to approach.)

FAUST, to MEPHISTOPHELES.

But tell me what is to come of all this? The absurd stuff, the frantic gestures, this most disgusting jugglery—I know them of old and abominate them.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pooh! that is only fit to laugh at. Don't be so fastidious. In her capacity of mediciner she is obliged to play off some hocus-pocus, that the dose may operate well on you. (*He makes FAUST enter the circle.*)

THE WITCH, *with a strong emphasis, begins to declaim
from the book.*

You must understand.

Of one make ten,

And let two go,

And three make even;

Then art thou rich.

Lose the four.

Out of five and six,

So says the Witch,

Make seven and eight,

Then is it done,

And nine is one,

And ten is none.

That is the witches one-time's-one.

FAUST.

It seems to me that the hag is raving.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is a good deal more of it yet—I know it well; the whole book is to the same tune. I have wasted many an hour upon it, for a downright contradiction remains equally mysterious to wise folks and fools. My friend, the art is old and new. It has ever been the fashion to spread error instead of truth by three and one, and one and three. It is taught and prattled uninterruptedly. Who will concern themselves about

dolts? Men are wont to believe, when they hear only words, that there must be something in it.

THE WITCH *continues.*

The high power
Of knowledge,
Hidden from the whole world!
And he who thinks not,
On him is it bestowed;
He has it without trouble.

FAUST.

What sort of nonsense is she reciting to us? My head is splitting! I seem to hear a hundred idiots declaiming in full chorus.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough, enough, incomparable Sybil! Hand us thy drink, and fill the cup to the brim without more ado; for this draught will do my friend no harm. He is a man of many grades, who has taken many a good gulp already.

(The WITCH with many ceremonies pours the liquor into a cup: as FAUST lifts it to his mouth, a light flame arises.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Down with it at once. Do not stand hesitating. It will soon warm your heart. Are you hail-fellow well-met with the devil, and afraid of fire?

(The WITCH dissolves the circle—FAUST steps out.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now forth at once! You must not rest.

THE WITCH.

Much good may the draught do you.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to the WITCH.*

And if I can do any thing to pleasure you, you need only mention it to me at Walpurgis.

THE WITCH.

Here is a song! if you sing it occasionally, it will have a particular effect on you.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to FAUST.*

Come, quick, and be guided by me, you must absolutely perspire to make the spirit work through blood and bone. I will afterwards teach you to enjoy the nobility of idleness, and you will feel ere long, with heartfelt delight, how Cupid bestirs himself and bounds hither and thither.

FAUST.

Let me only look another moment in the glass. That female form was too, too lovely.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, nay; you shall soon see the model of all womankind in flesh and blood.

(aside.)

With this draught in your body, you will soon see a Helen in every woman you meet.

THE STREET.

FAUST. (*MARGARET passing by.*)

My pretty lady, may I take the liberty of offering you my arm and escort?

MARGARET.

I am neither lady, nor pretty, and can go home by myself. (*She disengages herself and exit.*)

FAUST.

By heaven, this girl is lovely! I have never seen the like of her. She is so well-behaved and virtuous, and something snappish withal. The redness of her lip, the light of her cheek—I shall never forget them all the days of my life. The manner in which she cast down her eyes is deeply stamped upon my heart; and how sharp she was—it was absolutely ravishing!

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

FAUST.

Hark, you must get me the girl.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which?

FAUST.

She passed but now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What she? She came from her confessor, who absolved her from all her sins. I stole up close to the chair. It is an innocent little thing, that went for next to nothing to the confessional. Over her I have no power.

FAUST.

Yet—she is past fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You positively speak like Jack Rake, who covets every sweet flower for himself, and fancies that there is neither honour nor favour which is not to be had for the plucking. But this will not always do.

FAUST.

My good Mr. Sermoniser, don't plague me with your law. And, in a word, I tell you this: if the sweet young creature does not lie this very night in my arms, at midnight our league is at an end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider what is possible. I need a fortnight, at least, only to find an opportunity.

FAUST.

Had I but seven hours clear, I should not want the Devil's assistance to seduce such a child.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You talk now almost like a Frenchman; but don't fret about it, I beg. What boots it to go straight to

enjoyment? The delight is not so great by far as when you have kneaded and moulded the doll on all sides with all sorts of nonsense, as many an Italian story teaches.

FAUST.

But I have appetite without all that.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, seriously and without offence, I tell you once for all, that the lovely girl is not to be had in such a hurry; nothing here is to be taken by storm; we must have recourse to stratagem.

FAUST.

Get me something belonging to the angel. Carry me to her place of repose; get me a kerchief from her bosom, a garter of my love.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That you may see my anxiety to minister to your passion,—we will not lose a moment; this very day I will conduct you to her chamber.

FAUST.

And shall I see her? have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No. She will be at a neighbour's. In the mean time you, all alone, and in her atmosphere, may feast to satiety on anticipated joy.

FAUST.

Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is too early.

FAUST.

Get me a present for her. *(Exit.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents directly! Now that's capital! That is the way to succeed. I know many a fine place and many a long-buried treasure. I must look them over a bit.

(Exit.)



EVENING.

A neat little Room.

MARGARET, *braiding and binding up her hair.*

I would give something to know who that gentleman was to-day! He had a gallant bearing, and is noble I am sure. I could read that on his brow; besides, he would not else have been so bold. *(Exit.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES.—FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in—as softly as possible—only come in!

FAUST, *after a pause.*

Leave me alone, I beg of you.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *looking round.*

It is not every maiden that is so neat. *(Exit.)*

FAUST, *looking round.*

Welcome, sweet twilight, that pervades this sanctuary. Possess my heart, delicious pangs of love, you who live languishing on the dew of hope. What a feeling of peace, order, and contentment breathes round! What abundance in this poverty! What bliss in this cell!

(He throws himself upon the leathern easy chair by the side of the bed.)

Oh! receive me, thou, who hast welcomed, with open arms, in joy and sorrow, the generations that are past. Ah, how often has a swarm of children clustered about this patriarchal throne. Here, perhaps, in gratitude for her Christmas-box, with the warm round cheek of childhood—has my beloved piously kissed the withered hand of her grandsire. Maiden, I feel thy spirit of abundance and order rustle round me—that spirit which daily instructs thee like a mother—which bids thee spread the neat cloth upon the table and strew the sand upon the floor. Dear Maid! so godlike! you make the hut a heaven; and here—

(He lifts up a bed-curtain.)

what blissful tremor seizes me! Here could I linger for hours! Nature! here, in light dreams, you matured the born angel. Here lay the child! its gentle bosom filled with warm life; and here, with weavings of hallowed purity, the divine image developed itself.

And thou, what has brought thee hither? How deeply moved I feel! What would'st thou here? Why grows thy heart so heavy? Poor Faust, I no longer know thee.

Am I breathing an enchanted air? I panted so for instant enjoyment, and I feel myself dissolving into a dream of love. Are we the sport of every pressure of the air?

And if she entered this very moment, how would'st thou atone for thy guilt! The big boaster, alas, how shrunk! would lie, dissolved away, at her feet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick! I see her coming below.

FAUST.

Away, away, I return no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket tolerably heavy. I took it from somewhere else. Place it, without hesitation, in the press. I promise you she will be beside herself. I put the trifles in it to gain another; but children are children, and play is play, all the world over.

FAUST.

I know not—shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is that a thing to ask about? Perchance you mean to keep the treasure for yourself? In that case I advise you to spare the precious hours for your lusts and further trouble to me. I hope you are not avaricious. I scratch my head, rub my hands—

(He places the casket in the press and closes the lock.)

But quick, away!—to bend the sweet young creature to your heart's desire; and now you look as if you were going to the lecture-room, as if Physic and Metaphysic were standing bodily before you there. But away!

[*Exeunt.*]

MARGARET, *with a lamp.*

It feels so close, so sultry here. (*she opens the window*).
And yet it is not so very warm without. I begin to
feel I know not how. I wish my mother would come
home. I tremble all over; but I am a silly timid
woman. (*She begins to sing as she undresses herself.*)

Song.

There was a king in Thule, faithful even to the
grave, to whom his dying mistress gave a golden goblet.

He prized nothing above it; he emptied it at every
feast; his eyes overflowed as often as he drank out
of it.

And when he came to die, he reckoned up the cities
in his kingdom; he grudged none of them to his heir,
but not so with the goblet.

He sat at the royal banquet, with his knights around
him, in his proud ancestral hall, there in his castle on
the sea.

There stood the old toper, took a parting draft of
life's glow, and threw the hallowed goblet down into
the waves.

He saw it splash, fill, and sink deep into the sea;
his eyes sank, he never drank a drop more.

(*She opens the press to put away her clothes, and
perceives the casket.*)

How came this beautiful casket here? I am sure I
locked the press. It is very strange! What is in it,

I wonder? Perhaps some one brought it as a pledge, and my mother lent money upon it. A little key hangs by the ribbon; I have a good mind to open it. What is here? Good heavens! look! I have never seen any thing like it in all my born days! A set of trinkets, a countess might wear on the highest festival. How would the chain become me? To whom can such finery belong? (*She puts them on and walks before the looking-glass*). If the earrings were but mine! one cuts quite a different figure in them. What avails your beauty, poor maiden? That is all very pretty and good, and that is all. You are praised, half in pity; but all presses after gold,—hangs on gold.—Alas, we poor ones!

PROMENADE.

FAUST *walking up and down thoughtfully. To him*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By all despised love! By the elements of hell!
Would that I knew something worse to curse by!

FAUST.

What is the matter? What is it that pinches you
so sharply? I never saw such a face in my life!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I could give myself to the devil directly, were I not
the devil myself.

FAUST.

Is your brain disordered? It becomes you truly, to
rave like a madman.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only think. A priest has carried off the jewels
provided for Margaret. The mother gets sight of the
thing, and begins at once to have a secret horror of it.
Truly the woman hath a fine nose, is ever snuffing in
her prayer-book, and smells at every piece of furniture
to try whether the thing be holy or profane; and she
plainly smells out in the jewels, that there was not
much blessing connected with them. My child, said she,
ill-gotten wealth ensnares the soul, consumes the blood.

We will consecrate it to the Mother of God ; she will gladden us with heavenly manna. Margaret pouted her lips : it is after all, thought she, a gift horse ; and truly, he cannot be godless, who brought it here so handsomely. The mother sent for a priest. Scarcely had he heard the jest, but he seemed well pleased with the sight. He spoke : “ this shows a good disposition ; he who conquers,—he is the gainer. The church has a good stomach, she has eaten up whole countries, and has never yet over-eaten herself. The church alone, my good women, can digest ill-gotten wealth.”

FAUST.

That is a general custom ; a Jew and a King can do it too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So saying he swept off clasp, chain and ring, as if they were so many mushrooms ; thanked them neither more nor less than if it had been a basket of nuts ; promised them all heavenly reward, and very much edified they were.

FAUST.

And Margaret—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is now sitting full of restlessness ; wishing she knows not what ; thinks day and night on the trinkets, and still more on him who brought them.

FAUST.

My love's grief distresses me. Get her another set immediately. The first were no great things.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! to be sure, all is child's play to the gentleman!

FAUST.

Do it, and order it as I wish. Stick close to her neighbour. Don't be a milk-and-water devil; and fetch a fresh set of jewels.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With all my heart, honoured Sir.

FAUST *exit.*

A love-sick fool like this puffs away sun and moon and stars indifferently, by way of pastime for his mistress.

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

MARTHA *alone.*

God forgive my dear husband; he has not acted well towards me. He goes straight away into the world, and leaves me widowed and lonely. Yet truly I never did anything to vex him; God knows I loved him to my heart. *(She weeps.)*

Very probably he is dead. Oh, torture! Had I but a certificate of his death!

MARGARET *enters.*

MARGARET.

Martha!

MARTHA.

What is the matter, Margaret?

MARGARET.

My knees almost sink under me! I have found just such another ebony casket in my press, and things quite magnificent, a deal costlier than the first were.

MARTHA.

You must say nothing about it to your mother. She would carry it to the confessional again.

MARGARET.

Now, only see; only look at them.

MARTHA *dresses her up in them.*

Oh! you lucky creature.

MARGARET.

Unfortunately, I must not be seen in them in the street nor in the church.

MARTHA.

Do but come over frequently to me, and put on the trinkets here in private. Walk a little hour up and down before the looking-glass; we shall find our enjoyment in that. And then an occasion offers, a festival occurs, where little by little one lets folks see them. First a chain, then the pearl ear-rings. Your mother, perhaps, will not observe it, or one may make some pretence to her.

MARGARET.

But who could have brought the two caskets? There is something not right about it.

(Some one knocks.)

MARGARET.

Good God! can that be my mother?

MARTHA, *looking through the blinds.*

It is a stranger—come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

I have made free to come in at once; I have to beg pardon of the ladies.

(He steps back respectfully before Margaret.)

I came to inquire after Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein.

MARTHA.

I am she; what is your pleasure, Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*).

I know you now, that is enough. You have a visitor of distinction there. Excuse the liberty I have taken. I will call again in the afternoon.

MARTHA (*aloud*).

Only think, child—of all things in the world! this gentleman takes you for a lady.

MARGARET.

I am a poor young creature. Oh! Heavens, the gentleman is too obliging. The jewels and ornaments are none of mine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! it is not the jewels alone. She has a mien, a look, so striking. How glad I am that I may stay.

MARTHA.

What do you bring then? I am very curious—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I wish I had better news. I hope you will not make me suffer for it. Your husband is dead, and sends you his compliments.

MARTHA.

Is dead! the good soul! Oh, woe is me! My husband is dead! Ah, I shall die!

MARGARET.

Dear, good Martha, don't despair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Listen to the melancholy tale.

MARGARET.

For this reason I should wish never to be in love for all the days of my life. The loss would grieve me to death.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy must have sorrow—sorrow, joy.

MARTHA.

Relate to me the close of his life.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He lies buried in Padua at St. Antony's, in a spot well consecrated for a bed of rest,—eternally cool.

MARTHA.

Have you nothing else for me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, a request, big and heavy! be sure to have three hundred masses sung for him. For the rest, my pockets are empty.

MARTHA.

What! not a coin by way of token? Not a trinket? what every journeyman mechanic husbands at the bottom of his pouch, saved as a keepsake, and rather starves, rather begs—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, I am very sorry. But he really has not squandered away his money. He, too, bitterly re-

mented of his sins; aye, and bewailed his ill-luck still more.

MARGARET.

Ah! that mortals should be so unlucky. Assuredly I will sing many a *requiem* for him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You deserve to be married directly. You are an amiable child.

MARGARET.

Oh, no, there is time enough for that.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a husband, then a gallant in the meantime. It were one of the best gifts of heaven to have so sweet a thing in one's arms.

MARGARET.

That is not the custom in this country.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom or not! such things do happen though.

MARTHA.

But relate to me—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by his death-bed. It was somewhat better than dung,—of half-rotten straw; but he died like a Christian, and found that he had still much more upon his score. "How thoroughly," he cried, "must I detest myself—to run away from my business and my

wife in such a manner. Oh! the recollection is death to me. If she could but forgive me in this life!"—

MARTHA (*weeping*).

The good man! I have long since forgiven him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"But, God knows, she was more in fault than I."

MARTHA.

It is a lie! What, tell lies on the brink of the grave!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He certainly fabled with his last breath, if I am but half a connoisseur. "I," said he, "had no occasion to gape for pastime—first to get children, and then bread for them—and bread in the widest sense,—and could not even eat my share in peace."

MARTHA.

Did he thus forget all my faith, all my love—my drudgery by day and night?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so, he affectionately reflected on it. He said: "When I left Malta, I prayed fervently for my wife and children; and heaven was so far favourable, that our ship took a Turkish vessel, which carried a treasure of the great sultan. Bravery had its reward, and, as was no more than right, I got my fair share of it."

MARTHA.

How! Where! Can he have buried it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows where it is now scattered to the four winds of heaven? A fair damsel took an interest in him as he was strolling about, a stranger in Naples. She manifested great fondness and fidelity towards him; so much so, that he felt it even unto his blessed end.

MARTHA.

The villain! the robber of his children! And all the wretchedness, all the poverty, could not check his scandalous life.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But consider, he has paid for it with his life. Now, were I in your place, I would mourn him for one chaste year, and have an eye towards a new sweetheart in the meantime.

MARTHA.

Oh God! but I shall not easily in this world find another like my first. There could hardly be a kinder-hearted fool: he only loved being away from home too much, and stranger women, and stranger wine, and the cursed dicing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well, things might have gone on very well, if he, on his part, only winked at an equal number of

peccadilloes in you. I protest, upon this condition, I would change rings with you myself!

MARTHA.

Oh, the gentleman is pleased to jest.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside.*)

Now, it is full time to be off. I dare say she would take the Devil himself at his word.

(*to MARGARET.*)

What is the state of your heart?

MARGARET.

What do you mean?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside.*)

Good, innocent child.

(*aloud.*)

Farewell, ladies.

MARGARET.

Farewell.

MARTHA.

Oh, but tell me quickly! I should like to have a certificate where, how, and when my love died and was buried. I was always a friend to regularity, and should like to read his death in the weekly papers.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, my good Madam, the truth is manifested by the testimony of two witnesses all the world over; and I have a gallant companion, whom I will bring before the judge for you. I will fetch him here.

MARTHA.

Oh, pray do!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the young lady will be here too?—a fine lad!
has travelled much, and shows all possible politeness
to the ladies.

MARGARET.

I should be covered with confusion in the presence
of the gentleman.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In the presence of no king on earth.

MARTHA.

Behind the house there, in my garden, we shall
expect you both this evening.

THE STREET.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How have you managed? Is it in train? Will it soon do?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo! Do I find you all on fire? Margaret will very shortly be your's. This evening you will see her at her neighbour Martha's. That is a woman especially chosen, as it were, for the procuress and gypsy calling.

FAUST.

So far so good.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Something, however, is required of us.

FAUST.

One good turn deserves another.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have only to make a formal deposition, that the extended limbs of her lord repose in holy ground in Padua.

FAUST.

Wisely done! We shall first be obliged to take the journey there, I suppose.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas! There is no necessity for that. Only bear witness without knowing much about the matter.

FAUST.

If you have nothing better to propose, the scheme is at an end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, holy man! There's for you now! Is it the first time in your life that you have borne false testimony? Have you not confidently given definitions of God, of the world, and of whatever moves in it—of man, and of the workings of his head and heart?—with unabashed front, dauntless breast? And, looking fairly at the real nature of things, have you—you must confess you have not—have you known as much of these matters as of Mr. Swerdlein's death?

FAUST.

Thou art and ever wilt be a liar, a sophist.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, if one did not look a little deeper. To-morrow, too, will you not, in all honour, make a fool of poor Margaret, and swear to love her with all your soul?

FAUST.

And truly from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fine talking! Then you will speak of eternal truth

and love, of one exclusive all absorbing passion—will that also come from the heart?

FAUST.

Peace—it will!—when I feel, and seek a name for the passion, the phrensy, but find none; then range with all my senses through the world, grasp at all the most sublime expressions, and call this flame, which is consuming me, endless, eternal, eternal!—is that a devilish play of lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am right for all that.

FAUST.

Hear! mark this, I beg of you, and spare my lungs. He who is determined to be right and has but a tongue, will be right undoubtedly. But come, I am tired of gossiping. For you are right, particularly because I cannot help myself.

GARDEN.

MARGARET on FAUST'S arm, MARTHA with MEPHISTOPHELES, walking up and down.

MARGARET.

I am sure that you are only trifling with me—letting yourself down to shame me. Travellers are wont to put up with things out of complacency. I know too well that my poor prattle cannot entertain a man of your experience.

FAUST.

A glance, a word from thee, gives greater pleasure than all the wisdom of this world. (*He kisses her hand.*)

MARGARET.

Don't inconvenience yourself! How can you kiss it? It is so coarse, so hard. I have been obliged to do—heaven knows what not; my mother is indeed too exact. (*They pass on.*)

MARTHA.

And you, Sir, are always travelling in this manner?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas, that business and duty should force us to it!

How many a place one quits with regret, and yet may not tarry in it!

MARTHA.

It does very well in the wild years of youth to rove about freely through the world. But the evil day comes at last, and to sneak a solitary old bachelor to the grave—that was never well for any one yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I shudder at the distant view of it.

MARTHA.

Then, worthy Sir, think better of it in time.

(They pass on.)

MARGARET.

Aye! out of sight out of mind! Politeness sits easily on you. But you have friends in abundance: they are more sensible than I am.

FAUST.

O, thou excellent creature; believe me, what is called sensible, often better deserves the name of vanity and narrow-mindedness.

MARGARET.

How?

FAUST.

Alas, that simplicity, that innocence, never appreciates itself and its own hallowed worth? That humility, lowliness—the highest gifts of love-fraught bounteous nature—

MARGARET.

Only think of me one little minute; I shall have time enough to think of you.

FAUST.

You are much alone, I dare say?

MARGARET.

Yes, our household is but small, and yet it must be looked after. We keep no maid; I am obliged to cook, sweep, knit and sew, and run early and late. And my mother is so precise in every thing! Not that she has such pressing occasion to restrict herself. We might do more than many others. My father left a nice little property, a small house and garden near the town. However, my days at present are tolerably quiet. My brother is a soldier; my little sister is dead. I had my full share of trouble with her, but I would gladly take all the anxiety upon myself again, so dear was the child to me.

FAUST.

An angel, if it resembled thee!

MARGARET.

I brought it up, and it loved me dearly. It was born after my father's death. We gave up my mother for lost, so sad was the condition she then lay in; and she recovered very slowly, by degrees. Thus she could not think of suckling the poor little worm, and so I brought it up, all by myself, with milk and water. It

thus became my own. On my arm, in my bosom, it smiled, and sprawled, and grew.

FAUST.

You have felt, no doubt, the purest joy.

MARGARET.

And many anxious hours, too. The little one's cradle stood at night by my bed-side: it could scarcely move but I was awake; now obliged to give it suck; now to take it to bed to me; now, when it would not be quiet, to rise from bed, and walk up and down in the room dandling it; and early in the morning, stand already at the wash-tub: then go to market and see to the house; and so on, day after day. Under such circumstances, Sir, the spirits are not uniformly good; but food and rest relish the better for it.

(They pass on.)

MARTHA.

The poor women have the worst of it. An old bachelor is hard to convert..

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It only depends on one like you to teach me better.

MARTHA.

Tell me plainly, Sir, have you never met with any one? Has your heart never attached itself any where?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proverb says—a hearth of one's own, and a good wife, are as good as pearls and gold.

MARTHA.

I mean, have you never had an inclination ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have been in general very politely received.

MARTHA.

I wished to say—was your heart never *seriously* affected ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One should never venture to joke with women.

MARTHA.

Ah, you do not understand me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am heartily sorry for it. But I understand—that you are very kind. *(They pass on.)*

FAUST.

You knew me again, you little angel, the moment I entered the garden ?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it ? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST.

And you forgive the liberty I took—my boldness as you were leaving the cathedral.

MARGARET.

I was struck all of a heap. Such a thing had never happened to me before ; no one could say any thing bad of me. Alas, thought I, has he seen anything bold,

unmaidenly, in my behaviour? It seemed as if the thought suddenly struck him, " I need stand on no ceremony with this girl." I must own I knew not what began to stir in your favour *here*; but certainly I was right angry with myself for not being more angry with you.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

Wait a moment!

(She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves one after the other.)

FAUST.

What is that for—a nosegay?

MARGARET.

No, only for a game.

FAUST.

How?

MARGARET.

Go! You will laugh at me.

(She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.)

FAUST.

What are you murmuring?

MARGARET, *half aloud.*

He loves me—he loves me not!

FAUST.

Thou angelic being!

MARGARET *continues.*

Loves me—not—loves me—not—

(Plucking off the last leaf with fond delight.)

He loves me!

FAUST.

Yes, my child. Let this flower-prophecy be to thee as a judgment from heaven. He loves thee! dost thou understand what that means? He loves thee!

(He takes both her hands.)

MARGARET.

I tremble all over!

FAUST.

Oh, tremble not. Let this look, let this pressure of the hand, say to thee what is unutterable:—to give ourselves up wholly, and feel a bliss which must be eternal! Eternal!—it's end would be despair! No, no end! no end!

(MARGARET presses his hands, extricates herself from his embrace, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.)

MARTHA, *approaching.*

The night is coming on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, and we will away.

MARTHA.

I would ask you to stay here longer, but it is a

wicked place. One would suppose no one had any other object or occupation than to gape after their neighbour's incomings and outgoings. And one comes to be talked about, appear as one will. And our little couple?—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Have flown up the walk yonder. Wanton butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seems fond of her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she of him. That is the way of the world.

A SUMMER HOUSE.

(MARGARET runs in, gets behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevices.)

MARGARET.

He comes!

FAUST enters.

Ah, rogue, is it thus you provoke me. I have caught you at last. (He kisses her.)

MARGARET.

(embracing him and returning the kiss.)

Dearest man, I love thee from my heart!

(MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.)

FAUST, stamping.

Who is there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend.

FAUST.

A brute.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is time to part, I believe.

MARTHA comes up.

Yes, it is late, Sir.

FAUST.

May I not accompany you?

MARGARET.

My mother would—farewell.

FAUST.

Must I then go? Farewell.

MARTHA.

Adieu!

MARGARET.

Till our next speedy meeting!

(FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *exeunt.*)

MARGARET.

Gracious God! How many things such a man can think about! How abashed I stand in his presence, and say yea to every thing! I am but a poor silly child, I cannot conceive what he sees in me.

FOREST AND CAVERN.

FAUST, *alone.*

Sublime spirit, thou gavest me, gavest me every thing I prayed for. Not in vain didst thou turn thy face in fire to me. Thou gavest me glorious nature for a kingdom, with power to feel and to enjoy her. It is not merely a cold wondering visit that thou permittest me ; thou grudgest me not to look into her deep bosom, as into the bosom of a friend. Thou passest in review before me the whole series of animated things, and teachest me to know my brothers in the still wood, in the air and water. And when the storm roars and creaks in the forest, and the giant pine, precipitating its neighbour-boughs and neighbour-stems, sweeps, crushing, down,—and the mountain thunders with a dead hollow muttering to the fall,—thou bearest me off to the sheltered cave ; then thou showest me to myself, and deep mysterious wonders of my own breast reveal themselves. And when the clear moon, with its softening influences, rises to my view,—from the wall-like rocks, from the damp underwood, the silvery forms of past ages hover up to me, and soften down the austere pleasure of contemplation.

Oh, now I feel that nothing perfect falls to the lot of

man! With this beatitude, which brings me nearer and nearer to the gods, thou gavest me the companion, whom already I cannot do without; although, cold and insolent, he degrades me in my own eyes, and turns thy gifts to nothing with a breath. He is ever kindling a wild fire in my heart for that lovely image. Thus do I reel from desire to enjoyment, and in enjoyment languish for desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

Have you not had enough of this kind of life? How can you delight in it so long? It is all well enough to try once, but then on again to something new.

FAUST.

I would you had something else to do than to plague me in my happier hour.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! I will let you alone if you wish. You need not say so in earnest. Truly, it is little to lose an ungracious, peevish, and crazy companion in you. The livelong day one has one's hands full! One cannot read in your worship's face what pleases you, and what to let alone.

FAUST.

That is just the right tone! He would fain be thanked for wearying me to death.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor son of earth! what sort of life would you have

led without me? I have cured you for sometime to come of the crotchets of imagination, and but for me, you would already have taken your departure from this globe. Why mope in caverns and fissures of rocks like an owl? Why sip in nourishment from sodden moss and dripping stone, like a toad? A fair, sweet, pastime! The doctor still sticks to you.

FAUST.

Dost thou understand what new life-power this wandering in the desert procures for me? Aye, couldst thou have but a dim presentiment of it, thou wouldst be devil enough to grudge me my enjoyment.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A super-earthly pleasure! To lie on the mountains in darkness and dew—clasp earth and heaven exstati- cally—swell yourself up to a godhead—rake through the earth's marrow with your thronging presentiments—feel the whole six days' work in your bosom—in haughty might enjoy I know not what—now overflow, in love's raptures, into all, with your earthly nature cast aside—and then the lofty intuition (*with a gesture*)—I must not say how—to end!

FAUST.

Fye upon you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That is not to your mind. You are entitled to cry fye, so morally! We must not name to chaste ears

what chaste hearts cannot renounce. And, in a word, I do not grudge you the pleasure of giving yourself lying pretexts occasionally. But you will not keep it up long. You are already driven back into your old course, and, if this holds much longer, will be fretted into madness or torture and horror. Enough of this! your little love sits yonder at home, and all to her is poor and melancholy. You are never absent from her thoughts. She loves you all-subduingly. At first, your passion came overflowing, like a rivulet swollen by the melting of the snow; you have poured it into her heart, and lo, your rivulet is dry again! Methinks, instead of reigning in the woods, your worship would do well to reward the poor young monkey for her love. The time seems lamentably long to her; she stands at the window and watches the clouds roll away over the old walls of the town. "Were I a bird!" so runs her song, during all the day and half the night. One while she is cheerful, mostly sad,—one while only ceasing to cry because she can cry no longer. Then, again, composed, to all appearance,—and ever lovesick!

FAUST.

Serpent! serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside*.

It will do. I shall catch you!

FAUST.

Reprobate! take thyself away, and name not the

lovely woman. Bring not the desire for her sweet body before my half distracted senses again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is to be done then? She thinks that you are off, and in some manner you are.

FAUST.

I am near her, and were I ever so far off, I can never forget, never lose, her. Nay, I already envy the very body of the Lord when her lips are touching it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Very well, my friend. I have often envied you the twin-pair, which feed among roses.

FAUST.

Pander, begone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good again! You rail, and I cannot help laughing. The God who created lad and lass, well understood the noble calling of making opportunity too. But away, it is a miserable mess of it! Your road lies to your mistress's chamber, not, I think, to death.

FAUST.

What are the joys of heaven in her arms? Let me kindle on her breast! Do I not feel her wretchedness unceasingly? Am I not the outcast?—the houseless one?—the monster without aim or rest?—who, like a torrent, dashed from rock to rock, in devouring fury

towards the precipice? And she, upon the side, with childlike simplicity, in the little cot upon the little Alpine field, and all her homely cares embraced within that little world! And I, the hated of God—it was not enough to grasp the rocks and smite them to shatters! Her, her peace, must I undermine!—Hell, thou couldst not rest without this sacrifice! Devil, help me to shorten the pang! Let what must be, be quickly! Let her fate fall crushing upon me, and both of us perish together!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How it seethes and glows again! Get in and comfort her, you fool!—When such a noddle sees no outlet, it immediately represents to itself the end. Life to him who bears himself bravely! And yet on other occasions you have a fair spice of the devil in you. I know nothing in the world more insipid than a devil that despairs.

MARGARET'S ROOM.

MARGARET, *alone, at the spinning-wheel.*

My peace is gone ;
My heart is heavy ;
I shall find it never,
And never more.

Where I have him not,
Is the grave to me.
The whole world
Is embittered to me.

My poor head
Is wandering,
My poor sense
Is distraught.

My peace is gone ;
My heart is heavy ;
I shall find it never,
And never more.

For him alone look I
Out at the window !
For him alone go I
Out of the house !

His lofty step,
His noble form ;
The smile of his mouth,
The power of his eyes,

And of his speech
The witching flow,
The pressure of his hand,
And ah! his kiss !

My peace is gone ;
My heart is heavy ;
I shall find it never,
And never more.

My bosom struggles
After him.
Ah! could I enfold him
And hold him! and kiss him
So as I would!
On his kisses
I should die away!

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Henry!

FAUST.

What I can!

MARGARET.

Now tell me, how do you feel as to religion? You are a dear good man, but I believe you don't think much of it.

FAUST.

No more of that, my child! you feel I love you: I would lay down my life for those I love, nor would I deprive any of their feeling and their church.

MARGARET.

That is not right; we must believe in it.

FAUST.

Must we?

MARGARET.

Ah! if I had any influence over you! Besides, you do not honour the holy sacraments.

FAUST.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

But without desiring them. It is long since you went to mass or confession. Do you believe in God?

FAUST.

My love, who dares say I believe in God? You may ask priests or philosophers, and their answer will appear but a mockery of the questioner.

MARGARET.

You don't believe, then?

FAUST.

Mistake me not, thou lovely one! Who dare name him? and who avow: "I believe in him." Who feel? and dare to say: "I believe in him not." The All-embracer, the All-sustainer, does he not embrace and sustain thee, me, himself? Does not the heaven arch itself there above?—Lies not the earth firm here below?—And do not eternal stars rise, friendlily twinkling, on high?—Are we not looking into each other's eyes, and is not all thronging to thy head and heart, and weaving in eternal mystery, invisibly—visibly, about thee?—Fill thy heart with it, big as it is, and when thou art wholly blest in the feeling, then call it what thou wilt! Call it Happiness! Heart! Love! God! I have no name for it! Feeling is all in all. Name is sound and smoke, clouding heaven's glow.

MARGARET.

That is all very fine and good. The priest says

nearly the same, with only a slight difference in the words.

FAUST.

All hearts in all places under the blessed light of day say it, each in its own language — why not in mine ?

MARGARET.

Thus taken, it may pass ; but, for all that, there is something wrong about it, for thou hast no Christianity.

FAUST.

Dear child !

MARGARET.

I have long been grieved at the company I see you in.

FAUST.

How so ?

MARGARET.

The man you have with you is hateful to me in my inmost soul. Nothing in the whole course of my life has so stabbed me to the heart, as the repulsive visage of that man.

FAUST.

Fear him not, you silly little thing.

MARGARET.

His presence makes my blood creep. With this exception, I have kind feelings towards every body.

But, much as I long to see you, I have an unaccountable horror of that man, and hold him for a rogue besides. God forgive me, if I do him wrong.

FAUST.

There must be such oddities, notwithstanding.

MARGARET.

I would not live with the like of him. Whenever he comes to the door, he looks in so mockingly, and with fury but half-suppressed; one sees that he sympathises with nothing. It is written on his forehead, that he can love no living soul. I feel so happy in thy arms—so unrestrained—in such glowing abandonment; and his presence closes up my heart.

FAUST.

You misgiving angel, you!

MARGARET.

It overcomes me to such a degree, that when he but chances to join us, I feel as if I loved you no longer; and in his presence, I should never be able to pray; and this eats into my heart. You, too, Henry, must feel the same.

FAUST.

You have an antipathy.

MARGARET.

I must go now.

FAUST.

Ah, can I never recline one little hour undisturbed

upon thy bosom, and press heart to heart and soul to soul?

MARGARET.

Ah, did I but sleep alone! I would gladly leave the door unbolted for you this very night. But my mother does not sleep sound, and were she to catch us, I should die upon the spot.

FAUST.

Thou angel, there is no necessity for that. You see this phial! Only three drops in her drink will gently envelope nature in deep sleep.

MARGARET.

What would I not do for thy sake? It will do her no harm, I hope.

FAUST.

Would I recommend it to you, my love, if it could?

MARGARET.

If, best of men, I do but look on you, I know not what drives me to comply with your will. I have already done so much for you, that next to nothing now remains for me to do.

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The silly monkey! is she gone.

FAUST.

Hast thou been playing the spy again?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I heard what passed plainly enough. You were catechised, Doctor. Much good may it do you. The girls are certainly deeply interested in knowing whether a man be pious and simple after the old fashion. They say to themselves: "if he is conformable in that matter, he will also be conformable to us."

FAUST.

Thou, monster as thou art, canst not conceive how this fond, faithful soul, full of her faith, which is all sufficient for her happiness, feels a holy horror to think that she must hold the man who is dearest to her for lost?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou super-sensual, sensual lover, a chit of a girl leads thee by the nose.

FAUST.

Thou abortion of dirt and fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she is knowing in physiognomy too. In my presence she feels she knows not how. This little mask betokens some hidden sense. She feels that I am most assuredly a genius—perhaps the devil himself. To night, then—?

FAUST.

What is that to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have my pleasure in it, though.

AT THE WELL.

MARGARET and BESSY with pitchers.

BESSY.

Have you heard nothing of Barbara ?

MARGARET.

Not a word. I go very little abroad.

BESSY.

Certainly, Sybella told it me to day. She has even made a fool of herself at last. That comes of playing the fine lady.

MARGARET.

How so ?

BESSY.

It is a bad business. She feeds two now, when she eats and drinks.

MARGARET.

Ah !

BESSY.

She is rightly served at last. What a time she has hung upon the fellow ! There was a promenading and a gallanting to village junkettings and dancing booths—she forsooth must be the first in every thing—he

was ever treating her to tarts and wine. She thought great things of her beauty, and was so lost to honour as not to be ashamed to receive presents from him. There was then a hugging and kissing—and lo, the flower is gone!

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

BESSY.

You really pity her! When the like of us were at the spinning, our mothers never let us go down at night. She stood sweet with her lover; on the bench before the door, and in the dark walk, the time was never too long for them. But now she may humble herself, and do penance, in a white sheet, in the church.

MARGARET.

He will surely make her his wife.

BESSY.

He would be a fool if he did. A brisk young fellow has the world before him. Besides, he's off.

MARGARET.

That is not handsome!

BESSY.

If she gets him, it will go ill with her. The boys will tear her garland for her, and we will strew cut straw before her door. (*Exit.*)

MARGARET (*going home*).

How stoutly I could formerly revile, if a poor maiden

chanced to make a slip ; how I could never find words enough to speak of another's shame ! How black it seemed to me ! and, blacken it as I would, it was never black enough for me—and blessed myself and felt so grand, and am now myself a prey to sin ! Yet—all that drove me to it, was, God knows, so sweet, so dear !

PLACE DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

(In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa, with pots of flowers before it.)

MARGARET *(places fresh flowers in the pots.)*

Ah, incline,
Thou full of pain,
Thy countenance graciously to my distress.

The sword in thy heart,
With thousand pangs
Up-lookest thou to thy Son's death.

To the Father look'st thou
And sendest sighs
Aloft for his and thy distress.

Who feels
How rages
My torment to the quick?
How my poor heart in me throbbeth,
How it trembleth, how it yearneth,
Knowest thou and thou alone!

Whitherso'er I go,
What woe, what woe, what woe.
Grows within my bosom *here!*
Hardly, alas, am I alone,
I weep, I weep, I weep,
My heart is bursting within me!

The flower-pots on my window-sill
Bedewed I with my tears, alas!
When I at morning's dawn
Plucked these flowers for thee.

When brightly in my chamber
The rising sun's rays shone,
Already, in all wretchedness,
Was I sitting up in my bed.

Help! rescue me from shame and death!
Ah, incline,
Thou full of pain,
Thy countenance graciously to my distress!

NIGHT.—STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S
DOOR.

VALENTINE, (*a Soldier, MARGARET's brother.*)

When I made one of a company, where many a one likes to show off, and the fellows were loud in their praises of the flower of maidens, and drowned their commendation in bumpers,—with my elbows leaning on the board, I sat in quiet confidence, and listened to all their swaggering; and stroke my beard with a smile, and take the bumper in my hand, and say: “All in its way! but is there one in the whole country to compare with my dear Margaret,—who is fit to hold a candle to my sister?” Hob and nob, kling! klang! so it went round! Some shouted, “he is right; she is the pearl of the whole sex;” and all those praisers were dumb. And now—it is enough to make one tear out one's hair by the roots, and run up the walls—I shall be twitted by the sneers and taunts of every knave, shall sit like a bankrupt debtor, and sweat at every chance word. And though I might crush them at a blow, yet I could not call them liars. Who comes there? Who is slinking this way? If I mistake not, there are two of them. If it is he, I will have at him at once; he shall not leave this spot alive.

FAUST.

How from the window of the Sacristy there, the light of the eternal lamp flickers upwards, and glimmers weaker and weaker at the sides, and darkness thickens round! Just so is all night-like in my breast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I feel languishing like the tom-cat that sneaks up the fire-ladders and then creeps stealthily round the walls. I feel quite virtuously,—with a spice of thievish pleasure, a spice of wantonness. In such a manner does the glorious Walpurgis night already thrill me through every limb. The day after to-morrow it comes round to us again; there one knows what one wakes for.

FAUST.

In the mean time, can that be the treasure rising,—that which I see glimmering yonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You will soon enjoy the lifting up of the casket. I lately took a squint at it. There are capital lion-dollars within.

FAUST.

Not a trinket? not a ring?—to adorn my lovely mistress with.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I think I saw some such thing there as a sort of pearl necklace.

FAUST.

That is well. I feel sorry when I go to her without a present.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You ought not to regret having some enjoyment gratis. Now that the heavens are studded thick with stars, you shall hear a true piece of art. I will sing her a moral song, to make a fool of her the more certainly.

(He sings to the guitar.)

What are you doing here, Catherine, before your lover's door at morning dawn? Stay, and beware, he lets thee in a maid, not to come out a maid.

Beware. If it be done, then good night to you, you poor, poor things. If you love yourselves, do nothing to pleasure any spoiler, except with the ring on the finger.

VALENTINE *comes forward.*

Who art thou luring here? by God! thou cursed ratcatcher! First, to the devil with the instrument, then to the devil with the singer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The guitar is broken to pieces! It is all up with it!

VALENTINE.

Now then for a scull-cracking.

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.

Don't give way, Doctor! Courage. Stick close,

and do as I tell you. Out with your toasting-iron!
Thrust away, and I will parry.

VALENTINE.

Parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not?

VALENTINE.

That too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To be sure.

VALENTINE.

I believe the devil is fighting. What is that? My
hand is already getting powerless.

MEPHISTOPHELES to FAUST.

Thrust home.

VALENTINE *falls*.

Oh, torture.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The clown is tamed now. But away! We must
vanish in a twinkling, for a horrible outcry is already
raised. I am perfectly at home with the police, but
should find it hard to clear scores with the criminal
courts.

MARTHA (*at the window,*)

Out! out!

MARGARET (*at the window.*)

Bring a light!

MARTHA (*as before.*)

They are railing and scuffling, screaming and fighting.

PEOPLE.

Here lies one dead already.

MARTHA (*coming out.*)

Have the murderers escaped?

MARGARET (*coming out.*)

Who lies here?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Almighty God! what misery!

VALENTINE.

I am dying! that is soon said, and sooner still done. What are you women howling and wailing about? Approach and listen to me. (*All come round him.*)

Look ye, Margaret! you are still young! you are not yet adroit enough, and manage your matters ill. I tell it you in confidence; since you are, once for all, a whore, be one in good earnest.

MARGARET.

Brother! God! What do you mean?

VALENTINE.

Leave God out of the game. What is done, alas! cannot be undone, and things will take their course. You begin privately with one; more of them soon

follow; and when a dozen have had you, the whole town will have you too.

When first Shame is born, she is brought into the world clandestinely, and the veil of night is drawn over her head and ears. Aye, people would fain stifle her. But when she grows and waxes big, she walks flauntingly in open day, and yet is not a whit the fairer. The uglier her face becomes, the more she courts the light of day.

I already see the time when all honest citizens will turn aside from you, you whore, as from an infected corpse. Your heart will sink within you when they look you in the face. You will wear no golden chain again! No more will you stand at the altar in the church, nor take pride in a fair lace collar at the dance. You will hide yourself in some dark miserable corner, amongst beggars and cripples, and, even should God forgive you, be cursed upon earth!

MARTHA.

Commend your soul to God's mercy. Will you yet heap the sin of slander upon your soul.

VALENTINE.

Could I but get at thy withered body, thou shameless bawd, I should hope to find a full measure of pardon for all my sins?

MARGARET.

My brother! Oh, this agonising pang!

VALENTINE.

Have done with tears, I tell you. When you renounced honour, you gave me the deepest heart-stab of all. I go through death's sleep unto God, a soldier and a brave one. *(He dies.)*

CATHEDRAL.
SERVICE, ORGAN, AND ANTHEM.

MARGARET *amongst a number of People.* EVIL SPIRIT
behind MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT.

How different was it with thee, Margaret,
When still full of innocence,
Thou camest to the altar here—
Out of the well-worn little book
Lispedst prayers,
Half child-sport,
Half God in the heart!
Margaret!
Where is thy head?
In thy heart
What crime?
Prayest thou for thy mother's soul? who
Slept over into long, long pain through thee?
Whose blood is that on thy threshold?
— And under thy heart
Stirs it not quickening even now,
Torturing itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?

MARGARET.

Woe! woe!
Would that I were free from the thoughts
That come over me and across me
Despite of me!

CHORUS.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favillâ. *(Organ plays.)*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Horror seizes thee!
The Trump sounds!
The graves tremble!
And thy heart,
From the repose of its ashes
For fiery torment
Brought to life again,
Trembles up!

MARGARET.

Would that I were hence!
I feel as if the organ
Stifed my breath,
As if the anthem
Dissolved my heart's core!

CHORUS.

Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet adparebit
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

I feel so thronged!
The wall-pillars
Close on me!
The vaulted roof
Presses on me!—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thyself! Sin and shame
Do not remain hidden.
Air? Light?
Woe to thee!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus:

EVIL SPIRIT.

The glorified from thee
Avert their faces.
The pure shudder
To reach thee their hands.
Woe! Woe!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

MARGARET.

Neighbour! Your smelling-bottle!

(She swoons away.)

MAY-DAY NIGHT.
THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

District of Schirke and Elend.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you not long for a broomstick? For my part, I should be glad of the roughest he-goat. By this road we are still far from our destination.

FAUST.

So long as I feel fresh upon my legs, this knotted stick suffices me. What is the use of shortening the way? To creep along the labyrinth of the vales, and then ascend these rocks, from which the ever-bubbling spring precipitates itself,—this is the pleasure which gives zest to such a path. The spring is already weaving in the birch trees, and even the pine is beginning to feel it,—ought it not to have some effect upon our limbs?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Verily, I feel nothing of it. All is wintry in my body, and I should prefer frost and snow upon my path. How melancholy the unfinished disk of the red

moon rises with belated glare! and gives so bad a light, that, at every step, one runs against a tree or a rock. With your leave, I will call a will-o'the-wisp. I see one yonder, burning right merrily. Holloa, there, my friend! may I intreat your company? Why wilt thou blaze away so uselessly? Be so good as to light us up along here.

WILL-O'THE-WISP.

Out of reverence, I hope, I shall succeed in subduing my unsteady nature. Our course is ordinarily but a zigzag one.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha! ha! you think to imitate men. But go straight, in the devil's name, or I will blow your flickering life out.

WILL-O'THE-WISP.

I see well that you are master here, and will willingly accommodate myself to you. But consider! the mountain is magic-mad to-night, and if a will-o'the-wisp is to show you the way, you must not be too particular.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, WILL-O'THE-WISP, in *alternating song*.

Into the sphere of dreams and enchantment, it seems, have we entered. Lead us right, and do yourself credit!—that we may advance betimes in the wide desolate regions.

See trees after trees, how rapidly they move by; and the cliffs, that bow, and the long-snouted rocks, how they snort, how they blow!

Through the stones, through the turf, brook and brookling hurry down. Do I hear rustling? do I hear songs? do I hear the sweet plaint of love?—voices of those blest days?—what we hope, what we love! And Echo, like the tale of old times, sends back the sound.

Too-who, too-who—it sounds nearer; the owl, the pewee, and the jay,—have they all remained awake? Are those salamanders through the brake, with their long legs, thick paunches? And the roots, like snakes, wind from out of rock and sand, and stretch forth strange filaments to terrify, to seize us; from coarse speckles, instinct with life, they set polypus-fibres for the traveller. And the mice, thousand-coloured, in whole tribes, through the moss and through the heath! And the glow-worms fly, in crowded swarms, a confounding escort.

But tell me whether we stand still, or whether we are moving on? Every thing seems to turn round,—rocks and trees, which make grimaces, and the will-o'-the-wisps, which multiply, which swell themselves out.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Keep a stout hold of my skirt! Here is a central

peak, from which one sees with wonder how Mammon is glowing in the mountain.

FAUST.

How strangely a melancholy light, of morning red, glimmers through the mountain gorges, and penetrates even to the deepest recesses of the precipice. Here rises a mist, there float exhalations. Here the glow sparkles out of gauze-like vapour, then steals along like a fine thread, and then again bursts forth like a fountain. Here it winds, a whole track, with a hundred veins through the valley; and here, in the compressed corner, it masses itself at once. There sparks are scattering, like golden sand upsprinkled in the air. But see! the wall-like rock is on fire in all its height.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Does not Sir Mammon illuminate his palace magnificently for this festival? It is lucky that you have seen it. I already scent the boisterous guests.

FAUST.

How the storm-blast is raging through the air! With what thumps it strikes against my neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You must lay hold of the old ribs of the rock, or it will hurl you down into this abyss. A mist thickens the night. Hark! what a crashing through the forest! The owls fly scared away. Hark to the splintering of the ever-green palaces! the crackling and snapping

of the boughs; the mighty groaning of the trunks; the creaking and yawning of the roots—all come crashing down, one over the other, in fearfully confused fall; and the winds hiss and howl through the wreck-covered cliffs! Dost thou hear voices aloft?—in the distance?—close at hand?—Aye, a raving witch-song streams along the whole mountain.

THE WITCHES, *in chorus.*

To the Brocken the witches repair! The stubble is yellow, the corn is green. There the huge multitude is assembled. Sir Urian sits at the top. On they go over stone and stock; the witch —s, the he-goat —s.

VOICES.

Old Baubo comes alone; she rides upon a farrow-sow.

CHORUS.

Then honour to whom honour is due! Mother Baubo to the front, and lead the way! A proper sow and mother upon her,—then follows the whole swarm of witches.

VOICE.

Which way did you come?

VOICE.

By Ilsestein. I there peeped into the owl's nest. She gave me such a look.

VOICE.

Oh, drive to hell! What a rate you are riding at!

VOICE.

She has grazed me in passing: only look at the wound.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The way is broad, the way is long. What mad throng is this? The fork sticks, the besom scratches; the child is suffocated, the mother bursts.

WIZARDS.—HALF-CHORUS.

We steal along like snails in their house; the women are all before; for in going to the house of the wicked one, the woman is a thousand steps in advance.

THE OTHER HALF.

We do not take that so precisely. The woman does it with a thousand steps. But, let her make as much haste as she can, the man does it at a single bound.

VOICES (*above.*)

Come with us, come with us, from Felsensee!

VOICES (*from below.*)

We should like to mount with you. We wash and are thoroughly clean, but we are ever barren.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is still, the stars fly, the melancholy moon is glad to hide herself. The magic-choir sputters forth sparks by thousands in its whizzing.

VOICE (*from below.*)

Hold! hold!

VOICE (*from above.*)

Who calls there from the cleft in the rock?

VOICE (*from below.*)

Take me with you! take me with you! I have been mounting for three hundred years already, and cannot reach the top. I would fain be with my fellows.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The besom carries, the stick carries, the fork carries, the he-goat carries. Who cannot raise himself to-night, is lost for ever.

DEMI-WITCH (*below.*)

I have been tottering after such a length of time,—how far the others are a-head already! I have no rest at home,—and don't get it here neither.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The salve gives courage to the witches; a rag is good for a sail; every trough makes a good ship; he will never fly, who flew not to-night.

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when we round the peak, let yourselves down upon the ground, and cover the heath far and wide with your swarm of witch-hood.

(*They let themselves down.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There's crowding and pushing, rustling and clattering! There's whizzing and twirling, bustling and babbling! There's glittering, sparkling, stinking, burn-

ing! A true witch-element! But stick close to me, or we shall be separated in a moment. Where art thou?

FAUST (*in the distance.*)

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! already torn away so far? I must exert my authority as master. Room! Squire Voland comes. Make room, sweet people, make room! Here, Doctor, take hold of me! and now, at one bound, let us get clear of the crowd. It is too mad, even for the like of me. Hard by there, shines something with a peculiar light. Something attracts me towards those bushes. Come along, we will slip in there.

FAUST.

Thou spirit of contradiction! But go on! thou may'st lead me. It was wisely done, to be sure. We repair to the Brocken on Walpurgis' night, to isolate ourselves when we get here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only see what variegated flames! A merry club is met together. One is not alone in a small company.

FAUST.

I should prefer being above, though! I already see flame and eddying smoke. Yonder the multitude is streaming to the Evil One. Many a riddle must there be untied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And many a riddle is also tied anew. Let the great world bluster as it will, we will here house ourselves in peace. It is an old saying, that in the great world one makes little worlds. Yonder I see young witches, naked and bare, and old ones, who prudently cover themselves. Be compliant, if only for my sake; the trouble is small, the sport is great. I hear the tuning of instruments! Confounded jangle! One must accustom oneself to it. Come along, come along! it cannot be otherwise. I will go forward and introduce you, and I shall lay you under a fresh obligation. What sayest thou, friend? this is no trifling space. Only look! you can hardly see the end. A hundred fires are burning in a row. People are dancing, talking cooking, drinking, love-making. Now tell me where anything better is to be found!

FAUST.

To introduce us here, do you intend to present yourself as wizard or devil?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth, I am much used to go incognito. But one shows one's orders on gala days. I have no garter to distinguish me, but the cloven foot is held in high honour here. Do you see the snail there? she comes creeping up, and with her feelers has already found out something in me. Even if I would, I could not deny

myself here. But come! we will go from fire to fire; I'll be the pander, and you shall be the gallant.

(To some who are sitting round some expiring embers.)

Old gentlemen, what are you doing here at the extremity? I should commend you, did I find you nicely in the middle, in the thick of the riot and youthful revelry. Every one is surely enough alone at home.

GENERAL.

Who can put his trust in nations, though he has done ever so much for them? For with the people, as with the women, youth has always the upper hand.

MINISTER.

At present people are wide astray from the right path—the good old ones for me! For, verily, when we were all in all, that was the true golden age.

PARVENU.

We, too, were certainly no fools, and often did what we ought not. But now every thing is turned topsyturvy, and just when we wished to keep it firm.

AUTHOR.

Who now-a-days, speaking generally, likes to read a work of even moderate sense? And as for the rising generation, they were never so malapert.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(who all at once appears very old.)*

I feel the people ripe for doomsday, now that I ascend the witch-mountain for the last time; and be-

cause my own cask runs thick, the world also is come to the dregs.

A WITCH who sells old cloaths and frippery.

Do not pass by in this manner, gentlemen! Now is your time. Look at my wares attentively; I have them of all sorts. And yet there is nothing in my shop—which has not its fellow upon earth—that has not, some time or other, wrought proper mischief to mankind and to the world. There is no dagger here, from which blood has not flowed; no chalice, from which hot consuming poison has not been poured into a healthy body; no trinket, which has not seduced some amiable woman; no sword, which has not cut some tie asunder, which has not perchance stabbed an adversary from behind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cousin! you understand but ill the temper of the times. Done, happened! Happened, done! Take to dealing in novelties; novelties only have any attraction for us.

FAUST.

If I can but keep my senses! This is a fair with a vengeance!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The whole throng struggles upwards. You think to shove, and you yourself are shoved.

FAUST.

Who, then, is that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well! That is Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife: Beware of her fair hair, of that ornament in which she shines pre-eminent. When she ensnares a young man with it, she does not let him off again so easily.

FAUST.

There sit two, the old one with the young one. They have already capered a good bit!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That has neither stop nor stay to-night. A new dance is beginning; come, we will set to.

FAUST (*dancing with the young one.*)

I had once upon a time a fair dream. In it, I saw an apple-tree; two lovely apples glittered on it: they enticed me, I climbed up.

THE FAIR ONE.

You are very fond of apples, and have been so from Paradise downwards. I feel moved with joy, that my garden also bears such.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the old one.*)

I had once upon a time a wild dream. In it, I saw a cleft tree. It had a — — —; — as it was, it pleased me notwithstanding.

THE OLD ONE.

I present my best respects to the knight of the cloven foot. Let him have a ——— ready, if he does not fear ——— .

PROCKTOPHANTASMIST.

Confounded mob! how dare you? Was it not long since demonstrated to you? A spirit never stands upon ordinary feet; and you are actually dancing away, like us other mortals!

THE FAIR ONE.

What does he come to our ball for then?

FAUST, *dancing.*

Ha! He is absolutely everywhere. He must appraise what others dance! If he cannot talk about every step, the step is as good as never made at all. He is most vexed, when we go forwards. If you would but turn round in a circle, as he does in his old mill, he would term that good, I dare say; particularly were you to consult him about it.

PROCKTOPHANTASMIST.

You are still here, then! No, that is unheard of! But vanish! We have enlightened the world, you know! That devil's crew, they pay no attention to rule. We are so wise,—and Tegel is haunted, notwithstanding! How long I have been sweeping away at the delusion; and it never becomes clean! It is unheard of!

THE FAIR ONE.

Have done boring us here, at any rate, then!

PROCKTOPHANTASMIST.

I tell you Spirits, to your faces, I endure not the despotism of the spirit. My spirit cannot exercise it.

(The dancing goes on.)

To-night, I see, I shall succeed in nothing; but I am always ready for a journey; and still hope, before my last step, to get the better of the devils and the poets.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He will, forthwith, seat himself in a puddle; that is his mode of solacing himself; and when leeches have feasted on his rump, he is cured of spirits and spirit.

(To FAUST, who has left the dance.)

Why do you leave the pretty girl, who sung so sweetly to you in the dance?

FAUST.

Ah! in the middle of the song, a red mouse jumped out of her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is nothing out of the way in that. One must not be too nice about such matters. Enough that the mouse was not grey. Who cares for such things in a moment of enjoyment.

FAUST.

Then I saw—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, do you see yonder a pale fair girl standing alone and far off? She drags herself but slowly from the place; she seems to move with fettered feet. I must own, she seems to me to resemble poor Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do but let that alone! no good can come of it. It is a creation of enchantment, is lifeless,—an idol. It is not well to meet it; the blood of man thickens at its chill look, and he is well nigh turned to stone. You have heard, no doubt, of Medusa.

FAUST.

In truth, they are the eyes of a corpse, which there was no fond hand to close. That is the breast, which Margaret yielded to me; that is the sweet body, which I enjoyed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That is sorcery, thou easily deluded fool; for she wears to every one the semblance of his beloved.

FAUST.

What bliss! what suffering! I cannot tear myself from that look. How strangely does a single red line, no thicker than the back of a knife, adorn that lovely neck.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right! I see it too. She can also carry her head under her arm, for Perseus has cut it off for her. But ever this fondness for delusion! Come up the hill, however; here all is as merry as in the Prater; and, if I am not bewitched, I actually see a theatre. What is going on here, then?

SERVIBILIS.

They will recommence immediately. A new piece, the last of seven;—it is the custom here to give so many. A dilettante has written it, and dilettanti play it. Excuse me, Gentlemen, but I must be off. It is my dilettante office to draw up the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

When I find you upon the Blocksberg,—that is just what I approve; for this is the proper place for you.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM.

OR

OBERON AND TITANIA'S
GOLDEN WEDDING FEAST.

Intermezzo.

10

THEATRE-MANAGER.

To-day we rest for once; we, the brave sons of Mieding. Old mountain and damp dale,—that is the whole scenery!

HERALD.

That the wedding-feast may be golden, fifty years are to be past; but if the quarrel is over, I shall like the golden the better.

OBERON.

If ye spirits are with me, this is the time to show it: the king and the queen, they are united anew.

PUCK.

When Puck comes and twists himself round, and his foot trails in the dance,—hundreds come after to rejoice along with him.

ARIEL.

Ariel awakes the song, in tones of heavenly purity: his music lures many trifles, but it also lures the fair.

OBERON.

Wedded ones, who would agree,—let them take a lesson from us two. To make a couple love each other, it is only necessary to separate them.

TITANIA.

If the husband looks gruff, and the wife be whimsical, take hold of both of them immediately. Conduct me her to the South, and him to the extremity of the North.

ORCHESTRA TUTTI.

FORTISSIMO.

Flies' snouts, and gnats' noses, with their kindred! Frog in the leaves and cricket in the grass: they are the musicians!

SOLO.

See, here comes the bagpipe! It is the soap-bubble. Hark to the Schnecke-schnicke-schnack through its dull nose.

SPIRIT WHICH IS JUST FORMED.

Spider's foot and toad's belly, and little wings for the little wight! There is not an animalcula, it is true, but there is a little poem.

A PAIR OF LOVERS.

Little step and high bound, through honey-dew, and exhalations. Truly, you trip it me enough, but you do not mount into the air.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Is not this masquerading-mockery? Can I believe my eyes? To see the beauteous god, Oberon, here to-night, too!

ORTHODOX.

No claws, no tail! Yet it stands beyond a doubt that, even as "The Gods of Greece," so is he too a devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.

What I catch, is at present only sketch-ways as it were; but I prepare myself betimes for the Italian journey.

PURIST.

Ah! my ill-fortune brings me hither; what a constant scene of rioting! and of the whole host of witches, only two are powdered.

YOUNG WITCH.

Powder as well as petticoats are for little old and grey women. Therefore I sit naked upon my he-goat, and show a stout body.

MATRON.

We have too much good-breeding to squabble with you here. But I hope you will rot, young and delicate as you are.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Flies' snouts and gnats' noses, don't swarm so about the naked. Frog in leaves and cricket in the grass! Continue, however, to keep time, I beg of you.

WEATHERCOCK *towards one side.*

Company to one's heart's content! Truly, nothing but brides! and young bachelors, man for man! the hopefullest people!

WEATHERCOCK, towards the other side.

And if the ground does not open, to swallow up all of them—with a quick run, I will immediately jump into hell.

XENIEN.

We are here as insects, with little sharp holders, to honour Satan, our worshipful papa, according to his dignity.

HENNINGS.

See! how naively they joke together in a crowded troop. They will e'en say in the end, that they had good hearts.

MUSAGET.

I like full well to lose myself in this host of witches; for, truly, I should know how to manage these better than Muses.

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

With proper people, one becomes somebody. Come, take hold of my skirt! The Blocksberg, like the German Parnassus, has a very broad top.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Tell me what is the name of that stiff man? He walks with stiff steps. He snuffles at every thing he can snuffle at. "He is scenting out Jesuits."

THE CRANE.

I like to fish in clear and even in troubled waters. On the same principle you see the pious gentleman associate even with devils.

WORLDLING.

Aye, for the pious, believe me, every thing is a vehicle. They actually form many a conventicle, here upon the Blocksberg.

DANCER.

Here is surely a new choir coming! I hear distant drums. But don't disturb yourselves! there are single-toned bullfinches in the reeds.

DOGMATIST.

I will not be put out of my opinion, not by either critics or doubts. The Devil, though, must be something; for how else could there be a devil?

IDEALIST.

Phantasy, this once, is really too masterful in my mind. Truly, if I be All, I must be silly to-day.

REALIST.

Entity is a regular plague to me, and cannot but vex me much. I stand here for the first time not firm upon my feet.

SUPERNATURALIST.

I am greatly pleased at being here. and am delighted with these; for, from devils, I can certainly draw conclusions as to good spirits.

SCEPTIC.

They follow the track of the flame, and believe themselves near the treasure. Only doubt (*zweifel*) rhymes to devil (*teufel*). Here I am quite at home.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Frog in the leaves and cricket in the grass! Confounded dilettanti! Flies' snouts and gnats' noses; you are fine musicians!

THE KNOWING ONES.

Sanscouci, that is the name of the host of merry creatures. There is no longer any walking upon feet, wherefore we walk upon our heads.

THE MALADROIT ONES.

In times past we have spunged many a tit-bit; but now, good bye to all that! Our shoes are danced through; we run on bare soles.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

We come from the bog, from which we are just sprung; but we are the glittering gallants here in the dance directly.

STAR-SHOOT.

From on high, in star-and-fire-light, I shot hither. I am now lying crooked-ways in the grass; who will help me upon my legs?

THE MASSIVE ONES.

Room! room! and round about! so down go the grass-stalks. Spirits are coming, but spirits as they are, they have plump limbs.

PUCK.

Don't tread so heavily, like elephant's cubs; and the plumpest on this day, be the stout Puck himself.

ARIEL.

If kind nature gave—if the spirit gave you wings,
follow my light track, up to the hill of roses.

ORCHESTER, *pianissimo*.

Drifting clouds, and wreathed mists, brighten from
on high! Breeze in the leaves, and wind in the rushes,
and all is dissipated!

A GLOOMY DAY.—A PLAIN.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

IN misery! Despairing! Long a wretched wanderer upon the earth and now a prisoner! The dear unhappy being, cooped up in the dungeon as a malefactor for horrid tortures! Even to that! to that! Treacherous worthless Spirit, and this hast thou concealed from me! Stand, only stand! roll thy devilish eyes infuriated in thy head! Stand and brave me with thy unbearable presence! A prisoner! In irremediable misery! Given over to evil spirits, and to sentence-passing, unfeeling humanity! And me, in the mean time, hast thou been lulling with tasteless dissipations, concealing her growing wretchedness from me, and leaving her to perish without help.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUST.

Dog! horrible monster!—Turn him, thou Infinite Spirit! turn the reptile back again into his dog's shape,

in which he was often pleased to trot before me by night, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and fasten on his shoulders when he tumbles down. Turn him again into his favourite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the sand, whilst I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate! Not the first! Misery! misery! It is inconceivable by any human soul, that more than one creature can have sunk into such a depth of misery,—that the first, in its writhing death-agony, was not sufficient to atone for the guilt of all the rest in the sight of the Ever-Pardoning. The misery of this one grinds me to the quick; thou art grinning calmly at the fate of thousands.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now are we already at our wits ends again! just where the sense of you mortals snaps with overstraining. Why dost thou enter into fellowship with us, if thou canst not go through with it? Will'st fly, and art not safe from dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou thyself on us?

FAUST.

Gnash not thy greedy teeth thus defyingly at me! I loathe thee! Great, glorious Spirit, thou who deignedst to appear to me, thou who knowest my heart and my soul, why yoke me to this shame-fellow, who feeds on mischief, and battens on destruction!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast done?

FAUST.

Save her! or woe to thee! •The most horrible curse
on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the shackles of the avenger, nor
undo his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it that plunged
her into ruin? I or thou?

(FAUST looks wildly around.)

Art thou grasping after the thunder? Well, that is
not given to you wretched mortals! To dash to pieces
one who meets you in all innocence—that is just the
tyrant's way of venting himself in perplexities.

FAUST.

Bring me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to which you expose yourself?
Know, blood-guiltiness by your hand still lies upon the
town. Avenging spirits hover over the place of the
slain, and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

That, too, from thee? Murder and death of a world
upon thee, monster! Conduct me hence, I say, and
free her!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct thee, and what I can, hear! Have I

all power in heaven and upon earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses; do you possess yourself of the keys, and bear her off with human hand. I will watch! The magic horses will be ready, I will bear you off. This much I can do.

FAUST.

Up and away!

NIGHT.—OPEN PLAIN.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *rushing along upon black horses.*

FAUST.

What are they working—those about the Ravenstone yonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

—Can't tell what they're cooking and making.

FAUST.

—Are waving upwards—waving downwards—bending—stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witch-company.

FAUST.

They are sprinkling and charming.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On! on!

DUNGEON.

FAUST,

(with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket.)

A tremor, long unfelt, seizes me; the concentrated misery of mankind fastens on me. Here, behind these damp walls, is her dwelling-place, and her crime was a good delusion! Thou tremblest to go to her! Thou fearest to see her again! On! thy irresolution lingers death hitherwards.

(He takes hold of the lock.—Singing within.)

My mother, the whore,

She was the death of me!

My father, the rogue,

He ate me up!

My little sister

Picked up the bones

At a cool place!

There I became a beautiful little wood-bird.

Fly away! fly away!

FAUST (*opening the lock.*)

She has no presentiment that her lover is listening,
hears the chains clank, the straw rustle.

(*He enters.*)

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the bed of straw.*)

Woé! woe! They come. Bitter death!

FAUST (*softly.*)

Hush! hush! I come to free thee.

MARGARET (*throwing herself before him.*)

If thou art human, feel for my wretchedness.

FAUST.

You will wake the guard by your cries!

(*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*)

MARGARET (*on her knees.*)

Who has given thee, executioner, this power over
me? You come for me whilst it is yet midnight.
Be merciful and let me live. Is not to-morrow morn-
ing time enough?

(*She stands up.*)

I am yet so young, so young! and am to die already!
I was fair, too, and that was my undoing! My true-
love was near, he is now far away. Torn lies the gar-
land, scattered the flowers. Don't take hold of me so
roughly! Spare me! What have I done to you? Let
me not implore in vain. I never saw you before in all
my life, you know!

FAUST.

Shall I survive this misery?

MARGARET.

I am now entirely in thy power. Only let me first give suck to the child. I pressed it this whole night to my heart. They took it away to vex me, and say now, I killed it. And I shall never be happy again. They sing songs upon me! It is wicked of the people. An old tale ends so,—who bids them apply it?

FAUST throws himself down.

A lover lies at thy feet, to unloose the bonds of wretchedness.

MARGARET throws herself by his side.

Aye, let us kneel to invoke the saints. See, under these steps, under the threshold, hell is seething. The Evil One, with fearful fury, is making a din!

FAUST exclaiming.

Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET listening.

That was my true-love's voice.

(She springs up. The chains fall off.)

Where is he? I heard him call. I am free! Nobody shall hinder me. I will fly to his neck! lie on his bosom! He called Margaret! He stood upon the threshold. In the midst, through the howling and clattering of hell, through the grim devilish scoffing, I recognised the sweet, the loving tone.



FAUST.

'Tis I.

MARGARET.

'Tis thou! Ah, say so once again!

(clasping him.)

'Tis he! 'Tis he! Whither is all my wretchedness? Whither the agony of the dungeon?—the chains? 'Tis thou! Thou com'st to save me. I am saved!—There again already is the street, where I saw you for the first time; and the cheerful garden, where I and Martha waited for you.

FAUST, *striving to take her away.*

Come along! come along!

MARGARET.

Oh tarry! I like to tarry where thou tarriest.

(caressing him.)

FAUST.

Haste! If you do not make haste, we shall pay dearly for it.

MARGARET.

What! you can no longer kiss? So short a time away from me, my love, and already forgotten how to kiss? Why do I feel so sad upon your neck? when, in other times, a whole heaven came over me from your words, your looks; and you kissed me as if you were going to smother me! Kiss me! or I will kiss you!

(She embraces him.)

O woe! your lips are cold,—are dumb. Where have you left your love? who has robbed me of it?

(She turns from him.)

FAUST.

Come! follow me! take courage, my love. I will press thee to my heart with thousandfold warmth—only follow me! I ask thee but this.

MARGARET, *(turning to him.)*

And is it thou, then? And is it thou, indeed?

FAUST.

'Tis I. Come along!

MARGARET.

You undo the fetters, you take me to your bosom again! How comes it that you are not afraid of me? And do you then know, my love, whom you are freeing?

FAUST.

Come, come, the depth of night is already passing away.

MARGARET.

I have killed my mother, I have drowned my child. Was it not bestowed on thee and me?—on thee too? 'Tis thou! I scarcely believe it. Give me thy hand. It is no dream, thy dear hand!—but oh, 'tis damp! wipe it off. As it seems to me, there is blood on it. Oh, God, what hast thou done? Put up thy sword! I pray thee, do!

FAUST.

Let by-gones be by-gones. Thou wilt kill me.

MARGARET.

No, you must remain behind. I will describe the graves to you; you must see to them the first thing to-morrow. Give my mother the best place;—my brother close by;—me, a little on one side, only not too far off! And the little one on my right breast; no one else will lie by me. To nestle to *thy* side,—that were a sweet, a dear delight! But nothing will ever go right with me again. I feel as if I were irresistibly drawn to you, and you were thrusting me off. And yet 'tis you; and you look so good, so kind.

FAUST.

If you feel that 'tis I, come along.

MARGARET.

Out there?

FAUST.

Into the free air!

MARGARET.

If the grave is without, if death lies in wait,—then come! Hence into the eternal resting place, and not a step farther.—Thou art now going away? O Henry, could I but go too!

FAUST.

Thou canst! Only consent! The door stands open.

MARGARET.

I dare not go out; there is no hope for me. What avails it flying? They are lying in wait for me. It is so miserable to be obliged to beg,—and, what is worse, with an evil conscience, too. It is so miserable to wander in a strange land,—and they will catch me, do as I will.

FAUST.

I will stay with thee.

MARGARET.

Quick, quick? Save thy poor child. Away! Keep the path up by the brook—over the bridge—into the wood—to the left where the plank is—in the pond. Only quick and catch hold of it! it tries to rise! it is still struggling! Help! help!

FAUST.

Collect thyself, I beg. Only one step, and thou art free.

MARGARET.

Were we but past the hill! There sits my mother on a stone—my brain grows chill!—there sits my mother on a stone, and waves her head to and fro. She signs not, she nods not, her head is heavy; she slept so long, she'll wake no more. She slept that we might enjoy ourselves. Those were pleasant times!

FAUST.

As no prayer, no persuasion, is here of any avail, I will risk the bearing thee away.

MARGARET.

Let me alone! No, I endure no violence! Lay not hold of me so murderously! Time was, you know, when I did all to pleasure you.

FAUST.

The day is dawning! My love! my love!

MARGARET.

Day! Yes, it is growing day! The last day is pressing in! It was to be my wedding-day! Tell no one that thou hadst been with Margaret already. Woe to my garland! It is all over now! We shall meet again, but not at the dance. The crowd thickens; it is not heard. The square, the streets, cannot hold them. The bell tolls!—the staff breaks! How they bind and seize me! Already am I hurried off to the blood-seat! Already quivering for every neck is the sharp steel which quivers for mine. Dumb lies the world as the grave!

FAUST.

Oh that I had never been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES *appears within.*

Up! or you are lost. Profitless hesitation! Linger and prattling! My horses shudder; the morning is gloaming up.

MARGARET.

What rises up from the bottom? He! He! Send him away! What would he at the holy place? He would me!

FAUST.

Thou art to live!

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! I have given myself up to thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES to FAUST.

Come! come! I will leave you in the lurch with her.

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! Save me! Ye Angels! Ye Holy Hosts, range yourselves round about, to guard me! Henry! I am horror-struck for thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is judged!

VOICE *from above.*

Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES to FAUST.

Hither to me!

(*disappears with FAUST.*)

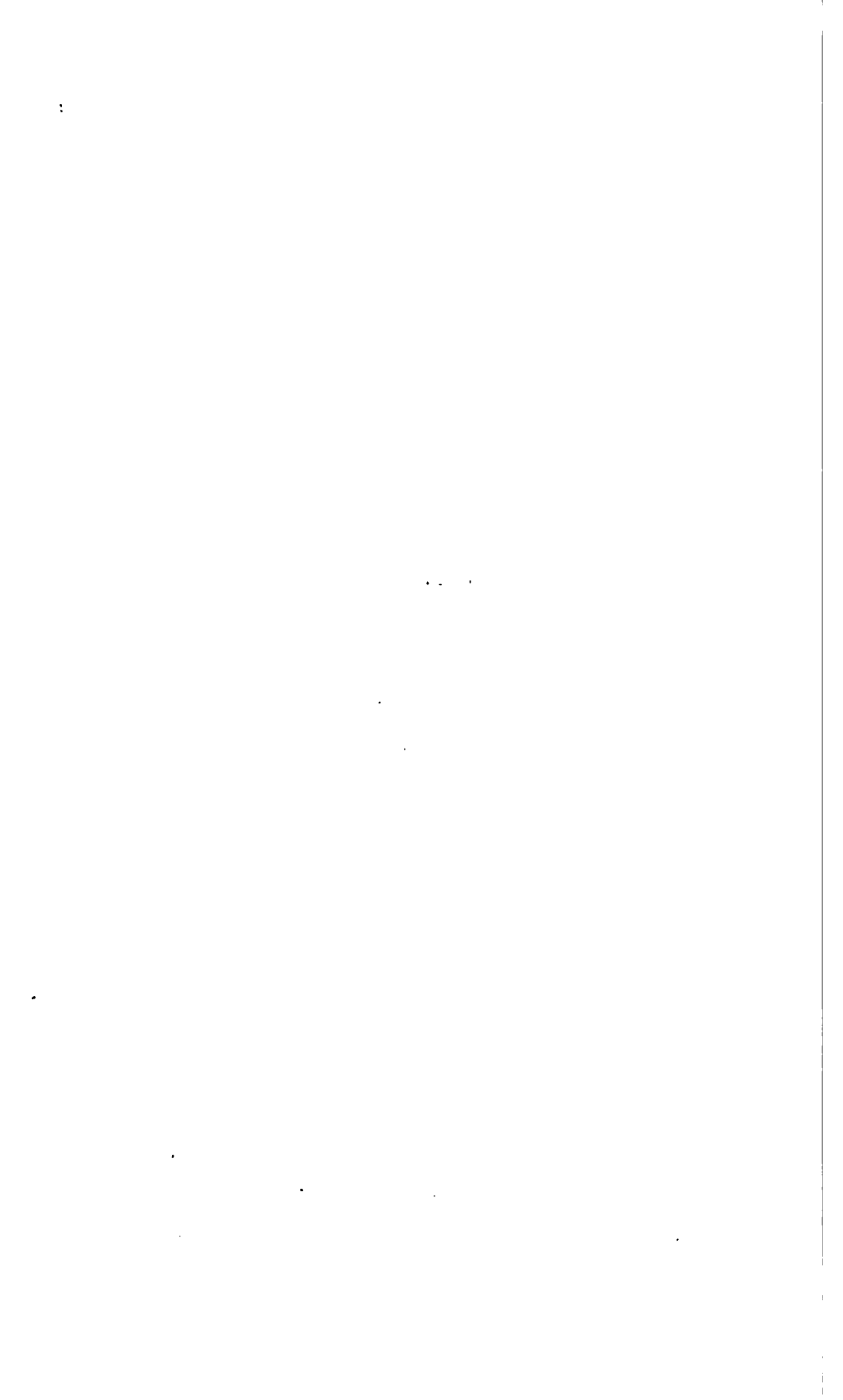
VOICE *from within, dying away.*

Henry! Henry!



NOTES.

[If the reader does not require explanation, there seems no necessity for intruding it on him or breaking any interest he may happen to feel in the work. In the text, therefore, I have omitted all reference to the notes.—A. H.]



NOTES.

Prologue in Heaven.

Page 1. *Prologue in Heaven.*]—The idea of this prologue is taken from the Book of Job, chapters 1st and 2nd. “It is worthy of remark,” says Dr. Schubarth, “that in the guise in which the poet introduces his Mephistopheles, a great difference is to be seen between his mode of treating the principle of evil and that followed by Klopstock, Milton, and Lord Byron in Cain. It has also been a matter of course, to hold to one side only of the biblical tradition, which represents Satan as an angel of light fallen through pride and haughtiness, endeavouring to disturb the glorious creation of the Supreme Being. Goethe, on the contrary, has adhered rather to the other side of tradition, of which the Book of Job is the groundwork, according to which Satan or the Devil forms one of the Lord’s Host, not as a rebel against his will, but as a powerful tempter, authorised and appointed as such &c.” (*Vorlesungen*). We are also called upon to admire the propriety of the parts assigned to the Archangels in the Introductory Song. Dr. Hinrichs shows some anxiety to establish that The Lord depicted

by Goethe, is *The Lord of Christianity*. On this subject he has the following note, which, Retsch's *Outlines* being well known in this country, seems worth copying:—"That *The Lord* in this poem is the Christian God, and therefore the Divine Spirit, Cornelius also signifies in the title-page of his *Illustrations of Faust*, where the Lord, in the middle of an unequal square, begirt by a half circle of angels, bears the triple crown upon his head and the terrestrial globe in his left hand; whilst in Retsch's *Illustrations of Faust*, the Lord without the triple crown and the cross, does not express the Christian God, and for that reason the conception is not embraced by it."—(*Vorl.* p. 36.)

p. 2. *But thy angels, Lord, respect the mild going of thy day.*]—*Boten* is literally, messengers; but angels, ἀγγελοι, are the messengers of God. The use of the word *going*, in the above sense, is a plagiarism:—

"The day is placid in its going,
So a lingering sweetness bound
Like a river in its flowing"—*Wordsworth*.

p. 4. *A good man in his dark perplexity, &c.*]—The same exalted confidence in human nature is expressed in another passage of Goethe's works:—

"Wenn einen Menschen die Natur erhoben
Ist es kein Wunder, wenn ihm viel gelingt;
Mann muss in ihm die Macht des Schöpfers loben
Der schwachen Thon zu solcher Ehre-bringt:
Doch wenn ein Mann von allen Lebensproben
Die sauerste besteht, sich selbst bezwingt;
Dann kann man ihn mit Freuden Andern zeigen,
Und sagen: Das ist er, das ist sein eigen."—

Geheimnisse.

p. 5. *The Scoffer is the least offensive to me.*]—Shelley translates *Schalk, rogue*, but this certainly does not convey the character of Mephistopheles, nor am I aware of any English word that would. The meaning must be: I prefer a roguish devil who sneers or scoffs at my works to one who openly defies.

p. 5. *The creative essence &c.*]—It is quite impossible to translate this passage, and I have never seen a satisfactory explanation of it. *Das Werden* is literally *The Becoming*, but *werden* is rather the Greek *γίνομαι* than the English *to become*. The following extract from Coleridge's *Aids to Reflections*, may help the reader to a better understanding of the word. After saying: "The scheme of grace and truth that *became* through Jesus Christ" &c. he adds by way of note to the word *became*: "the Greek word *εγενετο* unites in itself the two senses of *began to exist* and *was made to exist*. It exemplifies the force of the *middle voice*, in distinction from the verb reflex. In answer to a note on John, i. 2., in the Unitarian version of the New Testament, I think it worth noticing that the same word is used in the very same sense by Aristophanes in that famous parody on the cosmogonies of the mystic poets, or the creation of the finite, as delivered or supposed to be delivered in the Cabiric or Samothracian Mysteries, in the Comedy of the Birds:

γένετ' Ὀὐρανός, Ὠκεανός τε

Καὶ Γῆ.

Aids &c. 2d Edit. p. 18.

A friend, whom I consulted about this passage, sent me the following note:—"Creation's energy—ever

active and alive—encircle you with the joyous bounds of love — and that which flits before you, a fluent and changeful phantom, do ye fix by the power of enduring thought!" I back this translation against yours; but then I have picked up a dropped feather from the spicy nest of the phoenix, Coleridge: "The particles that constitute the *size*, the visibility of an organic structure, are in perpetual flux. They are to the combining and constitutive power, as the pulses of air to the voice of a discourser, or of one who sings a roundelay. The same words may be repeated; but in each second of time the articulated air hath passed away, and each act of articulation appropriates and gives momentary form to a new and other portion. As the column of blue smoke from a cottage chimney in the breathless summer noon—or the steadfast-seeming cloud on the edge-point of a hill in the driving air current, which momentarily condensed and recomposed is *the common phantom of a thousand successors* (*schwankende Erscheinung*,) such is the flesh (and every organised body) which our *bodily* eyes transmit to us, which our Palates taste, which our Hands touch."—*Aids &c.* p. 392.

p. 5. *I like to see the Ancient One occasionally.*—Shelley translates *den Alten*, the Old Fellow. But the term may allude merely to "The Ancient of Days," and is not necessarily a disrespectful one. In allusion to Mephistopheles' liking to see The Lord occasionally, Dr. Hinrichs observes: "A fallen angel, as Shakespeare himself says, is still an angel, who likes to see the Lord occasionally, and avoids breaking with him, wherefore we find Mephistopheles in heaven amongst the host."—p. 37.

The following passage occurs in Falk : " Yet even the clever Madame de Stael was greatly scandalized that I (Goethe) kept the devil in such good humour. In the presence of God the Father, she insisted upon it, he ought to be more grim and spiteful. What will she say if she sees him promoted a step higher—nay, perhaps, meets him in heaven ?"

First Scene in Faust's Study.

p. 7. The opening scene in the Study is the only part in which the Faustus of Marlow bears any similarity to the Faust of Goethe. I give it, with the Chorus, in which an outline of the traditional story is sketched :

ENTER CHORUS.

Not marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagen ;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love ;
In courts of kings, where state is overturn'd ;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse ;
Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad :
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy,
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes :
At riper years to Wittenburg he went,
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology :
Till, swoln with cunning and a self-conceit,

His waxen wings did mount above his reach ;
 And melting heavens conspired his overthrow :
 For falling to a devilish exercise,
 And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
 He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
 Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
 Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
 Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.
 And this the man that in his study sits.

ACT THE FIRST.—SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *in his Study.*

FAUST. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin,
 To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess ;
 Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
 Yet level at the end of every art,
 And live and die in Aristotle's works.
 Sweet analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me.
 Bene disserere est fines logicis.
 Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end ?
 Affords this art no greater miracle ?
 Then read no more ; thou hast attain'd that end,
 A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit :
 Bid economy farewell : and Galen come.
 Be a physician, Faustus ; heap up gold,
 And be eterniz'd for some wond'rous cure ;
 Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas ;
 The end of physic is our bodies' health.
 Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end ?
 Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
 Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
 And thousand desperate maladies been cur'd ?

Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.
Could'st thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic farewell. Where is Justinian ?

Si una eademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.

A petty case of paltry legacies.
Exhereditari filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law.

This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best.

Jerome's bible, Faustus : view it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est : ha! stipendium, &c.
The reward of sin is death : that's hard.
Si peccâsse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis
veritas,

If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and
there is no truth in us.

Why then belike we must sin,
And so consequently die.

Aye, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? Che, sera, sera :
What will be, shall be ; divinity adieu.
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly !
Lines, circles, letters, characters :
Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.
Oh ! what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artisan !

All things that move between the quiet pole.
 Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
 Are but obey'd in their several provinces ;
 But his dominion that exceeds in this,
 Stretches as far as doth the mind of man :
 A sound magician is a demigod.
 Here tire my brains to get a deity. (*Enter Wagner.*)
 (*Marlow's Works, vol. ii.*)

Lord Byron did not understand German, and has asserted that all he knew of Faust was from a *viva voce* translation of parts of it by Monk Lewis. Goethe, however, as is well known, always considered Manfred to be founded upon Faust. (See *Byron's Works, last edit.* vol. xi. p. 71.) All three works, however, are so essentially distinct, that I see not the slightest ground for impugning either Goethe's or Byron's originality. Byron also terms the Deformed Transformed a Faustish kind of drama; and in some sense almost every thing he wrote might be called Faustish.

p. 8. *I have therefore devoted myself to magic.*—Goethe tells us in his Memoirs, that, whilst confined by ill-health, he and a Miss von Klettenberg, with whom he appears to have had a sort of liaison at the time, read through several books on alchemy: e. g. Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabalisticum*, Theophrastus Paracelsus, Basilus Valentinus, Helmont, Starkey, and the *Aurea Catena Homeri*.* The study of these writers subsequently induced Goethe to put up a small chemical apparatus, of which he says: "now were certain in-

* Döring (p. 72) mentions the circumstance and connects it with Faust.

redients of the Macrocosmus and Microcosmus dealt with after a strange fashion." In his *Farbenlehre*, also, he enters upon an animated defence of natural magic. It is clear from many passages in his Memoirs, that the reflections on the insufficiency of knowledge which he has here put into the mouth of Faust, were his own at one period of his life, though he subsequently attained to a better estimate of it. For instance: "The remarkable puppet-show fable of Faust, found many an answering echo in my breast. I too had ranged through the whole round of knowledge, and was early enough led to see its vanity."

p. 9. *Nostradamus.*]—The following account of this worthy is given in the *Conversations-Lexicon*:—"Nostradamus, properly Michel Notre Dame, born in 1503, at St. Remy in Provence, of a family of Jewish origin, studied medicine, applied himself somewhat to quackery, and fell at last into the favourite malady of his age, astrology. The prophecies which from his seclusion at Salon he made known in rhymed quatrains under the title of "Centuries of the World," excited great notice by their style and their obscurity. Henry the Second, King of France, sent for the author, and rewarded him royally. When, subsequently, this monarch was wounded in a tournament, and lost his life, men believed that the prophecy of this event was to be found in the 35th quatrain of the First Century:

"Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera,
 En camps bellique par singulier duel,
 Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera,
 Deux plaies une, puis mourir mort cruelle."

The most distinguished persons of his time visited him at Salon. Charles the Ninth appointed him his physician. There were not wanting people, however, who made light of his prophecies. So late as 1781 they were prohibited by the Papal Court, because the downfall of Papacy was announced in them. He died at Salon in 1565."—(*Conversations-Lexicon, Tit. Nostradamus.*)

p. 9 and 10. *Macrocosm, and Spirit of the Earth or Microcosm.*]—Dr. Hinrichs says:—"The Macrocosm signifies Nature, as such, and is opposed to Microcosm, as man."—p. 59. But I incline to think that Macrocosm means the Universe, and the Spirit of Earth the Earth generally. Thus Falk, in accounting for Faust's weakness in the presence of the latter, says, "The mighty and manifold universality of the earth itself—that focus of all phenomena, which at the same time contains within itself sea, mountain, storm, earthquake, tiger, lion, lamb, Homer, Phidias, Raphael, Newton, Mozart, and Apelles—whom, appear when and where it might, would it not strike with trembling, fear, and awe?"—p. 247. The *Ganzen* (I am here adopting the gloss of a friend) is the *Omneity* of the metaphysicians, and *Eins in dem Andern wirkt und lebt*, is *The Immanence of All in each* of Plato.

But the best commentary on the whole of the passage in which these words occur is to be found in the first chapter of Herder's *Ideen*, who (according to Falk) received many of his notions from Goethe. The analogy of the following passage is sufficiently marked: "When, therefore, I open the great book of Heaven and see before me this measureless palace, which alone, and

everywhere, the Godhead only has power to fill, I conclude, as undistractedly as I can, from the whole to the particular, from the particular to the whole."—(*Ideen*, B. 1. C. 1.) The Spirits' chaunt probably suggested Shelley's

"Nature's vast plan—the web of human things,
Birth and the grave!"

In Dodsley's Collection of Old Play's (Vol. V.) is "A Moral Mask," entitled "Microcosm," by Thomas Nabbs, in which Nature, Earth, Fire, Water, &c. &c. figure as dramatis personæ.

p. 10. *A cold shuddering &c.*—

"Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

"Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up."—(*The Book of Job*, ch. iv.)

p. 13. *Enter Wagner.*—The traditional Faust had a disciple or pupil named Wagner or Wagenar; who is thus described in Cayet's Translation of Widman: "Le Docteur Faust avoit un jeune serviteur qu'il avoit élevé quand il estudioit à Wittenberg que vit toutes les illusions de son maître Faust, toutes ses magies et tout son art diabolique. Il etoit un mauvais garçon, coureur et débauché du commencement qu'il vint demeurer à Wittenberg: il mendoit, et personne ne le vouloit prendre à cause de sa mauvaise nature; le garçon se nommoit Christoffe Wagner, et fut des lors serviteur du Dr. Fauste; il se tint très bien avec lui, ensorte que le Dr. Fauste l'appelloit son fils: il alloit où il vouloit, quoiqu'il allât tout boitant et de travers."

—Dr. Hinrichs has a strange theory about this character. In his opinion, Faust represents Philosophy, and Wagner, Empiricism; Philosophy being Germany, and Empiricism all the rest of the world. In weighing this compliment to foreigners, it will be born in mind that *Empiriker*, in German philosophy, means something very different from quack. Tenneman uses it as a synonyme for experimentalist.

p. 14. *In which ye crisp the shavings of humanity.*]—The phrase *knitzel kräuseln* is one about which the greatest variety of opinion exists, but the two highest authorities substantially agree;—

“ Vos discours qui brillent d’un si faux éclat, dans lequel vous etalez les ornemens les plus factices de l’esprit humain, &c. *Kräuseln*, rendre crépu, friser. *Schnitzel*, ce sont des decoupures de papier. En les tordant en differens sens on peut en faire des ornemens, même des fleurs, mais ces fleurs n’ont aucune fraîcheur. Le poete les compare donc avec les ornemens d’une rhétorique affectée. Une des beautés de ce passage c’est la singularité de la rime *kräuseln* et *saüseln*, laquelle à son tour aura amené les expressions un peu bizarre du second vers.”—(*M. de Schlegel—private letter.*)

“ Your fine speeches in which you ruffle up man’s poorest shreds (in which you repeat the most miserable trifles in candyed language,) are comfortless,” &c.—(*Dr. Jacob Grimm—private letter.*) The analogy between this passage and the *si vis me flere* &c. of Horace, will suggest itself to every one.

p. 15. *My friend, past ages are to us a book with seven seals, &c.*]—This speech also is one of considerable difficulty. Good critics are not wanting who

contend that *der Herren eigener Geist* means the spirit of certain great persons or lords of the earth exercising a wide-spread influence on their times, and that *eine Haupt-und Staats-Action* means a grand political intrigue. But I have it on indisputable authority, that *Haupt-und Staats-action* was the name given to a description of drama formerly well-known in Germany. Dr. Grimm's note upon this passage is: "*Ein Kehrricht-fass, &c.* a dust-vat (dirt-basket) and a lumber-room, and at best a historico-pragmatical play, with excellent moral maxims, as they are fit for a puppet-show." M. de Schlegel says: "*Haupt-und Staats-Action*: C'est le titre qu'on affichait pour les drames destinés aux marionnettes, lorsqu' ils traitaient des sujets héroïques et historiques."

p. 17. *Something foreign to it is ever clinging to the noblest conception, &c.]—*

—— " But must needs confess
That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires;
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
—Man is of dust; ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
Want due consistence; like a pillar of smoke,
That with majestic energy from earth
Rises; but, having reached the thinner air,
Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen."—

Excursion.

p. 17. *The glorious feelings which gave us life, &c.]—*
No one who has ever indulged in day-dreaming or felt the beau ideal of fancy crumble away before the ugly real of life—no one, in short, who is not a mere *trockne*

Schleicher, like *Wagner*, will require any illustration of this paragraph. But I may venture to mention, as associated in my own mind with it, *Schiller's Poem on Life and Ideality*, and *Shelley's Ode on Intellectual Beauty*. *Goethe*, also, expressing the same sentiment, observes in his *Memoirs*: "Ordinarily, when our soul-concert is most spiritually attuned, the harsh grating tones of the world strike in, in the most overpowering and boisterous manner, and the contrast which is ever secretly going on, suddenly coming forth, only influences the more sensibly on that account."

p. 19. *As when the moonlight breathes.*]—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon that bank."

Merchant of Venice.

This line, and *Lear's*—

"Pray you, undo this button—thank you, Sir;"

have been cited as alone sufficient to place *Shakespeare* in the first rank of poetry—I think, by *Leigh Hunt*. The line is also alluded to in what he terms the gossiping Preface to the late edition of his works; and a very charming bit of gossiping it is.

p. 19. *Another day &c.*]—

"Another day is gone, and other palms are won."

Wordsworth.

This mode of iteration seems preferable to the repetition of *new*.

p. 20. *The gorgeousness of the many artfully-wrought images, &c.*]—"I remember seeing a beautiful silver goblet of the kind—i. e. one contrived for the trial of a guest's powers of breath and drinking—at *Berne* in Switzerland, for sale, alas, second-hand, in an old shop.

It was so contrived, that the wine flowed down a channel into the main reservoir, and in its course turned a mill, on the sweeps of which the drinker's eyes would be directed, if in their natural position, during the *pull* (*zug*).—(*Note by a friend.*) I need do no more than name the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine. The phrase *with liquid brown* is imitated from Ford's:—

“ The cup with liquid purple overflowing.”

But perhaps *with its brown flood* would be best.

p. 22. *A longing inconceivably sweet, &c.*—Compare the splendid passage in Tintern Abbey, beginning—

“ Though changed no doubt from what I was when first
I came amongst these hills,” &c.

p. 26. *The painted vessels.*—

“ The painted vessels glide.”

Dryden—I believe, but I cannot find the place. The allusion to the war in Turkey, and the other townman's reply, are supposed by one of the commentators to be a sneer at the indifference manifested as to the war of Grecian independence. I am afraid this ingenious writer forgot that the first part of the poem was written half a century ago.

p. 28. *Hail in flakes.*—I am afraid *flakes* is not the proper term here—in *Streifen* means in belts or sections; and it may be as well to mention, that what I have translated *hail* (*korniges Eises*), is literally *granulous ice*. To understand Faust's position in this speech, the reader must fancy a town on a river, like most of those upon the Rhine, with a sort of suburban village on the opposite bank. Falk makes this scene the groundwork

of a commentary on the advantages of the Sabbath; a fair specimen of the mode in which most of the commentaries on Faust are eked out.

p. 33. *There was a red lion, &c.*]—Mr. T. Griffiths, of Kensington, who some short time since delivered an extremely interesting lecture on Alchymical Signs at the Royal Institution, enables me to furnish an explanation of this passage, which has generally been passed over as (what M. Sainte-Aulaire is pleased to term it) *galimatias*. The fact is, Goethe was too finished an artist to leave any incorrectness of any sort that he could avoid; and I believe no man had a greater contempt for that school of poetasters, who are eternally appealing to what they call poetical license in justification of nonsense. Whether the technical terms of an exploded art should be used at all, is another question. I only say that, if used, they should be used properly.

There was a red lion.—This expression implies the red stone, red mercury, or cinnabar.

A bold lover.—This expression alludes to the property the above compound possessed (according to the adepts) of devouring, swallowing, or ravishing every pure metallic nature or body.

married.—This simply implies the conjoining or union of two bodies of opposite natures; red and white were supposed male and female.

to the lily.—This term denotes a preparation of antimony, called *lilium minerale*, or *lilium paracelsi*; the white stone, or perhaps albfied mercury, sometimes called the “white fume,” or the “most milk-white swanne.”

—in the tepid bath.—This denotes a vessel filled with heated water, or a “*balneum mariæ*,” used as a very

convenient means of elevating the body of an aludel or alembic slowly to a gentle heat.

—*and then with open flame.*—This means the direct and fierce application of fire to the aludel upon its removal from the water bath, after the marriage had taken place betwixt the “red and the white.”

—*tortured.*—The adepts deemed their compounds sensible of pleasure and pain; the heat of the open fire tortured the newly united bodies; these therefore endeavoured to escape, or sublime, which is the sense in which the word tortured is to be taken.

—*from one bridal chamber.*—This means the body of the aludel, in which they were first placed, and which had been heated to such a degree as to cause their sublimation.

—*to another.*—This signifies the glass head or capital placed on the body of the aludel, which received the sublimed vapours. Many heads were put on in succession, into which the vapours successively passed.

—*If the young queen.*—This implies the supposed royal offspring of the red lion and the lily, or its alliance to the noble metals—the sublimer products.

—*with varied hues then appeared.*—During the process, various hues appeared on the sublimed compound, according to the order of their appearance the perfection or completion of the great work was judged of. Purple or ruby were most esteemed, for being royal colours they were good omens.

—*In the glass.*—This means the glass head or capital of the aludel, as before noticed.

—*This was the medicine.*—The term medicine was used to express, both the elixir to heal and cure human bodies, and that to transmute the bodies of metals into the most pure and fine gold and silver.

The passage divested of alchymical obscurity would read thus :—

“ There was red mercury, a powerfully acting body, united with the tincture of antimony, at a gentle heat of the water-bath. Then being exposed to the heat of the open fire in an aludel, a sublimate filled its heads in succession, which, if it appeared with varied hues, was the desired medicine.”

In a note to me, Mr. Griffiths adds :—“ All the terms it contains may be found in alchymical works ; it is a very good specimen of mystical writing.”

p. 34. *See how the green-girt cottages shimmer.*]— Those who don't like or don't understand *shimmer* may put *glisten* in the place of it ; but I am satisfied that I am true to my text (*shimmern*), and John Philip Kemble himself was not more ready to go to the stake for his *aches* than I for my *shimmer*. But I shall hardly be called upon to do this, for the word is recognized by Tod and Jameson, and must be familiar to all readers of old Scotch or English poetry :

“ No shimmering sun here ever shone,
No wholesome breeze here ever blew.”

I have to thank my friend Mr. Allan Cunningham for this example. He also tells me that it is sometimes written *skimmer*.

p. 34. *Every height on fire.*]—

“ Cover a hundred leagues and seem
To set the hills on fire.”—WORDSWORTH.

“ The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave,
Rested the broad bright sun.”—COLERIDGE.

I believe most of my friends will thank me for enabling them to compare the emotions produced by sunrise in Wordsworth, with those produced by sunset in Faust.

“ What soul was his, when from the naked top
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
 Rise up and bathe the world in light ! He look'd—
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
 And ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
 In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd
 And in their silent faces did he read
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of Joy ; his spirit drank
 The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form
 All melted into him ; they swallowed up
 His animal being ; in them did he live
 And by them did he live ; they were his life.
 In such access of mind ; in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God
 Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breathed—he preferred no request ;
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him ; it was blessedness and love ! ”

Excursion, B. i.

p. 35. *The realms of an exalted ancestry.*]—This alludes to a supposed divine origin of the soul or spirit of man, or to—“ For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is better.”—*Phil.* i. It was the suggestion of an able critic, though, that *Ahnen* might be the verb substantived, in which case it would mean of *high aspirings* or *presentiments*. An anonymous commentator quotes the

following lines *apropos* of the main sentiment in this speech :—

“ Und was die Menschen meinen,
Das ist mir einerlei,
Möchte mich mir selbst vereinen
Allein wir sind zu zwei ;

“ Und im lebend'gen Treiben
Sind wir ein Hier und Dort,
Das eine liebt zu bleiben
Das andre möchte fort.”

I do not know whose they are.

p. 37.—*A line of fire follows upon his track.*]—In his work on Colours already alluded to, Goethe gives the following explanation of this phenomenon:—“ A dark object, the moment it withdraws itself, imposes on the eye the necessity of seeing the same form bright. In jest and earnest, I shall quote a passage from Faust which is applicable here. (Then follows the passage.) This had been written sometime,—from poetical intuition and in half consciousness, when, as it was growing twilight, a black poodle ran by my window in the street, and drew a clear shining appearance after him,—the undefined image of his passing form remaining in the eye. Such phenomena occasion the more pleasing surprise, as they present themselves most vividly and beautifully, precisely when we suffer our eyes to wander unconsciously. There is no one to whom such counterfeit images have not often appeared, but they are allowed to pass unnoticed ; yet I have known persons who teased themselves on this account, and believed it to be a symptom of the diseased state

of their eyes, whereupon the explanation which I had 't in my power to give inspired them with the highest satisfaction. He who is instructed as to the real nature of it, remarks the phenomenon more frequently, because the reflexion immediately suggests itself. Schiller wished many a time that this theory had never been communicated to him, because he was every where catching glimpses of that the necessity for which was known to him." The phenomenon is now, at any rate, a recognised and familiar one. See *Sir David Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic*, p. 20.

In a note to the following lines in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, there is a strange story of a fiend appearing in the shape of a black dog:—

“ For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
He spoke the spectre-hound in Man.”—*Canto 6.*

p. 38. *Even a wise man may become attached to a dog when he is well brought up.*]—“ A bonny terrier that, sir; and a fell chield at the vermin, I warrant him—that is, if he's been weel entered, for it a' lies in that.” “ Really, sir,” said Brown, “ his education has been somewhat neglected, and his chief property is being a pleasant companion.”

“ Ay, sir? that's a pity, begging your pardon, it's a great pity that—beast or body, education should aye be minded.”—*Guy Mannering.*

p. 39. *It is common for men to deride, &c.*]—“ It has often and with truth been said, that unbelief is an inverted superstition, and our age suffers greatly by it.

A noble deed is attributed to selfishness, an heroic action to vanity, an undeniable poetic production to a state of delirium; nay, what is still stranger, every thing of the highest excellence that comes forth, every thing most worthy of remark that occurs, is, so long as it is barely possible, denied."—*Goethe, Farbenlehre.*

p. 40. *We long for revelation which no where burns, &c.*]—It is clear from Goethe's Memoirs and many other parts of his works, that he is here describing the workings of his own mind in youth; that, when his spirit was tormented by doubts, he constantly referred to the Bible for consolation and found it there. It also appears that he occasionally struggled to penetrate below the surface in somewhat the same manner as Faust. "So far as the main sense was concerned, I held by Luther's edition; in particulars, I referred occasionally to Schmidt's verbal translations, and sought to make my little Hebrew as useful as I could." It is a singular fact that, next to the Bible, the book which Goethe was fondest of, and which confessedly exercised the greatest influence on his mind, was Spinoza. So constantly, indeed, was he studying this writer, that Herder on one occasion is said to have exclaimed to him, "Why you literally never read any Latin book but Spinoza!"

In allusion to Faust's attempt to translate the *λογος*, the German commentators are filled to overflowing with controversial divinity; whilst the French translator, M. Sainte-Aulaire, omits the whole passage as an unmeaning play of words.

p. 42. *Kobold.*]—Is a goblin or spirit supposed to

inhabit the earth; the same, I believe, as the *gnome*. *Undine* has been made familiar enough by La Motte-Fouqué's tale so called. I cannot let slip this opportunity of entering my protest against the French translation by which this tale is principally known out of Germany. It is a mere paraphrase in a style the very opposite of the original. In the course of the voyage down the Danube, Madame De Montolieu has actually given a description of the persons of Bertha and Undine, which are not described at all in the text. But the mistranslations of which I most complain, are such as *inbrünstig küssend* by *serrant sur son cœur*. A lady might be supposed to know the difference without any reflection on her modesty.

p. 43. *Mephistopheles comes forward in the dress of a travelling scholar*.]—"That Mephistopheles comes forth as a travelling scholar (*scholasticus*), and therefore as a philosopher, is not without significance. For on seeing him, Faust knows that he is approached as a friend, he himself being devoted to philosophy; and even the expression *fahrender scholast* expresses the unquiet with which Faust is filled. The wandering about through the world—for example, of Jordanus, Bruno, &c.—is to be viewed with reference to internal restlessness, impelled by which these philosophers wandered unceasingly from place to place."—(*Dr. Hinrich's Æsth. Vorl.* p. 98.)

p. 44. *Flygod*.]—Meaning Beelzebub. The following note was given me by a friend.

“בַּעַל זְבוּב, Baal Zebub, Fly-Baal, i. e. the God Baal as *deus averruncus muscarum*, 2 K. i. 2, 3, 16,—an

oracular Deity of the Ekronites, similar to the Ζεὺς ἀρόμυος of the Greeks (Pausan. Eliac. c 14); or to the Deus Myiagros (Solin, c. 1).—Gesenius in voce, מַיָּאֵר. He adds, it has been *incorrectly* regarded as a name of reproach, and refers to Carpzov. Appar. Antiq. Heb. 497. However, it is sufficient for your purpose, that it has generally been so regarded. And never, since I was aware of this, have I seen a big booming blue-bottle fly without thinking of Satan.”

p. 44. *A part of the part which in the beginning was all, &c.*—“ And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

“ And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

“ And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.”—(*Gen.* c. 1.)

“ Granted, that day, proceeding from the original source of light, deserves all honour, because it invigorates, quickens, gladdens—still it does not follow, that darkness must be addressed and shunned as the evil principle, because it makes us uneasy, and lulls us to sleep: we rather see in such an effect the characteristics of sensuous beings controlled by phenomena.”—(*Goethe.*)

p. 45. *That which is opposed to nothing.*—Dr. Schubarth cautions us against supposing that under the term *nichts* a complete void is intended, as it means merely the original state of things under the reign of Chaos.

p. 45. *From air, water, earth, &c.*—“ In the air, in

the water, in the marshes, in the sand,—genera and species multiplied themselves, and I believe that they will continue to multiply in the same proportion with the course of discovery.”—(*Herder, Ideen zur Philosophie* &c. B. 2, c. 4.)

p. 46. *The Pentagram.*]—The Pentagram, Pentalpha, or Drudenfuss, was a pentagonal figure like the following :



supposed to possess the same sort of power which used popularly to be attributed to the horseshoe amongst us. I owe the following quotation, in which the term occurs, to a friend :

Πλάτων μέντοι ἐν ἀρχῇ τῶν ἐπιστολῶν τὸ “Ἐὐ πράττειν” προύθηκεν. οἱ δὲ Πυθαγόρειοι “τὸ Ὑγιαίνειν” καὶ τὸ γε τριπλοῦν τρίγωνον, τὸ δὲ ἀλλήλων τὸ Πεντάγραμμον, ᾧ συμβόλω πρὸς τοὺς ὁμοδόξους ἐχρῶντο, ὑγεία πρὸς αὐτῶν ὠνομάζετο.”—(*Schol. in Aristoph. Nub.* 599.)

p. 54. *Since a sweet familiar tone, &c.*]

“ My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.”—*Wordsworth.*

p. 56. *And what am I to do for you in return.*]—The actual or traditional compact was to the following effect :

“ Puis le D. Fauste reçoit son sang sur une tuile, et y met des charbons tout chauds, et écrit comme s'ensuit ci-après :

“ ‘ Jean Fauste, Docteur, reconnois de ma propre main manifestement pour une chose ratifiée, et ce en vertu de cet écrit : qu'après que je me suis mis à spéculer les élémens, et après les dons qui m'ont été distribués et départis de là-haut : lesquels n'ont point trouvé d'habitude dans mon entendement. Et de ce que je n'ai peu être enseigné autrement des hommes, lors je me suis présentement adonné à un Esprit, qui s'appelle *Méphostophilès*, qui est valet du prince infernal en Orient, par paction entre lui et moi, qu'il m'adresseroit et m'apprendroit, comme il m'étoit prédestiné, qui aussi réciproquement m'a promis de m'être sujet en toutes choses. Partant et à l'opposite, je lui ai promis et lui certifie, que d'ici à vingt-quatre ans, de la date de ces présentes, vivant jusques-là complètement, comme il m'enseignera en son art et science, et en ses inventions me maintiendra, gouvernera, conduira, et me fera tout bien, avec toutes choses nécessaires à mon corps, à mon ame, à ma chair, à mon sang et à ma santé : que je suis et serai sien à jamais. Partant, je renonce à tout ce qui est pour la vie du maître céleste et de tous les hommes, et que je sois en tout sien. Pour plus grande certitude, et plus grande confirmation, j'ai écrit la présente promesse de ma propre main, et l'ai sous-écrit de mon propre sang que je me suis tiré expressément pour ce faire, de mon sens et de mon jugement, de ma pensée et volonté, et l'ai arrêté, scellé et testifié, etc.'—(*Cayet's Widman*, part i.)

In Marlow's *Faustus* the instrument is formally set out.

p. 57. *But if thou hast food, &c.*]—This passage has caused a good deal of puzzling; though neither Falk nor Schubart seems to be aware of any difficulty :

“ I know thy rotten gifts, says Faust. Which of thy fine goods of the earth will'st thou offer me? How could the like of thee ever be capable of measuring the unquiet of man's breast. Hast thou food to serve up which never satisfies? Or canst thou only show trees which daily bloom anew and bud again? I loathe this foliage of yesterday, this tale, which, ever the same, is told in the morning, and in the evening dies away again—

“ Zeig mir die Frucht die fault eh' man sie bricht
Und Bäume die sich täglich neu begrünen.”—

Falk, p. 283.

“ This (Mephistopheles' promise) appears to Faust but mockery. What can a devil give a man to satisfy him, when he is not capable of giving it to himself? The gifts of a devil, he says, are but delusion, and melt away in the same manner as his quicksilver-like gold : thus he can only bestow fruits which would not rot before the plucking, but no ever-budding tree sprouts forth beneath his skill and fostering.”—(Schubart, 198.)

None of the editions that I have ever seen make the *hast du* an interrogatory, as Falk seems to understand it. There are authorities, however, for construing it—*Though* thou hast, &c. It is also contended that :

“ Doch hast du Speise die nicht sättigt, *hast*
Du rothes Geld, &c.”

is to be construed affirmatively : “ However, thou hast food which never satisfies,” &c. ;—and that the *zeig mir*, &c. is ironical and tantamount to saying : “ This is all thou canst show me.” But on this construction, I do not see how the inversion of the second *hast du* is to be justified, whilst the answer of Mephistopheles clearly

implies that the *zeig mir* &c. was a demand on the part of Faust. The most probable supposition is, that Faust's meaning was pretty nearly the same as in the subsequent speech in which he expresses a wish to enjoy all that is parcelled out amongst mankind—pain and pleasure, success and disappointment, indifferently. Taking this wish into consideration, we may well suppose him saying:—" You can give nothing of any real value in the eyes of a man like me ; but if you have the common perishable enjoyments of humanity to bestow, let me have them."

p. 58. *At your feast.*—I am told that this is the proper interpretation of *beym Doctorschmaus*, in allusion to the inauguration feast given on the taking of a degree.

p. 62. *I am not a hair's breadth higher, &c.*—
" Which of you by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature."—*Matth.* vi. 27.

p. 62. l. 10. As all the French translators have mistaken the word intended, I shall follow Gibbon's example, and give it in a learned language. The German *H*— is *Ορχεις*, and not, as the French translators suppose, *Πυγη*.

p. 62. *And am a proper man.*—

" As proper a man as any in Venice."—*Shakspeare.*

p. 63. *Whose overstrained striving o'erleaps, &c.*—

" I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other side."—*Macbeth.*

p. 64. *A Student enters.*]—This scene is a satire on the modes of instruction pursued in German Universities, and is much admired. But the effect is in a great measure produced by the happy application of pedantic phrases and college slang, which are no more capable of being relished in England than such terms as *wooden-spoon, little-go, cramming, or plucking*, in Germany. It is evident from many passages in his Memoirs, that Goethe's early impressions of University pursuits were pretty nearly what he has put into the mouth of Mephistopheles; nor, if we are to believe Falk, did his opinions change materially in after-life:

“ Our scientific men are rather too fond of details. They count out to us the whole consistency of the earth in separate lots, and are so happy as to have a different name for every lot. That is argil (*thonerde*); that is quartz (*keiselerde*); that is this, and this is that. But what am I the better if I am ever so perfect in all these names? When I hear them I always think of the old lines in Faust—

‘ *Encheiresin naturæ* nennt's die Chemie
Bohrt sich selber Esel und weiss nicht wie!’

“ What am I the better for these lots? what for their names? I want to know what it is that impels every several portion of the universe to seek out some other portion,—either to rule or to obey it,—and qualifies some for the one part and some for the other, according to a law innate in them all, and operating like a voluntary choice. But this is precisely the point upon which the most perfect and universal silence prevails.”

“ Every thing in science,” said he at another time, with the same turn of thought, “ is become too much

divided into compartments. In our professors' chairs the several provinces (*Fächer*) are violently and arbitrarily severed, and allotted into half-yearly courses of lectures, according to fixed plans. The number of real discoveries is small, especially when one views them consecutively through a few centuries. Most of what these people are so busy about is mere repetition of what has been said by this or that celebrated predecessor. Such a thing as independent original knowledge is hardly thought of. Young men are driven in flocks into lecture-rooms, and are crammed, for want of any real nutriment, with quotations and words. The insight which is wanting to the teacher, the learner is to get for himself as he may. No great wisdom or acuteness is necessary to perceive that this is an entirely mistaken path."

I copy this from Mrs. Austin's forthcoming translation, the sheets of which were kindly lent to me by her. One of the very last books in Goethe's hands was this lady's translation of the German Prince's Tour, and I have heard that he spoke with high hope of the progress that might be made by such talents as her's in bringing England better acquainted with Germany. He little thought how soon they were to be employed in constructing a monument to himself! Mrs. Austin's Falk will be enriched by ample notes, biographical, anecdotal, and explanatory; but she omits the commentary on Faust, which indeed has little merit of any kind.

p. 65. *Spanish boots.*]—I have been told by literary men in Germany that the Spanish boot was an instrument of torture, like the Scottish boot mentioned in *Old Mortality* (vol. ii. p. 406); but on subsequent

inquiry I find that the name used to be given to a common sort of boot fitting tight to the leg.

p. 65. *Then many a day will be spent in teaching you, &c.*]—" In logic it struck me as strange that I was so to pull to pieces, dismember, and, as it were, destroy those very operations of the mind which I had gone through with the greatest ease from my youth, in order to perceive the proper use of them."—(*Goethe's Memoirs.*)

" And all a rhetorician's rules,
Teach nothing but to name his tools."—HUDIBRAS.

p. 65. *He who wishes to know and describe any thing living &c.*]—

" Like following life in creatures we dissect,
We lose it in the moment we detect."—POPE.

p. 67. *Five lectures every day.*]—Five is the number of Courses of Lectures a young and eager student ordinarily attends at the outset.

p. 67. *As if the Holy Ghost were dictating to you.*]—It is the custom in Germany for the professors to read slowly enough for their pupils to follow them with the pen. This is called dictating, and few professors can venture to depart from it. I am acquainted with a very eminent one who lost the greater part of his class by his contumacy. I have generally found that students who took down the lecture verbatim, knew very little of the substance of what had been said.

p. 67. *I cannot reconcile myself to jurisprudence.*]—Here again Goethe is repeating his own sentiments.

He was originally destined by his father for the law, but it was only with the greatest reluctance that he could be brought to qualify himself for the necessary examination at Strasburg, where such examinations were comparatively light. He says, that he had no turn for any thing positive.—(*Memoirs*, book ix.) I presume it is hardly necessary to add that the exclamation, “Woe to thee that thou art a grandson,” alludes to the artificial and complicated systems which people coming late into the world are pretty sure to find entailed upon them—as a lawyer, fond of my profession, I must be excused for adding—unavoidably. The law that is born with us, means, I suppose, what in common parlance is called the law of nature. It may assist future translators, not versed in German jurisprudence, to be told, that *Gesetz*, in strictness, means enactment, and *Recht*, law or a rule of law, generally. *Gesetz’ und Rechte*, therefore are both included under the term *laws*.

p. 69. *The spirit of medicine.*—It appears that Goethe associated a good deal with medical students at Strasburg, and took considerable interest in the studies usually followed in connection with medicine.

p. 73. *Auerbach’s wine-vaults in Leipzig.* This place is still shown, and tradition says that the poet as well as the hero, Goethe as well as Faust, have caroused in it. Be this as it may, the scene in the poem appears to have been imitated from two or three distinct adventures recorded in the old histories of Faust, neither of which happened at Leipzig :

“ At the city of Prague is a publican’s house, known by the sign of the Anchor, where the Doctor one day called as he was upon a tour. Seating himself among the travellers, in a short time he thus accosted them— ‘ Gentlemen, would you like to partake of all kinds of foreign wines in the world?’ The whole party, with one accord, cried out, ‘ Yes, yes!’ ‘ Then will you first like to taste the French, Spanish, Rhenish, Malaga, or any other kind?’ continued he, ‘ whichever you most approve?’

“ Upon this one of the guests exclaimed—‘ Doctor Faustus! whatever wine you please to furnish, Doctor, we shall find some means of disposing of it.’ Whereupon he begged them to provide him with plenty of bottles and glasses, and he would supply the rest. This being done, he bored several holes in the table, and placing a funnel in each, he held the bottles under it, and decanted as much wine as they would contain. As he laid them down one after another, the delighted guests began to laugh heartily, and heartily did they regale themselves.”—(*Roscoe’s German Novelists*, vol. i. p. 377.) The other adventure, in which the guests of Faust seize each other’s noses mistaking them for grapes, is also told by Mr. Roscoe, but I prefer the quaintness of the old French version :

“ Le Docteur Fauste avoit, en un certain lieu, invité des hommes principaux pour les traiter, sans qu’il eût apprêté aucune chose. Quand donc ils furent venus, ils virent bien la table couverte, mais la cuisine étoit encore froide. Il se faisoit aussi des noces, le même soir, d’un riche et honnête bourgeois, et avoient été tous les domestiques de la maison empêchez, pour bien et honorablement traiter les gens qui y étoient invitez.

Ce que le Docteur Fauste aiant appris, commanda à son Esprit que de ces noces il lui apportât un service de vivres tout apprêtez, soit poissons ou autres, qu'incontinent il les enlevât de là pour traiter ses hôtes. Soudain il y eut en la maison, où l'on faisoit les noces, un grand vent par les cheminées, fenêtres et portes, qui éteignit toutes les chandelles. Après que le vent fut cessé, et les chandelles derechef allumées, et qu'ils eurent vû d'où le tumulte avoit été, ils trouvèrent qu'il manquoit à un mets une pièce de rôti, à un autre une poule, à un autre une oye, et que dans la chaudière il manquoit aussi de grands poissons. Lors furent Fauste et ses invitez pourvûs de vivres, mais le vin manquoit; toutefois non pas long-temps, car *Méphostophîlès* fut fort bien au voiage de Florence dans les caves de Fougres, dont il en apporta quantité; mais après qu'ils eurent mangé, ils desiroient (qui est ce pour quoi ils étoient principalement venus,) qu'il leur fit pour plaisir quelque tour d'enchantemens. Lors il leur fit venir sur la table une vigne avec ses grappes de saison, dont un chacun en prit sa part. Il commanda puis après de prendre un couteau, et le mettre à la racine, comme s'ils l'eussent voulu couper. Néanmoins, ils n'en pûrent pas venir à bout: puis après, il s'en alla hors des étuves, et ne tarda guères sans revenir; lors ils s'arrêtèrent tous et se tindrent l'un l'autre par le nez, et un couteau dessus. Quand donc puis après ils voulurent, ils pûrent couper les grappes. Cela leur fut ainsi mis aucunement, mais ils eurent bien voulu qu'il les eût fait venir toutes meures."—(Part iii. ch. 33.)

It appears also from another passage of this veritable history, that Faust did, on one occasion, perform the feat which Altmayer (p. 87) speaks about; namely, ride out of a cellar on a cask.

p. 75. *Soar up, Madam Nightingale, give my sweetheart ten thousand greetings for me.*]—The following is the song which Goethe must have had in his mind:—

FRAU NACHTIGALL.

“Nachtigal, ich hör dich singen
Das Herz möcht mir im Leib zerspringen,
Komme doch und sag mir bald,
Wie ich mich verhalten soll.

“Nachtigal, ich seh dich laufen
An dem Bächlein thust du saufen,
Du tunkst dein klein Schnäblein ein
Meinst es wär der beste Wein.

“Nachtigal, wo ist gut wohnen,
Auf den Linden, in den Kronen,
Bei der schön Frau Nachtigal,
Grüss mein Schätzchen tausendmal.”

I take this song from the collection of *Alte Deutsche Lieder*, entitled *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, compiled by MM. von Arnim and Brentano. The plan was probably suggested by Dr. Percy's *Relics*; a book, by the by, which (translated and imitated by Burger and others) has exercised at least as great an influence on German literature as on our own. (See some interesting remarks on this subject in the last edition of *Wordsworth's Works*, vol. i. p. 329.)

p. 77. *Leipzig is the place, &c.*]—This has been a standing joke against Leipzig ever since. It appears from his *Memoirs*, that when Goethe commenced his college studies at Leipzig, a great affectation of politeness prevailed amongst the towns-people.

p. 78. *Mr. Hans.*]—The devil, I believe.

p. 88. *Witch's Kitchen.*—The best commentary on this scene is to be found in Retsch's Outlines. He represents the monkeys as something between the monkey and the baboon. I am not precisely aware what species of monkey the *meerkatze* really is. The term is thus used in a German translation of Lear. "Eine unvergleichliche Ausflucht für einen Hurenjäger, seinen Meerkatzen-trieb den Sternen zur Last zu legen."—(Act i. sc. 2, in Edmund's Speech on Planetary Influences.)

p. 90. *At the feast, &c.*—Falk observes, in allusion to the text of these three lines, that Faust and Mephistopheles are greeted in a tone which, through the diphthong *au*, bears a strong affinity to the language of monkeys.

p. 90. *Coarse beggars' broth.*—“The *breiten Bettel suppen* have an ironical reference to the coarse superstitions which extend with a thick palpable shade amongst all nations throughout the whole history of the world.”—(Falk.)

p. 92. *Take the tail (wedel) here, &c.*—Retsch represents Mephistopheles as holding a light sort of skreen or fan in his hand.

p. 93. *Oh! be so good as to glue the crown, &c.*—“A wish which, profoundly considered, sounds so politically, that one would swear the monkey-spirits had read the history of both the old Romish and the new empire, chapter by chapter, with all its dethronings and assassinations, from the beginning of the first to the end of the last war.”—(Falk.)

p. 95. *Thou atomy.*]

“Thou atomy, thou!”—*Hen. V.* Act v. sc. 4.

p. 98. *For a downright contradiction, &c.*—Dr. Hinrich's note on this passage is: “A system of philosophy which, like that of Hegel, begins with such a contradiction,—for instance, *Das Seyn ist Nichts*, has the advantage that it frightens away those who have no call for it, both wise men and fools.” If this be an advantage, I bear my willing testimony that Hegel possesses it; and I never yet met with any man whose call was strong enough to drag or propel him through the *Encyclopædie der Philosophischen Wissenschaften*. I once heard a singular illustration of Hegel's obscurity. He had proposed a toast at a public dinner, which it was the duty of the toast-master to give out. This functionary made several efforts and had more than one consultation with the philosopher, but was at length obliged to give up the undertaking in despair, and declared aloud that he did not understand a word of it. I heard this story told at a supper party in Germany by a very eminent Professor.

p. 101. *Margaret.*—Goethe's first love was called Margaret. I almost wish she had been called Elizabeth, that I might use the sweet English diminutive, Bessy. I cannot make up my mind to call her Peggy, which is the correct translation of *Gretchen*. As Margaret is supposed to belong to about the same rank in life as Jeannie Deans, it is also to be wished that she could be made to speak the same dialect, for even the most fastidious in such matters never seem to associate low Scotch with vulgarity. But here I should want the

pen of my friend, the translator of *Wilhelm Meister*; which, indeed, I have wanted often enough as it is. After all, the only real vulgarity is affectation; and I have therefore tried to make Margaret talk exactly as I think a girl of her condition would do.

p. 102. *All sorts of nonsense.*]—The word *brimborium* in the text is certainly not German, nor did I ever meet with it before. It is probably taken from the French word *brimborion* as used in the following passage, which I hit upon by accident: “Ces pendardes-là, avec leur pommade, ont, je pense, envie de me ruiner. Je ne vois partout que blancs d’œufs, lait virginal, et mille autres *brimborions* que je ne connois point.”—(*Les Precieuses Ridicules*, Act i. sc. 4.)

p. 108. *There was a king in Thule.*]—Many of the songs in *Faust*, this amongst others, were not originally written for it. Goethe mentions in his *Memoirs* that he sung this song with considerable applause in a social meeting.

p. 120. *I would change rings with you myself.*]—In some countries of Germany the bridegroom, instead of placing the ring on the finger of the bride, gives one to her and receives one in return.

p. 120. *Two witnesses.*]—Alluding to the rule of the civil law, which forms the basis of all the German systems.—*Unius responsio testis omnino non audiat*, (*Cod.* 4, 20, 9.)

p. 131. *I tremble all over.*]—The best translation of

Mich überläuft's would be by an expression which I once heard a very pretty little friend of mine employ, though I am not aware that there is classical authority for it: "I felt a sort of *all-overishness*."

p. 135. *From the wall-like rocks, from the damp under-wood.*]—

“ How divine,
The liberty for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—one
Among the many there; *and, while the mists
Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes
And phantoms from the craigs and solid earth,*
As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument; and while the streams”—
Excursion.

“ And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature.”
COLERIDGE, *Sybylline Leaves*, p. 65.

p. 138. *Were I a bird, &c.*]—The song alluded to is the following:—

“ Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär,
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt,
Flög ich zu dir;
Weils aber nicht kann seyn
Bleib ich all hier.

“ Bin ich gleich weit von dir,
Bin ich doch im Schlaf bei dir,
Und red mit dir;
Wenn ich erwachen thu,
Bin ich allein.

“ Es vergeht keine stund in der nacht,
Da mein Herze nicht erwacht,
Und an dich gedenkt,
Dass du mir viel tausendmal
Dein Herze geschenkt.”

(*Herder's Volkslieder*, B. 1, p. 67.—
Wunderhorn, Part 1, p. 231.)

p. 139. *The twin pair, which feed among roses.*]—
“ Thy two breasts are like two young roses that are
twins, which feed among the lilies.”—(*Song of Solomon*,
ch. iv. v. 5.) “ Je ne vous conseille pas de traduire
cela littéralement. On jeterait les hauts cris. C'est
à la responsabilité du poete. L'esprit malin semble
vouloir insinuer que les saints même, et les sages, tels
que Solomon, n'étaient pas insensibles aux attraits de
la volupté.” (*M. de Schlegel*.) This really kind warn-
ing came too late. Besides, I wish to give as exact a
transcript of the mind of Goethe as exhibited in *Faust*
as I can.

p. 144. *Are we not looking into each other's eyes.*]

————— “ when full of blissful sighs,
They sat and looked into each other's eyes.”
Lalla Rookh.

“ They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other.” *Don Juan.*

Clärchen. "Lass mich schweigen! lass mich dich halten. Lass mich dir in die Augen sehen; alles drin finden, Trost und Hoffnung und Freude und Kummer."
(*Egmont*, Act iii.)

p. 145. *The man you have with you is hateful to me, &c.*]—Margaret's intuitive apprehension of Mephistopheles is copied from an incident in one of Goethe's own love-makings: "I could scarcely rest till I had introduced my friend Merk at Lotta's, but his presence in this circle did me no good; for, like Mephistopheles, go where he will, he will hardly bring a blessing with him." Goethe always called this friend "Mephistopheles Merk," and gives a strange account of the mingled goodness and devilishness of his disposition. The same feeling is beautifully described in the following lines by Coleridge:—

"And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warn'd me!
Whence learn'd she this? O she was *innocent!*
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom!
The hedge dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness
Reveals th' approach of evil." *Zapolya.*

p. 150. *We will strew cut straw before her door.*]—This alludes to a German custom something analogous to Skimmerton-riding in this country. It consisted in strewing cut or chopped straw before the door of a bride whose virtue is suspected, the day before the



wedding. The garland is (like the snood) a token of virginity, and a ruined maiden is said to have lost her garland.

p. 152. *Place devoted to religious observances.*]—There seems to be some doubt as to the meaning of the term *Zwinger*. An accomplished German friend tells me that the niches in which the figures of saints &c. are placed, are so called from the railing or lattice-work before them. In Retsch's Outline of this scene, Margaret is represented kneeling in an open space before an image of the Virgin placed in such a niche close to a church. The space between the walls of a town and the houses is also called *Zwinger*.

p. 155. *Can that be the treasure rising, &c.*]—This alludes to a superstitious belief that the presence of a treasure is indicated by a blue light or flame, though only, I believe, to the initiated. The same allusion occurs in the *Intermezzo*, post, p. 187; and also in a little poem by Goethe, called *Der Schatzgräber*—

“ Und ich sah ein Licht von weitem,
Und es kam gleich einem Sterne.”—

In the *Antiquary*, too, in the scene between Sir Arthur Wardour and Dousterswivel in the ruins of St. Ruth, it is said, “ No supernatural light burst forth from below to indicate the subterranean treasury.”—(Vol. i. p. 317.)

p. 155. *Lionthalers.*]—The *Löwenthaler* is a coin first struck by the Bohemian Count Schlick, from the mines of Joachims-Thal in Bohemia; the finest in the years

1518—1529, under Ludovick the first king of Hungary and Bohemia. The one side represents the fork-tailed lion, with the inscription—Ludwig I. D. G. Rex Bohm. The reverse, the full-length image of St. John with the arms of Schlick.—(*Köhlers Muntz-Belustigungen.*)

p. 156. *What are you doing, here, Catherine?*

This song is obviously imitated from Ophelia's.—(*Hamlet, Act 4, Scene 5.*)

p. 156. *Rat-catcher.*]—This term is Mercutio's:—

“Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?”

Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Scene 1.

p. 157. *Out with your toasting-iron.*]—

“Put up thy sword betime

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell!”

King John, Act 4, Scene 3.

The German word *Flederwisch*, literally *goosewing*, is a cant term for a sword.

p. 159. *When first Shame, &c.*]—

“The while some one did chaunt this lovely lay:

Ah see, whose fair thing dost fain to see

The springing flower the image of thy day,

Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she

Dost first peep forth with bashful modesty,

The fairer seems, the less ye see her may;

Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free

Her bared bosom she doth broad display;

Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.”

Spenser.

p. 161. *Evil spirit behind Margaret.*]—

“ I looked to heaven and tried to pray,
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.”

Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

p. 161. *And under thy heart stirs it not quickening now?*

“ She held within
A second principle of life, which might
Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin.”

Don Juan, Canto 4.

It is common in Germany to say, *Sie trägt das Pfand der Liebe unter ihrem Herzen*—“ She bears the pledge of love under her heart.”

p. 162. *I feel as if the organ, &c.*]—There is a passage somewhere in Goethe's works, in which he describes the *Dies iræ* as having a somewhat similar effect upon himself. I should feel much obliged to any one who would refer me to it.

p. 164. *May-Day Night.—The Harz Mountains. District of Schirke and Elend.*]—Walpurgis is the name of the female saint who converted the Saxons to Christianity. May-Day Night is dedicated to her. “ The solitudes of the Harz forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenburg, are the chosen scenes for the tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness

in pursuit of their solitary or subterranean profession are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favourite one, which 'supposes the Harz to be haunted with a kind of tutelary demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak-leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception." (*The Antiquary*, vol. i. p. 249.)

This optical deception, however, admits of a very simple explanation:—When the rising sun (and according to analogy, the case will be the same at the setting) throws his rays over the Brocken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds floating around or hovering past him, he needs only fix his eye steadily upon them, and in all probability he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending to the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him. (*Hibbert on Apparitions*, p. 450, note. *Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic*, Lett. 6.) In Mr. Gillies' tasteful collection of German stories, there is a very interesting one called *The First of May; or Walburga's Night*.

The Harz Mountains border on Hanover and Saxony, and run to a great extent. Schirke and Elend are two villages on or near the Blocksberg. The situation

is gloomy and desolate, as indeed the name *Elend* sufficiently implies.

p. 167. *And here, in the compressed corner, it masses itself at once.*]—I follow Shelley in translating *vereinzelt sich* thus; because this is the only construction which gives the passage its full effect. But *vereinzelt sich* is literally *separates itself*. One friend suggests *isolates itself* as the best mode of rendering it; and another, that *vereinzelt* may be a misprint for *vereinigt*.

p. 168. *The witch —s, the he-goat —s.*]—In Aristophanic language—the witch *περδρέαι*, the he-goat *Κίναβρᾶ*.

p. 171. *How the Storm-blast, &c.*]—

“ And now the Storm-Blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He *struck* with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.”

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

Wind-braut (literally, *wind-bride*) is only to be found in Adelung, according to whom it is *whirlwind*.

p. 168. *Sir Urian.*]—This is a common name for the devil in Germany. Voland (post p. 171) is, I believe, one of the names of Beelzebub.

p. 171. *Many a riddle must be there untied.*]—Some of the German critics express considerable disappointment that Goethe did not give these riddles with the Devil’s solution of them; a very reasonable expectation, it must be owned.

p. 174. *There is no dagger here, &c.*]—I am inclined to think that Goethe must have read Burn's Tam-O'Shanter before writing this :—

“ Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which, heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbit airs;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft.
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft.”

p. 175. *Lilith.*]—A name given to Eve by the profane poets of the East.

p. 176. *Procktophantasmist.*]—The person intended is now generally understood to be Nicolai, formerly a bookseller at Berlin, and a writer of considerable reputation in Germany. He had given offence to Goethe, by repeated attacks in the various critical journals in which he was from time to time engaged, and also by publishing a parody on *The Sorrows of Werther*, entitled “*The Joys of Werter*,” in which Werther is made to shoot himself with a pistol loaded with chicken's blood, and recovers and lives happily. Goethe judiciously carried on the joke by writing a continuation, in which Werther, though alive, is represented as blinded by the blood, and bewailing his ill fortune in

not being able to see the beauties of Charlotte. Goethe says that his reply, though only circulated in manuscript, deprived Nicolai of all literary consideration. He speaks of him as a man of talent, but incapable of allowing merit in any thing which went the least beyond his own contracted notions of excellence.* Nicolai was the author of a novel which attracted sufficient attention to be translated into English and French, and of a Book of Travels in Germany and Switzerland. It seems that in his critical writings he had particularly opposed himself to the use of supernatural machinery, when, by a singular fatality, he himself became afflicted with a malady, during which he was haunted by apparitions of the most extraordinary sort. Bleeding by leeches was one of the principal remedies resorted to. An account of his case, drawn up by himself, may be seen in Nicholson's Philosophical Journal, vol. vi. p. 161. It is quoted by Dr. Hibbert, in his Work on Apparitions. Nicolai, I am told, lived for some time at a village near Berlin, called Tegel.† This affords a satisfactory explanation of the sentence *es spukt in Tegel*—which has sadly puzzled both translators and commentators. Shelley translates *Tegel, pond*, putting it in italics; and

• “ Was schiert mich der Berliner Bann
Geschmäckler-Pfaffenwesen !
Und wer mich nicht verstehen kann
Der lerne besser lesen.”—*Goethe.*

† Tegel has acquired considerable celebrity from having become the residence of W. von Humboldt, (the statesman and translator of the Agamemnon of Æschylus) who has built a magnificent villa there. I have not his correspondence with Schiller before me, but to the best of my recollection many of his letters are dated from Tegel. I have also heard that it was to a ghost residing in this villa that the passage above-mentioned alludes.

Dr. Schubart says that is is compounded of *Egel* (a leech) and the diabolical T., which is the initial letter of Devil (*Teufel*) in German. Mr. Stapfer calls Procktophantasmist (which, after terming it untranslatable, he translates *L'Ordonnateur du Brocken*) "le representant de la philosophie materialiste du siecle dernier," and translates *es spukt in Tegel*—*le creuset n'est pas vide encore* ; and Mr. Gerard adopts the same reading substantially : *et cependant le creuset est toujours aussi plein*. Lord F. Gower and M. Le Comte Sainte Aulaire, skip it altogether. Shelley and M. Stapfer say Brocktophantasmist. This alteration destroys the etymology, which must be Πρωκτροσ, the part which (as is evident from the allusion to the leeches) is supposed to have a connection with his phantasies.

p. 177. *A red mouse jumped out of her mouth.*]—This is said to typify death, but I never heard why; nor do I know what the grey mouse means.

p. 178. *The blood of man thickens at its chill look.*]

" Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold,
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mair Life-in-Death was she
Who thickens man's blood with cold."

Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

The term *Idol* must be understood in the sense of *Eidolon*.

p. 179. *When I find you upon the Blocksberg.*]—To wish a man upon the Blocksberg—*Ich wunsche den Kerl auf dem Blocksberg*—is like wishing him at the devil,

in English. This speech, therefore, has in German the effect of a pun.

p. 183. *The Intermezzo.*]—It is quite impossible to convey to the English reader more than a very faint notion of this scene. The effect is produced almost exclusively by satirical allusions, quaintly rhymed, to things and persons which are not generally known even in Germany itself; though no one, who has ever witnessed the delight with which Germans belonging to the inner circle of educated society dwell upon it, can doubt that it possesses merit of a high order in its way. It is impossible to explain all the allusions without rambling far beyond the limits of a note. I must therefore confine myself to such particulars as admit of compression.

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* and Wieland's *Oberon* have furnished the basis of the first seven or eight stanzas and some of the last.

Mieding, mentioned in the first couplet, was scene painter to the Weimar Theatre. Goethe has immortalised him by a little poem on his death:

“ Wie! Mieding todt? erschallt bis unter's Dach
 Das hohle Haus, von Echo kehrt ein Ach!
 Die Arbeit stockt, die Hand wird jedem schwer,
 Der Leim wird kalt, die Farbe fliest nicht mehr—”

There are other lines in the poem, however, which would rather lead me to suppose him stage-manager. He is mentioned by Döring (p. 198).

The Inquisitive Traveller is Nicolai; and the allusion to the stiff man smelling after Jesuits is to him. He had written *Travels* in which all whom he suspected of being connected with the Jesuits were de-

nounced. I state this on M. Stapfer's authority, for I never saw the book in question myself.

The words put into the mouth of the northern artist are intended as a quiz on the style of expression affected by the German artists of the day.

The Gods of Greece—*Die Götter Griechenlands*—is the title of a well known poem of Schiller's, which somewhat scandalised the pious people of his day. Some useful notes upon it are contained in Klattowsky's Manual.

The Purist is said to typify a school of critics who affected great zeal for purity of expression and strict attention to costume upon the stage.

The Xenien, as is well known, is the name given by Goethe and Schiller to verses, mostly satirical or epigrammatical, which they published from time to time in co-partnership.

Hennings is a German writer still living. Amongst other things, he is the author of a Commentary on Faust. M. Stapfer calls him "Une des victimes immolées dans les Xénies. Henning en Allemand signifie coq, ce qui jusqu'à un certain point sauve la personnalité."

Musaget is supposed to mean the conductor of a literary journal called "The Muses and the Graces."

The Genius of the Age was also, according to M. Stapfer, the name of a literary journal—edited, he adds, by Hennings.

The extent of the German Parnassus is an old joke. A few years since it was computed that there were no less than fourteen thousand living authors in Germany.

To the best of my information, *Irrlichter* means *parvenus*: and *Sternschnuppe* a sort of poetical Icarus,

who mounts like a rocket and comes down like the stick. Most of the other allusions refer to well-known classes in society or to certain sects or schools in metaphysical philosophy. For information as to the latter, I must refer the reader to Tenneman's *Grundriss*, or Mr. Johnson's Translation of it. True, the Edinburgh Review has said, "Instead of being of the smallest assistance to the student of philosophy, the work (as translated) is only calculated to impede his progress, if not at once to turn him from the pursuit; from beginning to end all is vague or confused, unintelligible or erroneous." But the Edinburgh Review is not infallible, and it would take a much worse translator than Mr. Johnson to destroy the utility of a work, which marks out all the leading epochs in philosophy and gives minute chronological information concerning them, with biographical notices of their founders and followers and ample lists of their works. In a word, far from agreeing with the Reviewer that the Manual will not be of the smallest assistance to the student of philosophy, I know no work in English likely to prove half so useful to him.

M. de Schlegel told me that the allusions in the *Intermezzo* were not present to his memory, and finding that it would cost him some trouble to recover the train, I did not press my request for an explanation of them, though his very interesting letter on Goethe's *Triumph der Empfindsamkeit*, addressed to M. de Rémusat and published in the third volume of the *Théâtre Allemand*, was a powerful temptation to me. The first paragraph of this letter may help to explain why it is so very difficult to write notes upon Goethe: "J'ai vécu quelques années pres de Goethe (says M. de

Schlegel) lorsqu'il était dans la force de l'âge et dans la maturité de son génie ; j'ai souvent passé des journées entières avec lui, et nous avons beaucoup causé sur ses ouvrages ; mais il n'aimait guère à donner des explications, comme aussi il n'a jamais voulu faire des préfaces."

p. 191. *To roll before the feet, &c.*—This alludes to a prevalent superstition, that evil spirits will sometimes place themselves in the path of a foot passenger in the shape of a dog or other animal, with the view of tripping him up and springing upon him when down.

p. 194. *What are they working—about the Ravenstone yonder?*—Retsch's outline represents a raised stone-mound or platform, with a gallows at one end and a gibbet for hanging in chains at the other. Witches and skeletons are about, upon and over it, apparently engaged in some unhallowed rite. Faust is pointing it out to Mephistopheles with a look of interrogation, which Mephistopheles answers by a grim sneer. The *Rabenstein*, I believe, is generally made of black stone. I need hardly add that this vision, as well as that of Margaret with fettered feet at the end of the scene upon the Brocken, are intended as forebodings of her fate.

p. 195. *My mother, the whore, &c.*—This song is founded on a popular German story, to be found in the *Kinder-und Haus-Märchen* of the distinguished brothers Grimm under the title of *Van den Machandel-Boom*, and in the English selection from that work under the title of *The Juniper Tree*.—The wife of a rich man, whilst standing under a juniper tree, wishes for a little

child as white as snow and as red as blood; and on another occasion expresses a wish to be buried under the juniper when dead. Soon after, a little boy as white as snow and as red as blood is born; the mother dies of joy at beholding it, and is buried according to her wish. The husband marries again, and has a daughter. The second wife becoming jealous of the boy, murders him and serves him up at table for the unconscious father to eat. The father finishes the whole dish, and throws the bones under the table. The little girl, who is made the innocent assistant in her mother's villainy, picks them up, ties them in a silk handkerchief, and buries them under the juniper tree. The tree begins to move its branches mysteriously, and then a kind of cloud rises from it, a fire appears in the cloud, and out of the fire comes a beautiful bird, which flies about singing the following song :

“ Min Moder de mi slacht't,
 Min Vader de mi att,
 Min Sweater de Marleeniken
 Söcht alle mine Beeniken,
 Un bindt sie in een syden Dook
 Legts unner den Machandelboom ;
 Kywitt, Kywitt ! ach watt en schön Vagel bin ich ! ”

The literal translation would be—

“ My mother who slew me,
 My father who ate me,
 My sister Margery
 Gathers all my bones
 And binds them up in a silk handkerchief,
 Lays them under the Juniper tree.
 Kywitt ! Kywitt ! ah what a beautiful bird am I ! ”

The whole story is written in the same dialect as the song. There is an interesting note upon this story, and on the analogy it bears to certain classical traditions, in the English selection above mentioned. Leyden mentions a story strongly resembling it. See also Mr. Taylor's tract upon the Bacchic Mysteries, Pamphleteer, No. 15. It is to be observed, that the story does not bear out the terms applied to the father and mother in Margaret's song. The author of *Herold's Stimme* suggests, that Margaret, like David, feels in her guilt the guilt of father and mother.

I am sure I shall be doing an acceptable service to those who love to trace poetical analogies, by reminding them of Wordsworth's exquisite little poem of Ruth :—

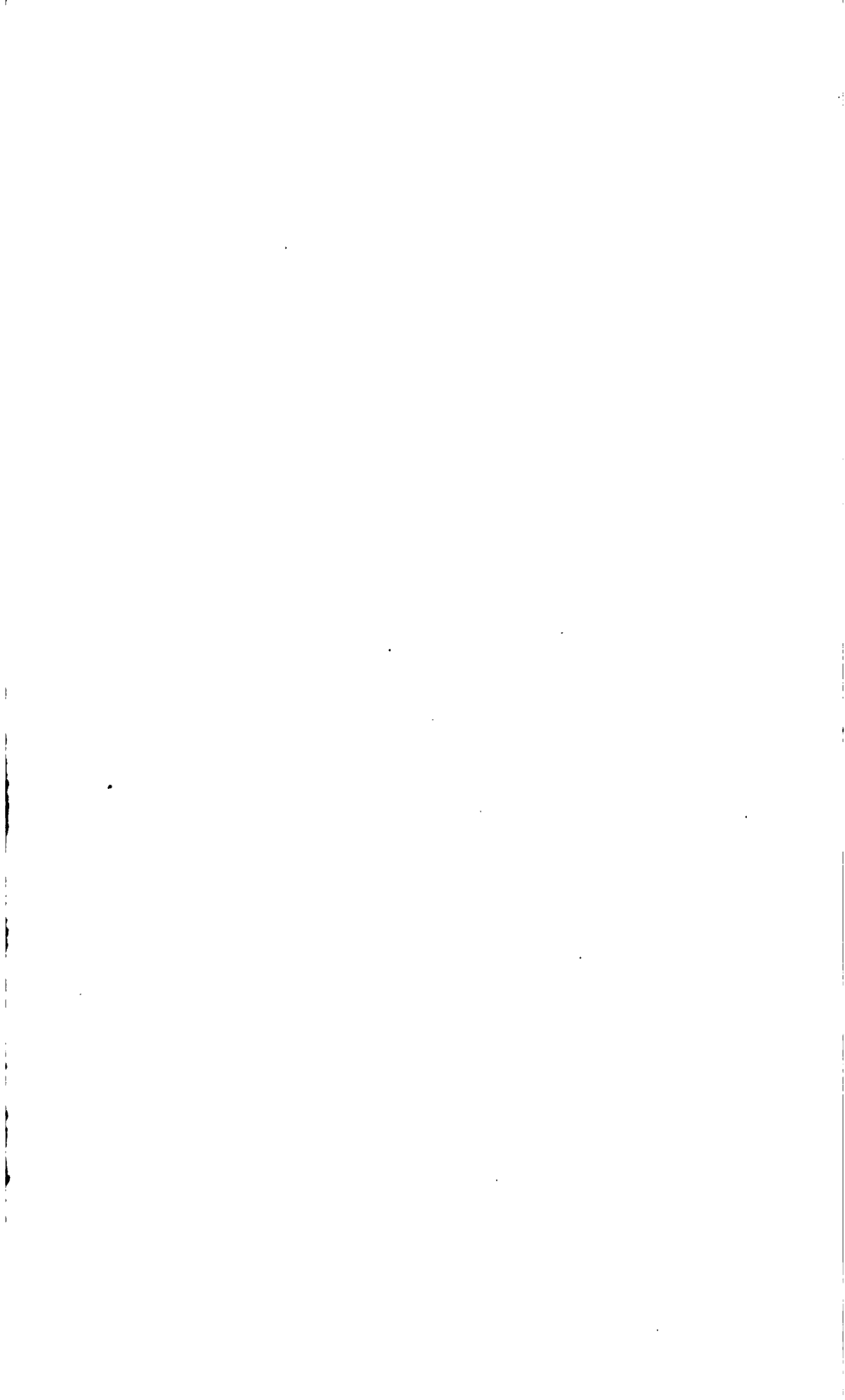
“ God help thee, Ruth! Such pains she had
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there she sang tumultuous songs,
By recollection of her wrongs,
To fearful passion roused.”

p. 202. *The wand breaks.*]—The signal for the executioner to do his duty, is given by the breaking of a wand or staff.

p. 203. *She is judged.*]—This is the literal translation; for *richten* does not necessarily imply *to condemn*, any more than *Gericht* (immediately above) necessarily implies *condemnation*; and I adopted it in preference to *she is condemned*, because I thought it inconsistent with the character of Mephistopheles to put a direct and useless falsehood in his mouth. But since the passage

was printed off, I have received the following note upon the point from M. de Schlegel, who is certainly the highest living authority on such matters: "*Sie est gerichtet*, se rapporte à la sentence de mort prononcée par les juges; les mots suivants: *Sie ist gerettet*, au salut de son ame." This reading, I own, is entirely new to me.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

DEDICATION.

YE approach again, ye shadowy shapes, which once, in the morning of life, presented yourselves to my troubled view. Shall I try, this time, to hold you fast? Do I feel my heart still inclined towards that delusion? Ye press forwards! well then, ye may reign, as ye rise around me out of vapour and mist. My bosom feels youthfully agitated by the magic breath which atmospheres your train.

Ye bring with you the images of happy days, and many loved shades arise; like to an old half-expired Tradition, rises First-love with Friendship in their company. The pang is renewed; the plaint repeats the labyrinthine mazy course of life, and names the dear ones, who, cheated of fair hours by fortune, have vanished away before me.

They hear not the following lays—the souls to whom I sang the first. Dispersed is the friendly throng—the first echo, alas, has died away! My sorrow voices

itself to the stranger many: their very applause makes my heart sick; and all that in other days rejoiced in my song—if still living, strays scattered through the world.

And a long unwonted yearning for that quiet pensive Spirit-realm seizes me. 'Tis hovering even now, in half-formed tones,—my lispng lay, like the Æolian harp. A tremor seizes me; tear follows tear; the austere heart feels itself growing mild and soft. What I have, I see as in the distance; and what is gone, becomes a reality to me.

PROLOGUE ON THE THEATRE.

MANAGER, THEATRE-POET, MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

YE two, who have so often stood by me in need and tribulation, say, what hopes do you happen to entertain for our undertaking upon German ground. I wish very much to please the multitude, particularly because it lives and lets live. The posts, the boards are put up, and every one looks forward to a feast. There they sit already, calm, with elevated brows, and would fain be set a wondering. I know how the spirit of the people is conciliated ; yet I have never been in such a dilemma as now. True, they are not accustomed to the best, but they have read a terrible deal. How shall we manage it?—that all be fresh and new, and pleasing together with significance. For assuredly I like to see the multitude, when, like a stream, they press on towards our booth, and with powerfully repeated undulations, force themselves through the narrow portal of grace—in broad day-light, already before four, elbow their way to the paying place, and risk

breaking their necks for a ticket, as in a famine at bakers' doors for bread. It is the poet only that works this miracle on people so various—oh! do it, my friend, to-day!

POET.

Oh! speak not to me of that motley multitude, at whose very aspect the spirit takes flight. Veil from me that undulating throng, which sucks us, against our will, into the whirlpool. No! conduct me to the quiet, heavenly nook, where only enjoyment blooms for the poet—where love and friendship, with godlike hand, create and cherish the blessings of the heart. Ah! what there hath gushed from us in the depths of the breast, what the lip stammered tremblingly to itself—now failing, and now perhaps succeeding—the wild moment's sway swallows up. Often only when it has endured through years, does it appear in perfected form. What glitters, is born for the moment. What is genuine, remains unlost to posterity.

MERRYMAN.

If I could but hear nothing of posterity! Suppose I chose to talk about posterity, who then would make fun for cotemporaries? *That* they will have—and ought to have it. The presence of a gallant lad, too, is always something, I should think. He who knows how

to impart himself agreeably—he will never be soured by popular caprice. He desires a large circle, to agitate it the more certainly. Therefore do but pluck up courage, and show yourself a model to the world. Let Fancy, with all her chorusses,—Reason, Understanding, Feeling, Passion, but—mark me well—not without Folly, be heard.

MANAGER.

But, most particularly, let there be incident enough. People come to look; they like best to see. If much is spun off before their eyes, so that the many can gape with astonishment, you have then gained in breadth immediately; you are a great favourite. You can only subdue the mass by mass. Each eventually picks out something for himself. Who brings much, will bring something to many a one, and all leave the house content. If you give a piece, give it at once in pieces! With such a hash you cannot but succeed. It is easily served out, as easily as invented. What avails it to present a whole? the public will pull it to pieces for you notwithstanding.

POET.

You feel not the baseness of such a handicraft! How little *that* becomes the true artist! The daubing of these fine gentlemen, I see, is already a maxim with you.

MANAGER.

Such a reproof leaves me unhurt. A man who intends to work properly, must set a value on the best tool. Consider, you have soft wood to split; and only look whom you are writing for! Whilst one is driven by ennui, the other comes satiated from an overloaded table; and, what is worst of all, very many a one comes from reading the journals. People hurry dissipated to us, as to masquerades; and curiosity only wings every step. The ladies gives themselves and their finery as a treat, and play with us without pay. What are you dreaming about on your poetical height? What is it that makes a full house merry? Look closely at your patrons! Half are cold, half raw. The one looks forward to a game of cards after the play; the other, to a wild night on the bosom of a lass. Why, poor fools that ye are, do ye plague the sweet Muses for such an end? I tell you, only give more, and more, and more again; thus can you never be wide of your mark. Try only to mystify the people; to satisfy them is hard—What is come to you? Delight or pain?

POET.

Begone and seek thyself another servant! The poet, forsooth, is wantonly to sport away for thy sake the highest right, the right of man, which Nature bestows

upon him! By what stirs he every heart? By what subdues he every element? Is it not the harmony? which bursts from out his breast, and sucks the world back again into his heart. When Nature, carelessly twisting it, forces the thread's interminable length upon the spindle; when the confused multitude of all Beings jangles out of tune and harsh,—who, life-infusing, so disposes the ever equably flowing series, that it moves rhythmically? Who calls the Individual to the general consecration?—whereinto it strikes with harmony sublime? Who bids the tempest rage to passions? the evening-red glow in the pensive spirit? Who sheds along the loved one's path all lovely blossoming of spring? Who wreathes the unmeaning green leaves into a garland of honour for deserts of all kinds? Who ensures Olympus?—Associates Gods? Man's Power revealed in the Poet.

MERRYMAN.

Employ these fine powers then, and carry on your poetical affairs as one carries on a love-adventure.—Accidentally one approaches, one feels, one stays, and little by little one gets entangled. The happiness increases,—then it is disturbed; one is delighted,—then comes distress; and before one is aware of it, it is even a romance. Let us also give a play in this manner. Only plunge into the thick of human life! Every one lives it,—to not many is it known; and seize it

where you will, it is interesting. Little clearness in motley images! much error and a spark of truth!—this is the way to brew the best liquor, which refreshes and edifies all the world. Then assembles youth's fairest flower to see your play, and listens to the revelation. Then every gentle mind sucks melancholy nourishment for itself from out your work; then one while this, and one while that, is stirred up; each one sees what he carries in his heart. They are as yet equally ready to weep and to laugh; they still honour the soaring, are pleased with the splendour. One who is formed, there is no such thing as pleasing; one who is forming, will always be grateful.

POET.

Then give me also back again the times, when I myself was still forming; when a fountain of crowded lays sprang freshly and unbrokenly forth; when mists veiled my world,—the bud still promised miracles; when I gathered the thousand flowers which profusely filled the dales. I had nothing, and yet enough,—the intuitive longing after truth, and the pleasure in deception! Give me back those impulses untamed,—the deep pain-fraught happiness, the energy of hatred, the might of love!—Give me back my youth!

MERRYMAN.

Youth, my good friend, you need undoubtedly, when foes press you hard in the fight,—when the loveliest of

lasses cling with ardour round your neck,—when, from afar, the garland of the swift course beckons from the hard-won goal,—when, after the dance's maddening whirl, one drinks away the night carousing. But to strike the familiar lyre with spirit and grace, to sweep along, with happy wanderings, towards a self-appointed aim;—that, old gentlemen, is your duty, and we honour you not the less on that account. Old age does not make childish, as men say; it only finds us still as true children.

MANAGER.

Words enough have been interchanged; let me now see deeds also. Whilst you are turning compliments, something useful may be done. What boots it to stand talking about being in tune? The hesitating never is so. If ye once give yourselves out for poets,—command poesy. You well know what we want; we would sip strong drink—now brew away immediately! What is not doing to-day, is not done to-morrow. No day should be wasted in dallying. Resolution should boldly seize the possible by the forelock at once. She will then not let it go, and works on, because she cannot help it.

You know, upon our German stage every one tries what he likes. Therefore spare me neither scenery nor machinery upon this day. Use the greater and

the lesser light of heaven; you are free to squander the stars; there is no want of water, fire, rocks, beasts and birds. So spread out, in this narrow booth, the whole circle of creation; and travel, with considerate speed, from Heaven, through the World, to Hell.

NOTES.

p. 265. *They hear not the following lays—the souls to whom I sang my first.*—

To understand the Dedication, it is necessary to refer to the history of the book. The plan of *Faust* appears to have been in Goethe's mind very early in life,* and parts were communicated to the circle of which his first-love, Margaret, formed one. It was first published in 1790, and forms the commencement of the seventh volume of *Goethe's Schriften: Wien und Leipzig bey J. Stahel und G. J. Göschen, 1790*. It is entitled, *Faust: Ein Fragment* (not *Doktor Faust, Ein Trauerspiel*, as Döring says), and contains no prologue or dedication of any sort. It commences with the scene in *Faust's study*, ante, p. 7, and is continued as now

* He puts it down amongst the works written between 1769 and 1775, in the list appended to the Stuttgart and Tubingen octavo edition of 1819.

down to the passage ending ante, p. 16, line 7 from the top. In the original, the line—

“ Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet.”

ends the scene. The next scene is between Faust and Mephistopheles, and begins thus:—

FAUST.

• • • • •
Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt ist”—

i. e. with the passage (ante, p. 60,) beginning: “ I will enjoy in my own heart’s core all that is parcelled out amongst mankind,” &c. All that intervenes in later editions, is wanting. It is thenceforth continued as now to the end of the Cathedral scene (ante, p. 163); except that the whole scene in which Valentine is killed is wanting. Thus Margaret’s prayer to the Virgin, and the Cathedral scene, come together and form the conclusion of the work. According to Döring’s Verzeichniss there was no new edition of Faust until 1807. I do not possess this edition, nor have I been able to satisfy myself as to the precise period when the work first appeared in its present form. My impression is, that about twenty years intervened between the first edition and the first completed one.

As I have intimated in my Preface, it would be rather hazardous at the present time to speculate on what Faust was or is to be; but I shall be adding, I think, a gem to my work by quoting a passage from a letter which arrived too late for me to make use of the anecdote before:—“ Ce poëme, dès son origine, étoit condamné à ne rester qu’un fragment. Mais quoi- qu’on juge de l’ensemble, les details sont admirables.

Ceci me rappelle une anecdote que je tiens du célèbre medecin Zimmerman, fort lié avec Goethe dans sa jeunesse: Faust avait été annoncé de bonne heure, et l'on s'attendait alors à le voir paraître prochainement. Zimmerman, se trouvant à Weimar, demanda à son ami des nouvelles de cette composition. Goethe apporta un sac rempli de petits chiffons de papier. Il le vuïda sur la table et dit: 'Voilà mon Faust.' —(*M. de Schlegel—private Letter.*) This sack or bag bears some analogy to the Walpurgis sack mentioned by Falk.

An interesting correspondence took place in 1797 between Schiller and Goethe as to Faust, (*Briefwechsel*, vol. iii. p. 136 *et seq.*) It contains two passages which I feel tempted to extract:

"I will take care that the parts be pleasant and entertaining, and set people thinking; in respect of the whole, *which will ever remain a fragment*, the new theory of the Epic may be useful to me." So says Goethe, directly confirming M. de Schlegel's remark.

My next extract, from Schiller, is equally interesting:

"What troubles me is, that Faust, according to the plan, seems to me to demand even a totality of matter, if the idea is to appear fully developed in the end; and for so high-springing a mass, I find no poetical band to hold it together. But you will know already how to extricate yourself. For example: it would be right, in my opinion, to introduce Faust into trading life; and whatever piece you select from this mass, it seems to me, by its very nature, always to require a too great circumstantiality and breadth."

p. 267. *Prologue on the Theatre.*]—

It must be borne in mind that the theatre is one of the temporary theatres or booths which are common at fairs, and that the company is supposed to be an itinerant one.

p. 269. *People come to look.*]—

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

De Arte Poeticâ.

p. 273. *That, old gentleman, is your duty.*]—

It was a favourite theory of Goethe, that the power of calling up the most vivid emotions was in no respect impaired by age, whilst the power of pourtraying them was greatly improved by experience.

p. 273. *Use the greater and the lesser light of heaven:*]—

“ And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also.”—*Gen. i. 17.*

Addendum to note beginning p. 209, l. 7.

Since this note was written, I have received the following explanation from one of our most eminent German scholars: “ There is clearly no translating of these lines, especially on the spur of the moment; yet it seems to me the meaning of them is pretty dis-

tinct. The Lord has just remarked, that man (poor fellow) needs a devil, as travelling companion, to spur him on by means of Denial; whereupon, turning round. (to the angels and other perfect characters) he adds, 'But ye, the genuine sons of Heaven, joy ye in the living fulness of the beautiful' (not of the logical, practical, contradictory, wherein man toils imprisoned); 'let Being (or Existence), which is everywhere, a glorious birth into higher Being, as it for ever works and lives, encircle you with the soft ties of Love; and whatsoever wavers in the doubtful empire of appearance' (as all earthly things do); 'that do ye by enduring thought make firm.' Thus would *Das Werdende* (The thing that is a—being) mean no less than the universe (the visible universe) itself; and I here phrase it by "Existence," which is everywhere a birth into higher Existence (or in some such way) and make a comfortable enough kind of sense out of that quatrain."* I do not add my distinguished friend's name, but the mingled force and quaintness of his style would betray him anywhere.

I am tempted to add one interpretation more, by way of making the collection complete: "The Lord, addressing the heavenly host, commands them, as the 'genuine sons of God,' to rejoice in the eternal growth of beauty! there being in the divine creation, a ceaseless flow of beautiful phenomena, which the divine intellect fixes, as it were, by contemplation and thought. This is our interpretation of a passage which Mr. Shelley has not rendered intelligible, nor have we been able to translate it literally."—(*The Monthly Re-*

* The passage in the original consists of four lines.

pos. No. 71.) The writer was the intimate friend of Goethe and of almost all Goethe's most distinguished cotemporaries. He has consequently been enabled to enrich the series of articles from which I quote with many rare and characteristic anecdotes, which future historians of literature will find invaluable.

Addendum to Preface, p. lvii, note.

As one example amongst many, compare Faust's emotions in Margaret's chamber with those of St. Preux in Julie's. (*La Nouvelle Heloise*, vol. i. lett. 54.)

Corrigenda.

- Preface, p. xx. l. 11, insert *five* instead of *six*.
p. 8, l. 10, insert *for* before *whom*.
p. 17, insert *she can appear* instead of *it may be*.
p. 54. l. 16, insert *plays* instead of *play*.
p. 59, l. 20, *dele* the note of interrogation.
p. 64, l. 13, insert *here* after *are*.
p. 92, l. 14, *dele the*.
p. 102, l. 12, insert *morality* instead of *law*.
p. 142, last line, insert *Should I* instead of *I should*.
p. 208, l. 19, insert *To* instead of *So*.
p. 217, l. 6, insert *frame* instead of *plan*.

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